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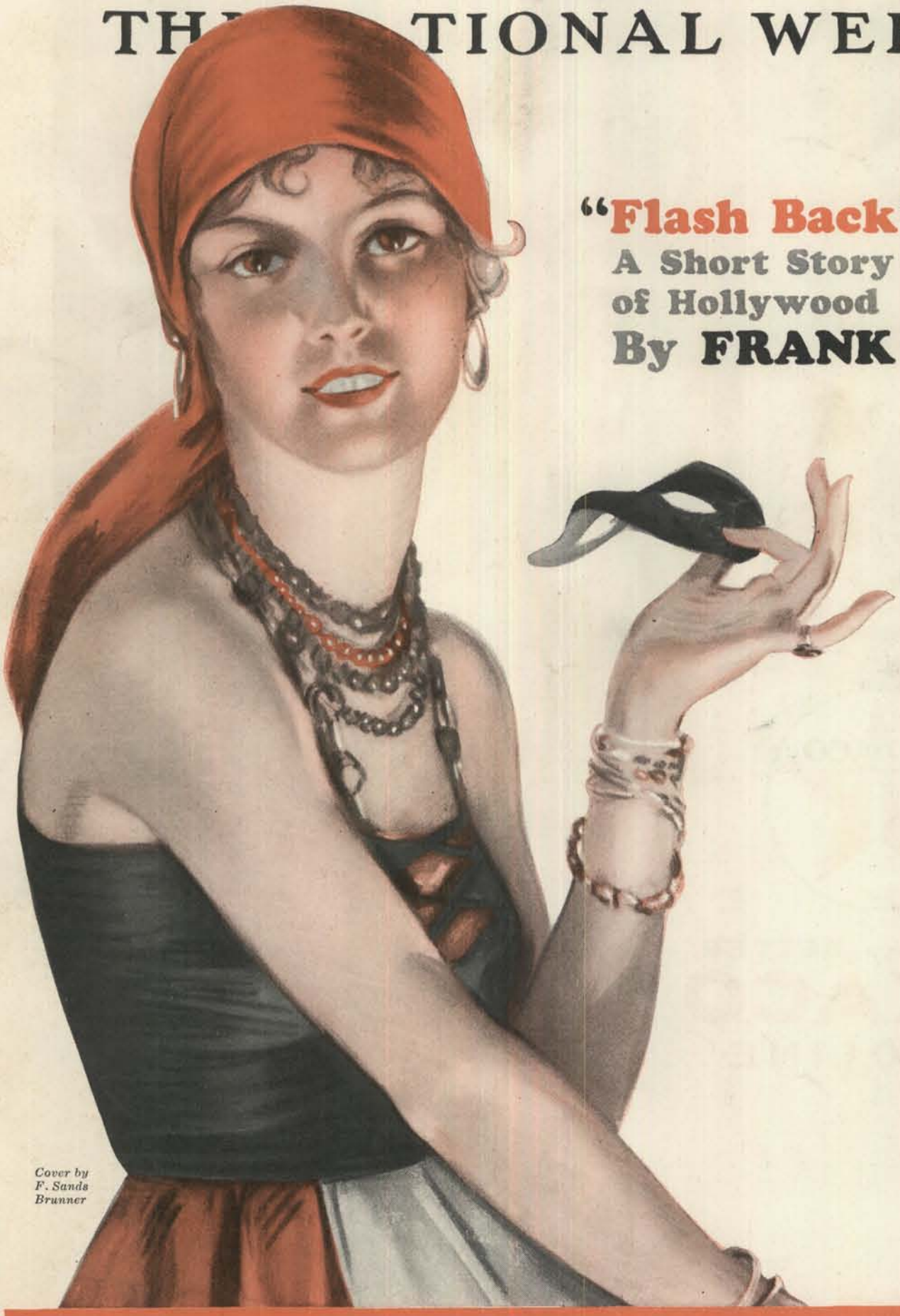
Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Cover by
F. Sands
Brunner

"Flash Back"
A Short Story of Hollywood
By FRANK CONDON

James Warner Bellah—Elmer Davis—Grantland Rice
Kathleen Norris—John Wilstach—Clinton W. Gilbert

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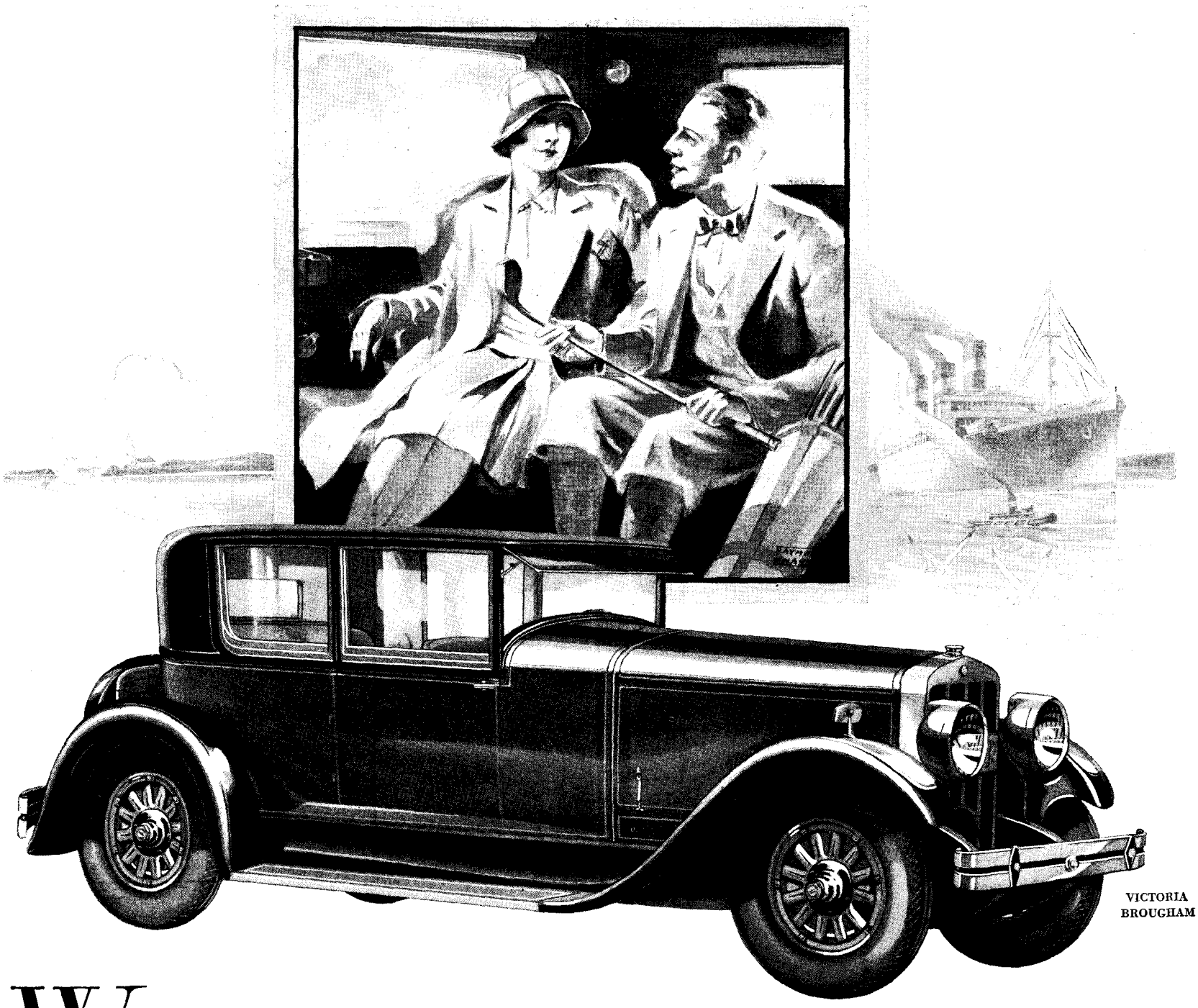

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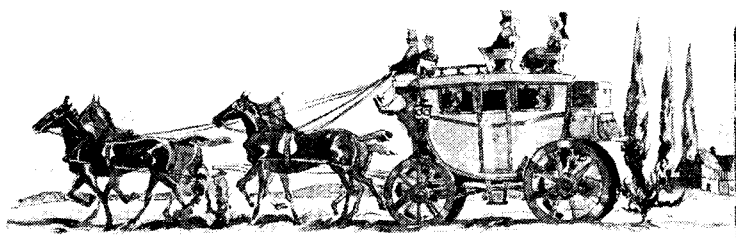

The White Hart, built over 600 years ago in Holborn, London, has a modern floor, yet one in keeping with the appearance of great antiquity. Travelers who step into this ancient inn, step on a colorful floor of Armstrong's Linoleum—Embossed Inlaid Design No. 6018

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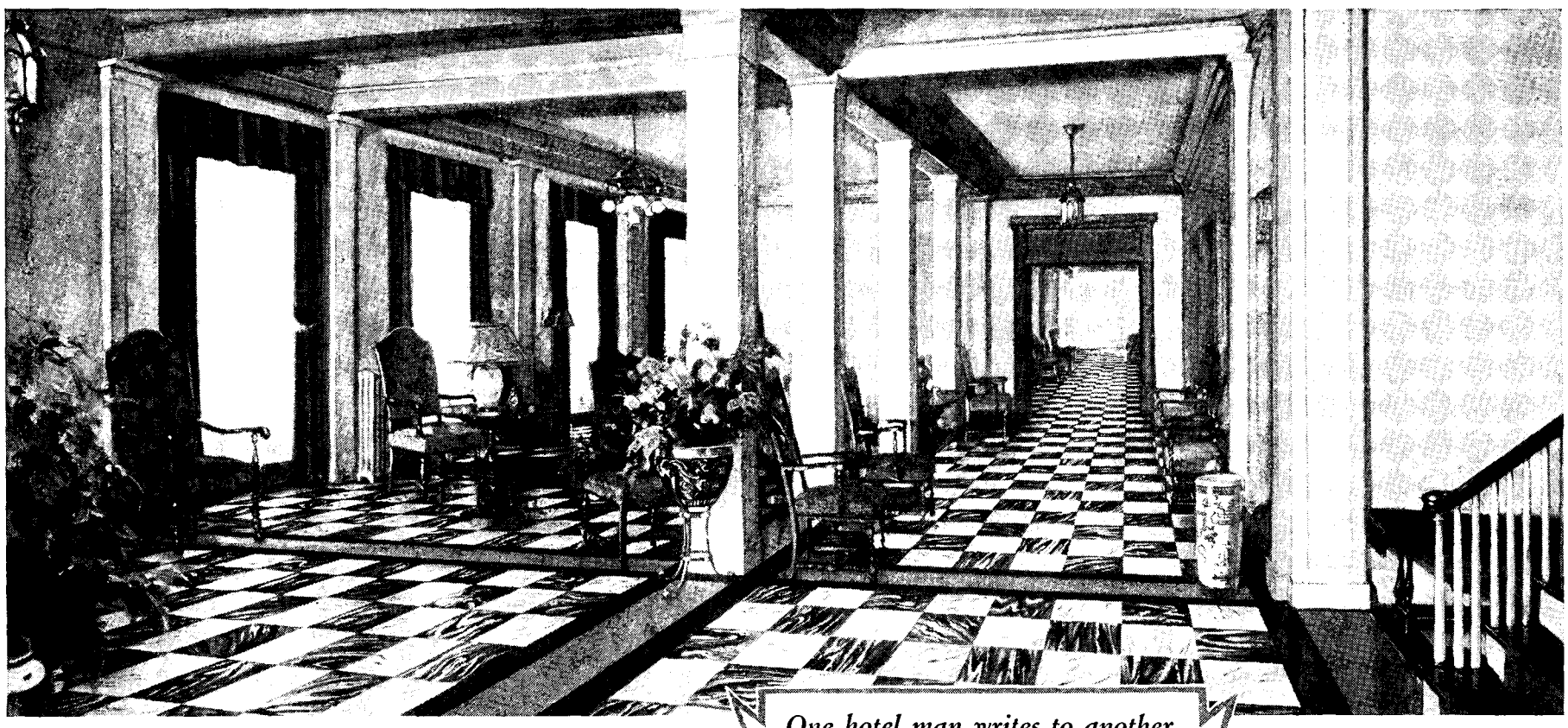
Armstrong Floors help mine host outsmart "old man overhead"...



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"Why should you bother about it?" "Because," he returned fervently, "it concerns you, and anything that concerns you is my affair"

Flash Back

By FRANK CONDON

Illustrated by R. V. CULTER

Love started it. Then Luck took a hand. The results were surprising—even for Hollywood

ANY sensible person will admit that thirty-five hundred dollars per week is a good salary for a man of forty who has never had any particular education or training. Thirty-five hundred dollars, every seven days, will take care of even the largest family, and Mr. Barry Nelson has no family at all, not even a police dog. He is a grossly ignorant fellow, an uncultivated and boorish scalawag, and it is doubtful if he knows the capital of Austria or the principal exports of Japan. He is the gentleman who has been drawing down the thirty-five hundred smackers every Wednesday afternoon.

On the other hand, let us stare at Mr. Arnold Chadwick, a finished product of the American educational system. He comes from Boston, and people who recognize culture declare him to be a truly cultured young man. He can pronounce the hardest words and is a scholar, and when employed Mr. Chadwick drew a hundred dollars per week, demonstrating that education has nothing to do with earning capacity.

There was recently a clash between these two men, and the result left everyone startled. On the Coast, where the fade-out flourishes, they are still talking and telling each other that if you want to see a genuinely astonishing business, take a long look at the movies. In the course of getting at this particular idyl of the sun-kissed West, we shall have to go galloping back into the remote history of Hollywood, Cal., the movie queen among the cities.

ON a certain spring day ten years ago the town lay blinking in the sun, dreaming of a golden future in celluloid, and a young girl stepped off a street car.

She was bright-eyed, eager, young and pretty, but not a raving beauty. On the local score board she would rate as Grade B. Her features were first-class, and she had a nice figure, but there was nothing remarkable about that; nor was there anything novel about her mission in the town, for it was the same old mission that had lured eighty thousand pretty girls to Cinemaville-by-the-Sea.

It was her earnest and eager desire to enter at once into the ranks of the movie actresses, and it was her further purpose to begin, not at the bottom, among the humble extras and persons of the atmosphere, but at the tiptop. But in one way the lady's advent was enormously different and unique. She carried in a hand bag the sum of twelve thousand dollars, the remains of a legacy from her grandmother. She transported her jolly burden in the form of ready cash.

The name of this astonishing young woman was Miss Willa Binney. She came from Louisville, Ky., and the day she arrived in Hollywood she was eighteen years old. Remember, now, she was only eighteen years old. You cannot expect Napoleonic judgment from a lassie of eighteen.

There are scores and shoals of ambitious damosels who have hit the trail to Hollywood, intending to spread their charms upon the silver sheet, but there are very few who have brought with them the fair sum of twelve thousand dollars; and the ones who have been willing to throw twelve thousand into a single effort to become a movie czarina you can count upon the fingers of an armless soldier.

WILLA was not extravagant, despite her wealth in hand, and so she selected quiet rooms in a quiet hostelry. She looked around. She asked intelligent questions. Somebody advised her what to do, and, at her own request, she met Mr. Barry Nelson, the debonair young near-genius who was making a name for himself: (1) as a director of photo-dramas, and (2) as a gay dog of the boulevards. Mr. Nelson was a genial young ruffian, formerly a freight brakeman, who had, in surprise, discovered his own talents and was now leading an elegant, exciting and faintly alcoholic existence.

"Mr. Nelson," said Miss Binney, of Louisville, Ky., "will you make a motion picture and star me in it?"

The young man smiled politely.

"What experience have you had?"

"None," she said frankly. "None whatever, but I have twelve thousand dollars."

"In cash?" he inquired, his manner changing.

"In cash."

"I believe," said the director, without further reflection, "that we can make a motion picture and star you, Miss Binney. Where is this money?"

The thing proposed was to be a comedy-drama, and the history of that par-

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ticular movie is one of the whimsical stories they relate in Hollywood today. Mr. Nelson took immediate possession of the cash, employed a few casual actors of no importance, rented space in a third-grade studio, clawed together some odds and ends of haphazard story, commanded a scenario man to dash off an outline, and proceeded full steam ahead.

His first gesture was to purchase for his personal use a new green touring car with a special top, one thousand down and the rest as fast as the motor company could pry it away from him. He wasted precious little of the Binney cash on costumes or scenery. He spent nothing on the picture, for the picture was a mild joke to Mr. Nelson, and Miss Willa Binney was a joke too.

Admittedly she had no experience and no right to be in the movies at all. He viewed her as an impudent young female, attempting to rush into an art that demands long and painful training. If she happened to be a fool about money matters, that was not Mr. Nelson's affair. He reflected cynically that if he did not take her twelve thousand, a less deserving man would get it, and he therefore contemplated the enterprise as a lucky accident and himself as a lucky lad, temporarily in funds.

IT WAS rather a bitter joke, but ladies must learn and pay for their education. The twelve thousand lasted five weeks, and Mr. Nelson enjoyed life. It was a gay period for Barry and his hoyden friend . He romped about the cinema village, scattering currency. He gave parties of the kind vaguely described as wild—a wild party in Hollywood being any gathering whereat two or more persons become garrulous with wine. He purchased bracelets and dewdads for bright young ladies of his acquaintance, and he took for himself a better apartment with a gold ceiling.

The Kentucky legacy vanished like snow in the sun. Miss Binney did her timid best with the leading rôle, and others of the cast performed earnestly, nobody suspecting that the whole thing was a farce and a Nelsonian holiday—nobody but Barry, who was the only creature who knew what the story was about or what it might look like when it was pasted together.

Pasted together it finally was, when Director Nelson wearied of his funded vacation and the last of the twelve thousand had gone where the woodbine twineth. It was then seen by a few privileged souls that the young man had let himself go, artistically and cinematically speaking. He had shot his scenes wildly and without restraint, a cinematic madman turned loose. For once he had paid no attention to the hoary, fettering traditions of the screen. He had chucked into his little drama everything he had always yearned to chuck, and had previously been restrained from chucking by the unsympathetic hand of the producer.

He therefore achieved a strange, grotesque celluloid result, a hodgepodge without rhyme or reason, a mad mixture of symbolism and nonsense, all in neat tin cans and labeled facetiously Her First Job. The opening frames informed the spectator that this comedy starred Miss Willa Binney, and was directed by the genial Mr. Nelson. It was all there in large, honest type.

Of the picture Mr. Nelson expected nothing. He realized that the girl was not an actress and never would be one, and that the story told was not a story at all, but a mass of conglomerate pish-posh, tacked together with Nelsonian touches, and, in spots, not tacked together by anything.

The powers that pull the financial strings in Hollywood looked at Her First Job, grinned in the dusk of projection-rooms and said unanimously that would probably be her last job.

"You took twelve thousand dollars of her money, wasted most of it, and spent the rest on yourself." The director snickered

Swiftly ended the incident of Miss Willa Binney of Kentucky and her twelve thousand dollars. Nothing happened to Her First Job. It was not sold outright to a large movie corporation, as Willa dreamed, or to anyone else. It was not released to the theatres, and the paying public never had a chance to lean back and giggle over its astounding whimsies. It went to the dusty shelves, and there it remained.

Meanwhile Miss Willa sauntered to and fro on the boulevard, like many another lady, the glad light of ambition fading in her blue eyes. Her funds running low, she walked into the studio of the Largest Company. She asked of them no job in the movies. She pleaded for no opportunity to make good upon the flying films. She merely inquired in a dead, lusterless voice if the Largest Company had need of a stenographer, a competent stenographer, and as the Largest Company always requires typists, Miss Binney hung her hat with the hats of other bright girls, and went to work at a salary of twenty-two dollars per week, which is fair pay for little maidens in Hollywood.

ALL this was ten years ago, or about the time the German emperor decided upon a change of scene and signed a Dutch lease. You will recall him as the deluded individual who started to slide around on his pants, but quit on account of the splinters. Miss Binney continued to be a stenographer for the company, and as she was a first-class typist the officials generously advanced her salary to twenty-five a week. Three years later she was raised to thirty and complimented in a neat note, and this figure remained, as we say, in effect for the ensuing seven years, or until quite recently.

During this decade with the company, Miss Binney has been on time daily and has watched them come and go, the youths and maids with their high ambitions. She has smiled at their exuberance and listened with a sympathetic ear to tales of misfortune, favoritism, disappointment, thwarted plans and blasted hopes.

To her credit let it be known that she has never whined or complained.

We pause to usher in a new actor, for there bursts upon the scene the palpitant figure of young Arnold Chadwick, a man who yearned to do something big and noble and permanent; a man who could feel something stirring within his bosom and identified it as the flutter of genius. What sort of genius he was Arnold was not ready to say, and by way of finding out he went to work for the Largest Company on what is known as a short-term contract, which means when translated "Show us what you've got, and show us quick."

He was thirty years old when he crashed into the movies in a most accidental way. It happened that he had been a sailor lad in his teens and knew the names of ropes on a ship, and a Hollywood director, who was striving to produce a marine drama, heard of him and concluded it would be a novel thing to have a man who knew the names of ropes, halyards, booms and so forth.

So Mr. Arnold Chadwick was wafted into the movies, first as adviser and later as an assistant director, which is an important job, lightly paid. He made excellent progress, and the company officials told each other to keep an eye on him.

ON a summer's day he strolled into the studio, arranged some papers, decided to patch up a sick scenario and telephoned the front office that he would require the services of a secretary. Miss Binney appeared in five minutes, bearing her notebooks and pencils, and Arnold regarded her with a professional frown.

"What is your name?"

She informed him.

"Can you take rapid dictation?"

She replied that she could.

"Are you familiar with scenario work?"

Miss Binney laughed and answered that she had been taking down scenarios for nine years.

"Sit down, please," he commanded—and he began dictating at a furious pace, which was something he knew he was doing, and falling in love with the sober-eyed stenographer, which was something he did not at the moment suspect. From that day he did his dictating to Miss Binney.

She was able to help him over an occasional rough spot, and it was plain to the studio that she liked the young assistant director and enjoyed working with him. He told her gravely what was the matter with the movies and

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what he intended to do about it when he became a great director. After they had known each other a long time, Willa mentioned that at one time she too had dreamed of a fine future and a career in art. Out came the story of the ill-fated photodrama, probably for the first time in years, and Mr. Chadwick leaned back in his chair, his countenance glowing.

"Not our Barry Nelson?" he cried.

"Yes."

"You gave him twelve thousand dollars of your money?"

"Yes."

Mr. Chadwick looked bewildered. His voice shook and he rose to his feet.

"Something ought to be done about that," he said. "It's pretty brazen. Someone should do something."

"Isn't it a little late?"

"No, it is not. The thing was an outrage, a plain theft, and it remains an outrage."

"Why should you bother about it?"

"Because," he returned fervently, "it concerns you, and anything that concerns you is my affair. I would do anything in the world for you, Willa."

THE lady blushed, for, say what you will, there are still stenographers in Hollywood who can blush. Without further ado the young man began an investigation, and when the facts were all before him he knew that an innocent young girl had been robbed, no less, of her inheritance by a wastrel director of motion pictures.

After meditating, he walked straight to Barry Nelson and addressed him. He did not have to walk far. Mr. Nelson was at the moment leading director of pictures for the Largest Company and often passed Miss Binney in the corridors.

He had been leading director for three years and his salary was thirty-five hundred. Arnold found him sprawled upon a packing case, watching carpenters throw a set together, a set he intended to use if the stupid fellows ever finished. He was smoking a cigarette and looked as debonair as ever in a white sweater and a gay white hat. He was the same ribald ruffian who had made Her First Job for an innocent child. The years had mellowed but not changed him, and he was now a figure in the industry.

"Mr. Nelson," Arnold began bravely, "my name is Chadwick."

"All right," said the director.

"I work for this company. I'm an assistant director."

Mr. Nelson nodded slightly. Assistant directors were repellent to him, constituting, as he saw them, the world's dumbest class. They were forever giving a man trouble, and sometimes they even tried to point out errors.

"Ten years ago," continued the retriever of lost fortunes, "you made a motion picture, so called, with Willa Binney."

"Yeah?"

"You recall it?"

"Perfectly. Her First Job."

"You took twelve thousand dollars of her money, wasted most of it, and spent the rest on yourself."

The director snickered.

"You're one of these funny assistant directors, aren't you? Where did you come across all this history?"

"Everybody knows it. And it happens that Miss Binney is a friend of mine; I admire and respect her, and I likewise feel sorry. At present you draw thirty-five hundred dollars a week from this company. Now that you are a big man in the business, and a rich man, how would it be if you returned the twelve thousand to the girl you stole it from?"

The director continued to grin.

"How would you like to go to the devil?" he asked lightly.

"It is only fair that you should return the money," Arnold continued in an unruffled tone. "You threw away the girl's inheritance. You spent it on yourself. You are now a well-to-do man, and if you have a sense of honor you will write a check and give it to me."

"If I felt like laughing," remarked the director, "you could make me laugh. But I don't. . . . So you don't. . . . And if you crave a swift poke in the eye, keep on."

"I have been poked in the eye before now," said Chadwick, "and still live. I assume you do not intend to make restitution."

"Correct. You think I'm a nut?"

"No, but I think you are swollen, as many directors are. However, whether you wish to or not, you will be forced to give Miss Binney the money you stole from her."

"I will? Who's going to make me?"

"I am," said Arnold, and Mr. Nelson burst into hearty laughter.

"I KNEW you were funny when you first opened your face," said he. "They should have you doing comedies. And let me hand you some advice: Don't poke your snoot into other people's business or somebody will wipe it off."

"You refuse?" demanded the younger man.

"Get out of here," snarled Nelson.

"Very well. You are now an important director, working for the Largest Company, and you have built up a reputation during the past ten years. As you will not voluntarily do the right thing, I am going to make you do it. I shall take the movie you had so much fun making and release it. How does that strike you?"

"I told you to get out of here," repeated the director, and without another word Mr. Chadwick returned to his office, wearing a serious air. He later informed Miss Binney of the conversation, and she was interested but not wholly delighted.

"You wouldn't do anything like that, would you?" she asked.

"Why not? This fellow robbed you, didn't he?"

Miss Binney shook her head thoughtfully.

"I scarcely believe I'd do it," she suggested. "After all, it's part of the past. It's over and done with. You will make an enemy in the studio.

"What do I care? You have been grossly wronged. I shall get the old picture and release it if I can."

There the matter rested for a time. Upon investigation Arnold learned that the six tins containing the ancient film reposed upon the shelves of the West Coast Storage House and that it would require considerable money to release them. . . . Miss Binney was the legal owner of the junk. She grew daily more reluctant to pursue her revenge.

Certain other facts were at the moment unknown to Mr. Chadwick and might have turned him from his course. Mr. Nelson, the leading director, had his own griefs, and they were increasing, for when a director is a leading figure and is being highly paid, he must go on leading. He cannot dally by the wayside or rest upon laurels of the past. He must hit the ball, if he expects to find the thirty-five hundred in the little envelope every Wednesday.

Mr. Nelson was approaching the final months of a three-year contract, a contract which had started with twenty-five hundred and was now at its top. That document was the reward for Nelson's extraordinary motion picture, Sawdust, which he had made three years before and which had filled the theatres for one solid year.

The company had signed him up, hoping, as was natural, that Mr. Nelson had within him the making of another Sawdust. For three years the studio officials watched his output, their hopeful manner never changing, and the director moved along cheerfully, producing movies, one after another, fair movies of a certain inconspicuous type, but nothing to summon headlines.

He was permitted and even urged to spend money as though money were water. He selected his stories after days of consultation and thought, and the finest artists appeared in his casts. He occupied from two to four months, laboring each time to bring forth a masterpiece, which would return to the company all the large moneys it had squandered. In the three years of his juicy contract Mr. Nelson made ten motion pictures, each of which cost far too much, but was otherwise undistinguished. The board of strategy assembled in the offices of the company to consider business matters and took up the puzzling case of Mr. Director Nelson.

(*Continued on page 42*)

It was then seen by a few privileged souls that the young man had let himself go, artistically and cinematically speaking. He had shot his scenes wildly and without restraint, a madman turned loose

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New Wine in Old Parties

By CLINTON W. GILBERT

Illustrated by HARRY HAENIGSEN

FOR years the very young men who wrinkle their brows and ask, "Whither are we drifting?" have been crying for a liberal party in American politics. If they are not very careful, the Democrats will give them what they seem to want, and then what will they have to complain about?

AFTER a meeting of the Democratic National Committee on July 11th in New York a number of Democrats gathered in a hotel room, rubbing their eyes and pinching themselves to see whether it was not, after all, only a dream that John J. Raskob, a man of wealth and financial chief of the greatest corporation in the country, had been elected chairman of the Democratic National Committee.

They were stupefied at what had happened to the party they had served so long.

They talked of the tariff plank adopted at Houston, which conceded virtues in the protective system and whose full significance they did not realize until one of the biggest business men in the country unexpectedly appeared as the manager of their party.

They were astounded at Mr. Raskob's reiteration of Governor Smith's views on prohibition, which seemed to them an unnecessary courting of trouble. They had thought Governor Smith's message to the Houston convention against the Volstead Law a gesture necessary to preserve their candidate's character, and expedient in the wet North and East, but something not to be repeated in this campaign. And they had just learned that their party meant to be aggressively wet.

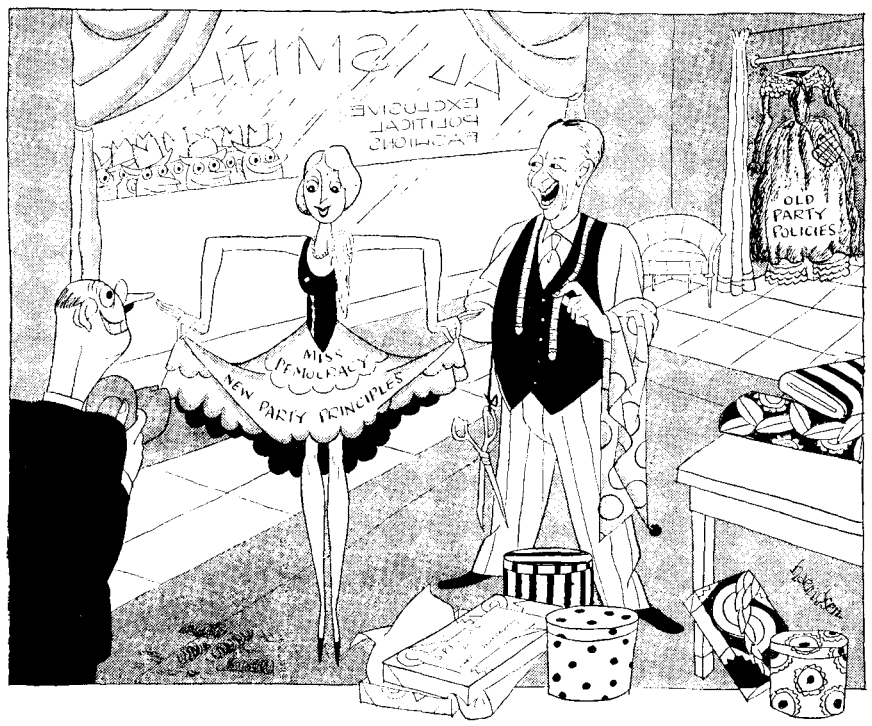
They discussed Mr. Raskob's Catholicism. They remarked dubiously upon his being the son of an alien. A big business man, a Catholic, or a new American did not fit in with their notion of what the Democratic party was. They, most of them, belonged to the old ruling class in the Democratic party, old American in stock, who had used the Catholics and the aliens for the sake of their votes and had kept them in the background like poor relations.

They were followers of Wilson, and earlier of Bryan, and had thus a suspicion of big business. While they envied the Republicans the support of big business, they were not happy at the thought of big business coming in and conducting a sort of receivership of their party.

They had gone into voluntary bankruptcy at Houston, after many heavy losses, and had only half realized it. They perhaps expected to be appointed receivers of the assets and good will while the new crowd furnished new capital, campaign funds, voters, issues, and an amazingly available candidate. The new crowd took over the management. The event shell-shocked them.

At last one of them spoke up and said, "You boys are members of a new party and you might as well make the best of it. The name is the same, but all the rest is different."

"Yes," said another, "we are members of a new party. That is it."



It is much easier to make an old party into a new one than to project a third party into the field

"And this thing that has been done today will win," chimed in several.

"Well," said one, "it's just as if you and I, Jim, had a nice business, an old-established partnership. We never made much money out of it, say $10,000 a year each. We ran it in an easy, comfortable way. Everybody in the community was our friend. We extended credit freely and sometimes lost by doing so. We went out fishing when we wanted to. We never bothered about a cost-accounting system or anything else that was newfangled.

We Have No Choice

"WELL, along comes a big corporation and offers to buy us out, to combine our business with its $100,000,000 concern. They offer us enough money outright so that we shall have our $10,000 a year each and a big block of stock in the combination. We don't want to sell. But we haven't really much choice about it. The big block of stock will some day make us rich. But what we liked and loved about the old thing is gone. From managers we have become stockholders. We are fish out of water. We win, but—"

These old ruling classes in the Democratic party who are now stockholders, with a big block, are American enough so that the "but" after the word "win" will soon disappear from their consciousness.

What those Democrats said after they had obediently voted to make Mr. Raskob, who has succeeded the late Judge Gary as the spokesman of big business, their leader for this campaign is the truth: they are members of a new party.

Where, I ask you, would William Jennings Bryan be in a party whose candidate is a Catholic and a Wet, and whose campaign manager is not only a Catholic and a wet but also a field marshal in the "enemy's country"—Wall Street? Right in the Democratic party (I answer this question myself), for Mr. Bryan was blessed with the inability, which is the salvation of political parties, to distinguish between mental inertia and intellectual activity in himself.

And where would Woodrow Wilson be in such a situation? Right in the Democratic party (I answer it again myself), for Woodrow Wilson was blessed with another saving habit, the habit of casuistry—applying general moral rules to particular cases.

Of the Bryans and the Wilsons are parties made and preserved. A name is a thing. Several centuries were spent proving this patent fact. This campaign is going to demonstrate it anew. It is a new party. It is the Democratic party.

I am going to call it something else. In effect we have in this campaign two Republican parties, one wet and the other dry. We have two parties that favor protection. They may differ in detail about what degree of protection is necessary, but Republicans have always done that. We have two parties in which the dominant factor is big business. One protectionist big-business party is wet. The other protectionist big-business party is dry. The protectionist big-business party that is wet is called Democratic. The protectionist big-business party that is dry is called the Republican party.

All the rest of it—all the 15,000,000 or 20,000,000 votes that each of them will get—is Bryanite, mental inertia mistaken for thinking, or Wilsonian casuistry mistaken for truth.

If you could calculate the pull of wet and of dry and the pull of inertia and casuistry, you could predict accurately whether Smith or Hoover would win in November.

Well, at any rate, a new party was created when Governor Smith brought the Democracy at Houston over close to the Republican position and when he indicated more frankly than the Republicans ever have the new party's relations with big business by naming Mr. Raskob chairman of the Democratic National Committee.

All the symptoms of a new alignment between the parties are in evidence.

To illustrate, there is a family of five persons with whom I am related, all normally Republican by habit and association. Of the five, four will vote for Smith and the other one is inclined toward Smith but undecided.

Another family that I know of consists of eleven persons of whom nine are ordinarily Republicans. This year nine of the eleven will vote for Smith.

Newspaper men of Philadelphia tell me that all the independent, non-Vare wards of their city, where the better element lives, will probably be carried by Smith. An election-district captain in a Vare ward, where the poorer voters live, writes that 50 per cent of his voters will go to Smith.

These illustrations are all taken from the Northeast, where the appeal of the new protectionist big-business party is strongest.

In Virginia, where I lived this summer, the story is different. A question about a section not far from the national capital brings this response, "The Ku Klux Klan is strong here, and it is all against Smith."

Another resident puts it, "A great many people here say they are going to vote for Hoover."

Two important officials of the state say that Virginia is doubtful this year between Hoover and Smith. It probably is not. But, at any rate, voting habits older than the Civil War are shaken by the change which has taken place in the Democratic party.

In Texas Mr. Hoover will probably receive 100,000 to 200,000 more votes than any Republican candidate ever received before. This increase in Republican strength will probably not give him the electoral vote of Texas, for there are probably 100,000 to 200,000 Texas Democrats who normally don't go to the polls but who will be brought there this year. But a disturbance such as is indicated in the voting habits of the South is nothing short of a political revolution. Nothing but a new party could produce it.

A Joyous Rebellion

WE HAVE all been waiting for the appearance of a new party and a break-up of the senseless political situation in which we had two parties differing from each other somewhat in professions but hardly at all in practices, with the minority party so weak as to offer no effective instrument to voters for the control of the majority party. We ignored the consideration that it is easier to make one of the old parties into a new party than it is to project a third party into the field with a new name and a ready-made body of doctrine—as Senator La Follette tried to do four years ago—and have it become one of the two major parties.

We have been looking also for the appearance of some great economic issue

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upon which a new party could be securely founded, some question as decisive as the slavery question, out of which the Republican party sprang before the Civil War.

In looking for something big to put an end to the farcical division of the electorate into parties as like as twins we overlooked the failure of either the Republican Gentleman of Verona or the Democratic Gentleman of Verona to represent the will of a powerful minority of our citizens, if it is a minority, who have successfully resisted the power of the federal government and the state government to interfere with what they regarded as their natural right to that social emollient, liquor. We have had a joyous rebellion in our midst and failed to recognize as a political cleavage the old one between the Cavaliers and the Roundheads.

We also overlooked changes in the balance of population, which threatened the old control of parties and of the government; or we had got so used to these changes that we had become blind to the political changes which they foreshadowed. I refer to the growth of urban population at the expense of rural population.

Now, this urban population is largely disinherited politically. It is underrepresented in all legislative bodies. It has never produced a President of the United States. It consists of Catholics, Jews, aliens, and sons and daughters of aliens, poor working people. It has been permitted to vote but not to hold high office. It has numbers, and it is capable of organization, more capable of organization than the rural population is. And it has produced its hero.

Running Around in Circles

AND we have overlooked in part the perilous state of the ancient union between the business interest and the farming interest, which has been the basis of the Republican party. There is a conflict between these two elements in the combination which has long ruled this country which eight years of the very best thinking of the Republicans, whose political life was at stake, has failed to resolve. It was natural for the business interests to look about for a new and more stable political alliance.

And we have overlooked the change in business itself which favors a new alliance. We haven't quite got over thinking of capital as the dominant figure in enterprise. But it isn't any more. It is running around in circles seeking employment.

If you can fancy a bread line for capital, we may have one established if this country goes on getting rich as it has in the last couple of decades.

Capital will accept employment on terms which no decent working man would accept. It is content to have nothing to say about its hours and conditions of labor and very little to say about its wages. It will buy nonvoting stocks.

Management has been differentiated from capital. The nonvoting stock, and that is the commonest kind nowadays, is the sign of the triumph of management.

And why shouldn't we expect profound political changes, such as a new alliance and a new party, from an economic revolution such as the replacement of capital by management as the senior partner in this country's economy? Especially when the old alliance between capital and agriculture was perceptibly weakening and especially when the urban classes, which business now recognizes as its best market, had become much more numerous than the farmers! Management would have been fearfully dumb not to realize in which quarter the wind was setting.

Mr. Raskob typifies management in politics. Consider the differences between him and the men who made and perpetuated the old alliance between capital and farming, which made the Republican party so long successful. The old capitalist-manager was generally a farm boy come to the cities and grown rich. His natural political association was with the farmers, who were then the most numerous class in the country.

Mr. Raskob is from the cities, a laborer become manager. His natural political association is with the class from which he sprang, now become the most numerous, and, as I have said before, most susceptible of organization for political purposes.

I am pointing out that there is a natural basis for this new party which masquerades under the old name Democratic. It springs from resentments against what many people regard as the tyranny and selfishness of the old order. It corresponds to changes in the balance of population in this country and to profound changes in the economic organization of this country. It is timed to take advantage of a weakening in an old alliance that has long governed the country.

I do not know whether Governor Smith perceived all these elements in the political and economic situation of which no one had yet tried to take advantage. Perhaps it was just dumb luck that led him to take the steps he did take. But if he built with a certain architectural plan in mind, instead of being, as some say, a parochial New Yorker with his nose buried in the account books of New York State, he is the most nationally minded politician in the country.

No Fear of Losing Jobs

EVERYTHING that he has done toward constructing a new party with a chance to win this time and the prospect of winning in the future has been highly intelligent.

First the old obstacles in the way of Democratic success were removed—the objection to the party as an advocate of low tariffs and the distrust of it as a party on which business turned its back.

Then a bald appeal was made to the city voters, who were naturally inclined toward Governor Smith as one of their own kind, by the message against prohibition. The business men all over the country who are in the habit of voting the Democratic ticket in local but the Republican ticket in national elections were invited this year to vote the Democratic ticket nationally. And the city voters were assured that they might vote wet without fear of losing their jobs by putting an "unsafe" party in power.

Then, too, Governor Smith has acted boldly. And boldness is a characteristic of high intelligence. Nelson won his reputation as a great sea fighter by making a maneuver in a naval battle that was forbidden by his superiors. Another British commander had been executed for less definite disobedience —which may have been the inspiration for Voltaire's mot, "It is necessary now and then to put an admiral to death in order to encourage the others."

Like Nelson, Smith risks the gallows —politically—by his maneuvers, takes the risk cheerfully, confidently and with the assurance born to disclose new strategy and form a new party. He takes losses that no other politician would take, for most politicians are so paralyzed at the thought of the losses they may have that they never have the heart to go after big gains.

Smith, when the Democratic Convention adopted its dry plank, might have said nothing and run as a Dry, with a wink. Many others have done so, and the temptation to stand on the unspoken plank, "You know me, Al," must have been great.

He might have listened to scores who urged him not to appoint Mr. Raskob as national chairman for fear of adding new fuel to religious prejudice and alienating more Southern dry Democrats. He saw in Mr. Raskob a man who would strengthen him in the North and East as no one else would. So he took the losses that the Raskob appointment would entail elsewhere for the sake of the gains it would bring in the section on which he was concentrating his attack.

He might have blue-penciled from Mr. Raskob's speech of acceptance the extreme profession of wetness. He didn't. Like Grant, he "fights it out on this line if it takes all summer."

So the new party which is called by an old name is not merely an adaptation to a changed economic and social situation. It is a happy conjunction of an opportunity and a man.

The Hero of Townspeople

WITHOUT Governor Smith the new party would be impossible. How bring together what I have called management in business and the urban population, Jew and gentile, Catholic and Protestant, manual laborer and white-collar slave? You do not get a fusion like that except around a personality. Governor Smith is the hero of townspeople, so much so that Republicans concede that he will carry Republican cities like Cleveland and Cincinnati, Chicago and Detroit.

At the same time he has the confidence of modern business to an extraordinary extent. Many big business men of New York, previously Republicans, will this year vote for Smith. I speak only of New York. But the influence and example of New York are felt everywhere.

The new party with the old name is soundly conceived and intelligently projected. It is based on a perception of fundamental realities. It has an opportunity and a candidate, the most interesting political personality in the country, the greatest political showman of his generation.

But when I say all this I do not wish to be understood as implying a belief in the new party's success in November. The difficulties in the way of Governor Smith are very great. At one time they seemed insuperable. I think that, in spite of them, he has made a party that will last. It will last if he wins in November. It will last if he is defeated then and has his health to be a candidate again four years from now.

In explaining the new party I have naturally had to simplify it. It is not merely a union of big business and the sidewalks of New York. It is these two, and inertia, the habit of voting the Democratic ticket. This last, for this election at least, must be its main source of strength.

The new party has naturally many discordant elements. Every national party has. The rural element has too long enjoyed power to see power pass to the urban element with entire equanimity. And the urban element may not yet be politically self-conscious enough generally to grasp at the opportunity offered it in the new party.

If we go on getting rich we may have a bread line for capital

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The Jolly Old High Seize

By JAMES WARNER BELLAH

Illustrated by R. VAN BUREN

Boppo is approached on the subject of matrimony

Boppo looked down the deck. Two people were laughing at him. "I say," he spluttered, "do let go my arm"

POINTING a polite fork at a herring George Stanley ("Boppo") St. Anselme Stokes-Mowbray severed its head neatly. It was nine of the clock on a Monday morning. At ten of the clock, or slightly before, George Stanley would be thumbing over Tweet *versus* Twittle and Tootle or mayhap Marleybrooker *versus* Cutts in preparation for the arrival of Root, K. C., who never could find a handkerchief in the voluminous folds of his gown and hence sniffled or rather actually snuffled. George Stanley sighed. He was arrayed in gray worsteds and cutaway. Presently he would finish off his apparel with a somewhat musty topper and sally forth into the November murkiness of London to resume his labors left off for the Sabbath.

George Stanley was educated, nay superinformed. By paternal command he had, after the war, become so painfully. For months he had been heckled by a crammer. Thereafter he had gone up to the varsity, and, except for periods wherein he found himself rusticating under pressure of sound and firm advice, had distinguished himself by the quality and quantity of his breakfasts, luncheons and dinners and a polite but distant interest in Coptic inscriptions which someone had once mentioned at tea. Boppo's interest in them was based on the fact that he had always intended to look them up and see what they were but never had.

Then one day, for no good and sufficient reason, he found himself, much against his will, a very doubtful sort of solicitor. When the fact penetrated to his inmost self he was slightly awed, not to say confounded. But his father, the general, had seemed pleased, so that, as it were, was that. It had been rather pleasant to awaken in the morning with the thought that one was something and dawdle with it over one's early tea. It was highly unpleasant presently to start deviling for the bar under Root, K. C., who sniffled or rather actually snuffled and wore a perennial hole in the heel of his left stocking.

BOPPO severed the head of his third herring. Wopes parted the curtains and laid letters beside his plate.

"Thank *ya*," said Boppo. Without interest he looked at the top one. That would be Woolcombe—a small matter of thirteen guineas. He flipped it over with his teaspoon. The next one would be Forbes—a slightly larger matter of one hundred and forty pounds or so. The third one would be Mason & Florish—a paltry thirty-two quid. Boppo sighed and, leaving the envelopes unopened, severed the tail from his herring.

Presently his eye wandered warily to the fourth letter. He stirred it suspiciously with the spoon. He turned it over. He gazed at it lengthwise and held it up to the light. Slowly he inserted the spoon handle under the flap and pried it open. The letter was on the engraved cap of Chuttleworth, Chuttleworth, Chuttleworth, Chuttleworth & Chuttleworth, Solicitors. Boppo read the head through twice. Then slowly his eye traveled down the text.

The spoon clattered from his fingers, upset the teacup and filliped on to the floor.

Wopes, hearing the noise, entered on the echo.

"Is there anything I can do, sir?"

Boppo stared at him.

"I should jolly well say there *is!* Bring me a double brandy and splash."

"In the morning, sir?"

"If you wait till nightfall, I shall not be among those, as it jolly well were, present."

Wopes poured the brandy. Boppo drained it. "Now then, Wopes—a pencil and a piece of paper—and attend carefully."

"Yes, sir."

"Forbes—write it down—Forbes . . . pay up . . . new tails . . . camel's-hair ulster . . . fifteen or twenty suits, not to forget waistcoats." Wopes wrote furiously.

"Woolcombe," Boppo continued—"a round dozen hats—assorted—my size."

"Yes, sir."

"Florish—pay up . . . say twenty pairs of boots."

"Yes, sir."

"Root, K. C.—send three dozen hankies and telephone have fallen from third-story window and broken leg permanently.

"Chit to Pater's club . . . thanks for the buggy ride: see you anon."

"Yes, sir."

"Now, then, Wopes, what *shall* I do?"

"Beggin' yer pardon, sir—if you'll sit quiet, I can have a doctor in a few minutes."

BOPPO looked at him sternly. "Wopes," he said, "this is no time for pleasantries. You see before you the controlling interest in Pan-Asiatic Rubber at the odd spot of per centum per annum—the owner in fee something or other of Wapping-Bleegle, Tophame Fittleskeel, East Harmworth Bat and Ball, Orping-near-Chaming, Kent—to say nothing of an odd dollop here and there of two hundred shares of the Manchester North Skooting Railway, Numbers 12, 14 and 16 Groughleigh Court, S. W. 1; a lady dog named Toto, aged thirteen years two and a half months, with asthma and one black ear; a victoria phaëton painted in dark maroon with tarnished gold stripes bearing the arms of the Earl of Cheepe, lion d'or couchant three chevrons gules in field argent, a fan worn by our late queen and an illuminated miniature of myself in pinafore at age three—in short, Aunt Ophelia is dead, the old brick."

"Yes, sir—the general mentioned it at the time. Went down for the funeral himself."

"Oh, I say! Funeral over? My word! Rotten luck—should've gone m'self. Dear old Aunt Ophelia! Remember her perfectly. Used to wear black silk tarpaulins and smelt of rose water—or was that Aunt Genevieve, Wopes?"

"Lady Genevieve, sir, I think. Lady Ophelia used to wear yellow lace collars, sir, and black mitts, and faint."

"By jove, Wopes, you're a genius, positive jolly old genius: fainted and smelt of lavender all over the place—that's it!"

"No, sir. Lady Ophelia—beggin' yer

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pardon—never smelt of nothing; just sort of musty like, sir."

"Musty, Wopes? Is that the way to speak of the departed? Really I should think—"

"Well, perhaps not musty, sir—sort of camphorish like."

"I shall allow camphorish, but emphatically not musty—allow it on sufferance only. Remember, please, that she was my jolly old aunt and as such to be ruddy well respected, Wopes."

"Yes, sir."

"Now, then, I suppose a spot of travel'll fit into the picture. Travel, Wopes—broadening: all that. Where shall I go?"

"Beg pardon, sir; I don't know much about traveling."

"Nor I—another dollop of brandy—this needs cogitation, all that.

"Wopes," he said presently, "we shall start with New York—it's in America some place—tall buildings, all that: call them cloudscrapers or somethin', what? Jolly fine place, New York! Jolly fine girl, Aunt Ophelia! Jolly old brandy—another dollop, Wopes."

"Yes, sir."

WHEN Boppo walked up the gangway of the Venturia in Southampton the first thing he saw after the smile on the face of the watch steward was one Reginald Vivian Braithwaite-Charteris-Braithwaite, leaning disconsolately upon a malacca stick and staring at nothing in high dudgeon. They had not met for some eighteen years.

"I say," said Reginald, "just the person I've been waiting for. Lucky for me you happened along. Frightfully put out. Here I've gone and booked in no end of a stew, and a jolly old woman's got the other half of m' cabin. Jolly old girl's a free-thoughter or somethin' and uses her initials only. Purser thought she was a man naturally. And here I am without a cabin, what?"

"Jolly rotten," said Boppo. "Heating and botherish—all that."

"Rather. No other cabins, neither."

Boppo scratched his ear. "Of course I've never liked you overmuch: you said I broke a window once with a cricket ball."

"Nor I you," said Reginald. "You gave me chicken pox when you were a filthy little beast of a child."

"You had pimples already," said Boppo thoughtfully. "Besides, you broke the window yourself. You're some sort of a cousin, what?"

"Yes, and I thought perhaps you might let me share your cabin; that is, if you're over the chicken pox. I mean it's only decent. Here I am without one, y'know. Fact of the matter is, you might get out altogether and take the next boat, what?"

"Deaf in that ear," said Boppo. "I shall pop in and look at the cabin. If it's large enough for three or four, you may have a bad third of it and sleep on the shelf. And, I say—if you snore, out y'go."

"Done," said Mr. Braithwaite-Charteris-Braithwaite.

Thereafter the Venturia sailed.

But just before she sailed a freight sling parted in midair, dumping Boppo's three trunks into the water forevermore.

"Of course," said the purser, "we shall refund you the cost, but it will be impossible for the actual trunks to be grappled for and raised. Besides, everything in them is probably spoiled."

"But, I say—can't expect me to travel with only two bags, what?"

"Sorry," said the purser. "If you'll make out a list of the contents and forward to our offices—"

"Bother," said Boppo. And for want of words he went up on deck to mope.

For hours Reginald unpacked. He filled the shelves of both washing cabinets with his shaving things, his face lotions, his mustache wax, his sponge container, his three kinds of toothpaste, his bath soaps and his face soaps, his hair tonic, his powder, his brilliantine, his nail files and buffers, his rubber bath caps, his hairbrushes, his wash cloths and mustache bandages, his nail scissors and his fruit salts, his blackhead removers, his tweezers and his first-aid kit.

Apparently satisfied with the arrangement, he then filled both wardrobes with his suits, both drawers with his shirts, underclothing and socks and dressed up a double rank of some eighteen pairs of shoes under Boppo's berth.

NEXT he had his other trunk up from the baggage-room and deposited in the exact center of the cabin. After that he filled the only available chair with two dozen assorted novels, a leather hat box and a binocular case, hung his laundry bag from the electric-light fixture, suspended four crook-handle sticks from the grille of the fan, thereby ruining it as soon as he snapped it on, had the steward making the locker top up for his own berth and got into Boppo's, shoes and all, to read and smoke Boppo's tobacco and wait until he did.

"I say," he said when Boppo tried to enter. "Haven't the foggiest what we'll do—cabin's not half large enough. Simply can't have any more stuff in heah. Shan't be able to sleep as it is. Why in the world didn't you get a decent-sized one?"

"Who," said Boppo sternly, "is a woman of some few years who will not jolly well stop talking?"

"Has she a wart?"

"She has."

"Amazin'," said Reginald. "And does she side-step and eye one coyly?"

"She does."

"In that case," said Reginald, "she is none other than P. L. Smith—Phebe Lewis Smith. In fact, I might go so far as to say *the* Phebe Lewis Smith. You have heard, let us say, of Smith's Specific Panacea for Pale People? I mean to say—late hours, run down, pimples, pains in the joints—all that? One dollop of the Panacea three times a day and lo, a new mind and a new body." Reginald waved his hand. "That is your man. My erstwhile cabin mate."

"But she talks," said Boppo.

"Yes," conceded Reginald. "She does *talk*. Let me see." He put his hands behind his head. "She tells one that her grandfather was the first man to drive a horse and carriage for pleasure in Courtney County; that Egypt is a dirty country full of fleas, and that English hotels are always cold; that the food on American boats is excellent, and has one ever eaten pancakes with real Vermont maple syrup? That she once met the man who wrote Ashes of Purple Passion; that New Orleans is a lovely city, and that she liked merely coffee and rolls for breakfast."

"That," said Boppo, "is the person."

"Yes," said Reginald, "I remember. Jolly nice girl. Forty or so in the penumbrance, I sh'd say, and no trees, but looks slightly newer."

"Seems a very decent sort. Thanked me for taking you off her hands. Hoped you were comfortable here."

"Quite, thanks, but, I say, do arrange to dress in the trunkroom, laddie: simply can't both dress *here*. And I've changed with you on the bath schedule. Simply must have m' bath at eight."

Boppo scratched the top of his head with the middle finger of his left hand; meanwhile the thought slowly penetrated that he had been badly had. Words failing for the moment, he inched out into the passage and went disconsolately on deck to think. He had got half through his first thought when the whirlwind descended upon him again.

"OH, *HERE* you are *again*. Don't you just *love* the sea? I often think of all the sick people in the world who would give *anything* for a sea voyage. It always makes me think of Masefield—the sea. Cargoes, cargoes, cargoes: dirty ones and clean ones, you know—galleons. It's all so romantic. I never can remember poetry, can you? There was an old man in Elkton who could recite everything Kipling ever wrote. Don't you think that's wonderful? I do hope you aren't seasick, dear Mr. Mowbray. But if you are you must have a bottle of Panacea at once. It works wonders, it really does. In fact, you really ought to have some now as a preventive. Dr. Cobb says that if everyone took a teaspoonful every day there'd be no sickness in the world. His wife used to be a Maynard before her marriage. They're really third cousins. Poor soul, she died of influenza—and her husband a doctor too! I think that's very sad. Marriage must be a *won*derful thing. Of course my work is so *in*teresting I've never had time for it, don't you think so?"

"No," said Boppo.

"Oh, but it *is*. Two people who *trust* each other and live just for each *other*."

"No, no," said Boppo. "I mean no about getting seasick—I mean to say, all that."

"Poor man," she gushed. "You mustn't be *bash*ful. Englishmen are *al*ways so bashful. I wonder sometimes how they *ever* manage to get married at *all*, and it must be so *won*derful. Of course until now my work—"

"Yes," said Boppo. "What?"

"I'm *so* glad we agree. There was a man once in Detroit who said he would *nev*er get married and the first thing we knew he had married a *dan*cer—just a common *dan*cer. Do you like grapes? I have a basket of California, all packed in sawdust."

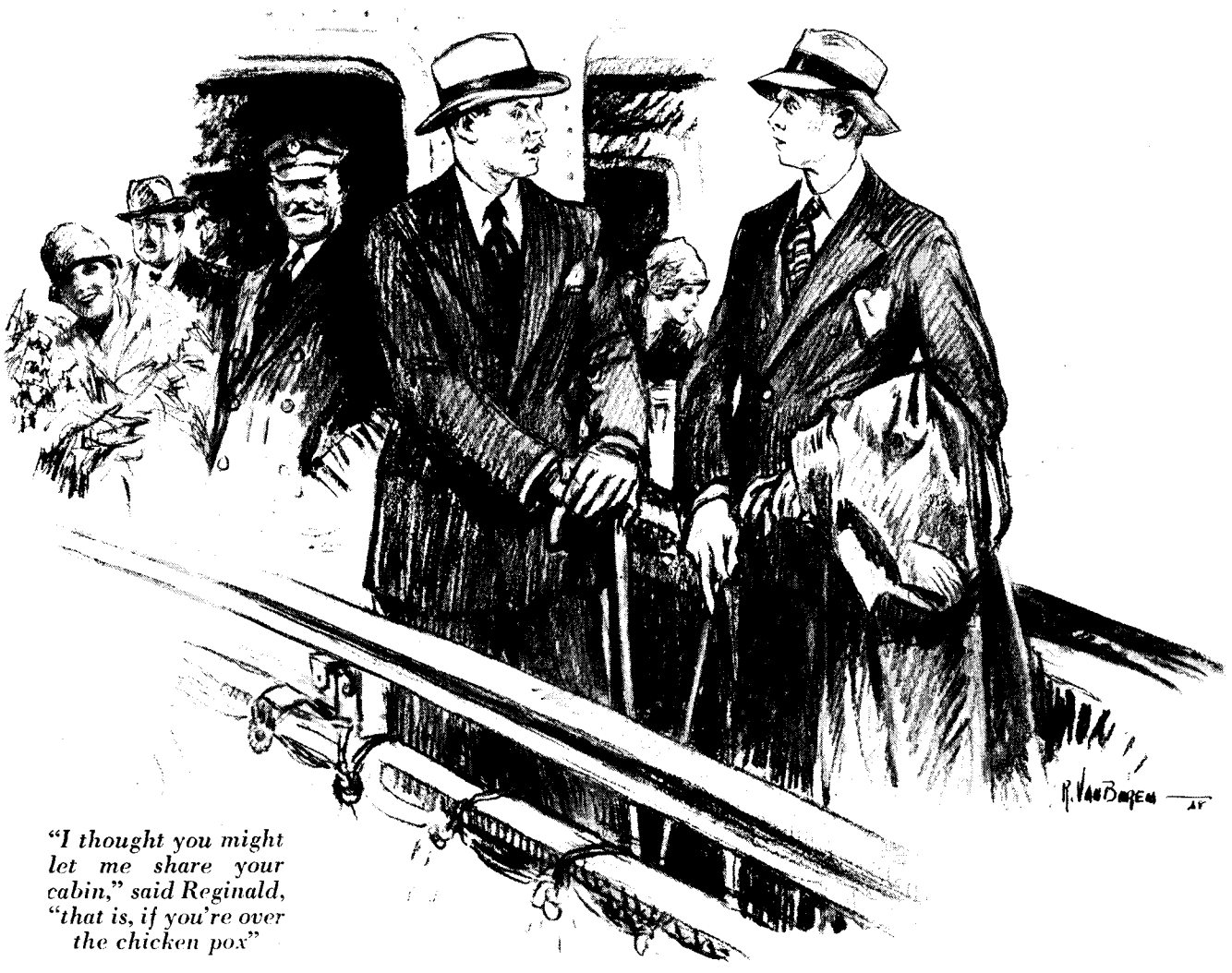
"So do I," said Boppo.

"Packed in *saw*dust?" she giggled. "Oh, how *fun*ny!"

"No—no," said Boppo. "Wonder how they get married, all that, what?"

"Oh, that shouldn't be hard where *love* is."

"Suppose not. I say, what about a spot of cocktail before tucker? Almost time-about-sevenish." (*Continued on page 36*)



"I thought you might let me share your cabin," said Reginald, "that is, if you're over the chicken pox"

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Tambourine

By HUGH LEAMY

Nigh on half a century Major Emma Westbrook has been shaking it to beat the devil. He isn't licked yet—nor she

Major Westbrook of Mt. Vernon, where there are no sinners (almost)

THERE was an extra added attraction at Harry Hill's Gentlemen's Sporting Theatre, Billiard Parlor and Shooting Gallery on Houston Street, one Sunday evening in the spring of 1880. It was not alone the ambitious presentation of Uncle Tom's Cabin that had filled the hall at 25 cents admission. Some extraordinary persons, who not long before had landed from England, were to offer something unique in the way of entertainment.

No sooner had the curtain descended upon the ecstatic tableau of Little Eva in heaven than the gentlemanly waiters began to sweep all the beer mugs from the tables, and the pumps were closed down.

On the stage there walked, singing, a group of seven women and one man, wearing dark-blue overcoats of a military cut and on their hats broad crimson bands with gilt letters that spelled "Salvation Army."

For two hours they held the stage, now offering a hymn to a guitar and drum accompaniment, now a reading from the Scriptures, now an invitation to come and be saved even though it meant renouncing such worldly delights as an evening at Hill's over a mug or two of beer.

You might have thought it was awe which kept the crowd orderly and interested on this occasion. But the real explanation was offered the other day by Major Emma Westbrook, the only survivor of the little group which came over here in 1880 to found the Salvation Army in this country.

"We didn't have any trouble with the crowds—not at first," she told me. "There wasn't any rowdyism. Not at first. It wasn't until we'd begun to get some conversions that the devil got stirred up. Then 'e prompted 'em, and they threw tomatoes and vegetables."

Major Westbrook is eighty-four years old now—"at least they say it's eighty-four, and if they say so it must be so, I suppose; anyway, it's not far off." She is retired, but, despite her years, is quite active, with sight and hearing unimpaired and memory vivid, and she manages to get around and sell about 130 copies of the War Cry every week in Mount Vernon, N. Y., where she makes her home in an apartment in the Army headquarters building.

Blessing the Lassies

HER British accent could not have been any more pronounced on that day forty-eight years ago, when she and her fellows landed at the Battery, than it is today.

"I was raised very religious—but in the Episcopalian Church," said Major Westbrook. "When the bishop confirmed us 'e said we must come out from all worldliness. 'Come out,' 'e says, 'from all worldliness and don't look in the shop windows.' But I was converted in the Baptist Church. That's where I was converted. A lovely conversion—very lovely."

"But you say you were brought up so religiously and so strictly. What do you mean when you speak of conversion?"

"Oh, we're all sinners. Some 'as religion, an' some 'asn't, and even those that 'as it's likely to be mechanical like. It's not until you really see the Light and *feel* religion that you're truly converted.

"Not," she added magnanimously—"not but what I don't think there's some in the Episcopalian Church that's converted. And some Catholics too. A few of 'em.

"I got interested in the Salvation Army work when I was 'ousekeeper for General and Mrs. William Booth. And when I was ordered to America I was ready. We farewelled at Gates'ead-on-Tyne. Commissioner Cadman, that was a converted chimney-sweep, gave the benediction. And I think I ought to tell you 'ow 'e finished: 'e said, 'Lord, these lassies are going to America to preach the gospel, and, Lord, if they ain't goin' to be good at it, *drownd 'em, drownd 'em, drownd 'em.*'

"We sailed on the Australia from the East India Wharf in London, and on the way across it looked as if the Lord might be going to act on Commissioner Cadman's suggestion. One of the cylinders burst, and the sails blew overboard and we 'ad very rough seas.

"In mid-ocean they transferred a lot of the passengers to another vessel. They asked Commissioner Railton—the gentleman in our party—if we didn't want to be transferred too, but 'e says: 'No, thank you, we'll stay on the ship that's been prayed for, we will.' And when I looked over the side and saw them all bouncing up and down in the little boats they were being transferred in, I thought to meself, 'I'd rather go to the bottom in me own ship than in one of those little cockleshells.'

"All the lassies got very sick, and we were lying on the deck in the steerage, very miserable and groaning. But Commissioner Railton was feeling pretty chipper, and 'e tried to cheer us up. 'C'mon,' 'e says, 'we'll sing "We're Going to Wear a Crown,"' and 'e starts up the first few bars. But nobody felt up to joining in, and a few minutes later 'e 'as to take to 'is cabin.

Their Prayers are Answered

"WHEN we finally got to New York and passed through Castle Garden we held an open-air meeting right down there at the Battery. The crowd that gathered was very respectful. They didn't know what we were about, but they weren't rowdy. And Commissioner Railton prayed to the Lord to give us a place to hold our meetings, and all of a sudden up pops Mr. Richard Owen, that had the Ninth Avenue Mission, and 'e gave us the use of 'is 'all for a Sunday night free of charge.

"Then, after the newspapers wrote us up, Mr. 'Arry 'Ill comes forward and offers us two hours on Sunday night, and 'e packs 'is theatre, charging 25 cents admission. After the performance 'e goes to Commissioner Railton and offers to give 'im 'alf the money.

"'Oh, no, thank you,' says Commissioner Railton, 'we don't want any of the devil's money.'

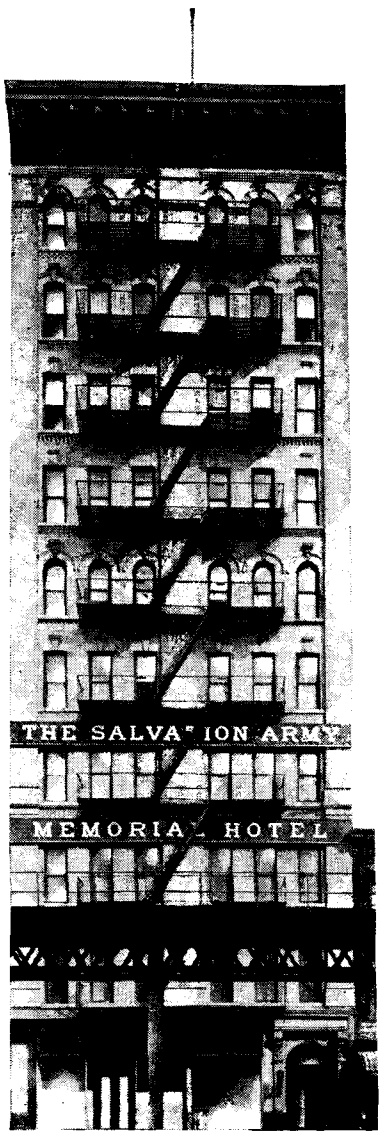
"'E wouldn't 'ave said that nowadays," she chuckled. "Nowadays we'll take money from anybody."

The first person to be won away from a life of sin by the little group was a pot-valiant stalwart who was known around the sidewalks of New York as "Ash-Barrel Jimmy." The name was fastened on him a moment or two after a policeman had plucked him feet first from an ash barrel into which he had been tossed by a long-suffering bartender.

Haled before the judge he was sentenced to attend one of their meetings in Mr. Owen's hall. The judge even gave him car fare.

But transportation was much less important to him than refreshment. He promptly steered into the nearest saloon, and with the dime which His Honor had given him bought himself two stout swallows of rubber-hose whisky.

It was the happy custom in those days to have mounted upon each Bowery bar a cask of whisky of poor quality but astounding potency. From the cask there protruded a hose, and for a nickel one might swallow all the liquor he could draw into his mouth at one single intake of the breath. Jimmy was a deep-breather. He staggered to the hall where the Army held forth. He was converted that very night and led a blameless and (*Continued on page 41*)



A helping hand to the needy: a memorial to General Booth

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The Twelve-Dollar Front

By HOWARD McLELLAN

Illustrated by J. HENRY

The true story of a flat-footed listening post, an overcautious jingle sister and some spiffy shirts

"She tried to wriggle out of it, but I pinned it on her."

ONE week—to the day—after the massive bronze doors of the Forest National Bank, rated 100 per cent burglar proof, swung open to the public for the first time, the bank fell. The police called it a hold-up, but they were conservative. It was a big-time raid as carefully planned and organized and as coolly and systematically carried out as a battle-front attack over which generals and their tin-hat staffs puzzle for weeks.

It was a glaring instance of how far the underworld had traveled since its pioneers in this bolder decade tossed away their masks for machine guns, tear-gas bombs, oxyacetylene torches and T N T pineapples.

The bank opened at 10 A. M. Forty-five minutes later eighteen men, who dressed and looked like men who had a right to be in banks, began drifting into the marble lobby, singly or in pairs, at intervals of from two to five minutes. They walked casually, as depositors would, to writing desks around the fluted pillars. Some took seats at customers' benches while others stood about fumbling papers, apparently hunting for bank books or checks.

The last to enter was a tall, impeccably attired man. He walked smartly to the center of the lobby and stood there. His eyes roved from floor to ceiling and from cage to cage. In this there was nothing to excite suspicion. Thousands of visitors had inspected the new bank in the same manner.

He moved six paces forward and stopped close to the grille work behind which a telephone operator sat at her switchboard. He stood in a listening attitude. A signal on the switchboard buzzed. The tall man's head tilted a little as if to hear better. A plug rattled, the buzz ceased, and the young woman in throaty tones spoke into her receiver. Then, in a more pleasing voice, she called to the cashier in the adjoining cage and asked him if the shipment of currency from the Federal Reserve had been received and checked.

"Tell 'em it's O. K.," the cashier shot back. The girl relayed this message into the receiver.

The tall man stepped back to the center of the lobby. As he did so seventeen pairs of servile eyes centered on him like a troupe of trick stage dogs eying their trainer.

"Ladies and gents," he called out, slowly, deliberately, "this is a hold-up!"

An automatic gleamed in his hand. His words echoed through the bank. A short man, one who had entered the bank just ahead of the tall man, moved to the bronze doors and pushed them shut. Faces in cages looked up in startled unison and caught the menacing figure in the center of the lobby and then saw pistols glistening in the hands of seventeen alert men who moved to stations like soldiers going through the evolutions of guard mount.

"Back up out of them cages and all of you come out in the lobby," the tall bandit commanded. There was a shuffling movement in the cages, the clicking of doors, and the business of the Forest National Bank came to an end. Presently the employees of the bank were filing out into the lobby bewildered and frightened. Faces began peering over the railing of the mezzanine balcony where other clerks had their desks. The tall man looked up and spoke quickly:

"You too come on down here with the rest." He whisked his gun to indicate the lobby where the rest of the bank family were standing.

"You customers," he went on, moving his eyes to a dozen depositors who had gravitated in terror toward a far corner away from the windows, "you stick in that corner and face the wall. And if anyone of you peeps—" He waved his gun.

THE customers obeyed. Four bandits deployed across the corner and with drawn guns stood guard.

The leader's lips moved and he began counting the bank employees.

"Only fifty-nine—there oughta be sixty," he cried.

A signal buzzed on the telephone switchboard. His eyes shot in that direction. He saw the top of the bobbed head of the operator still at her switchboard.

"Hey, you jingle sister . . . you No. 60 . . . cut those lines dead, quick—see—and come out and join the other folks."

In reply an ink well came hurtling through the window in the telephone cage. The bobbed head disappeared down under the counter. The ink well grazed the shoulder of the bandit and smashed on the floor. The bandit raised his gun and blazed two shots in the direction whence the ink well had come, but the bullets landed high in the wall above the switchboard.

Quickly he turned to the trembling bank employees herded together near him in the center of the lobby.

"Now, then," he commanded, "everybody lay down where they are." The bank employees dropped to the floor.

The tall man said no more. He lunged forward, scaled the grille work inclosing the cashier's cage and dropped into it. Five of his men closed in around the

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window of the cage. Working quickly within the cage, as if he had been in it before, the leader lifted stack after stack of bills, some bags of currency and passed them through the wicket to his five aides.

In three minutes that morning's Federal Reserve shipment of $162,500 passed from the coffers of the crime-proof bank into the greedy hands of a daring mob.

The tall man leaped to the counter on the inside of the cage.

"Let's go," he cried and vaulted the grille work. He ran to the door. His aide opened it, and the seventeen followed him out, piling into three big touring cars waiting at the curb with engines going and the shining noses of machine guns bristling from under motor robes.

THE bronze doors were clicked shut, locking within seventy-odd persons who dared not stir until they heard the speeding motors of the touring cars disappear into the distance. Then they arose and rushed to the telephone cage.

There was delay in getting Police Headquarters on the telephone. The operator seemed dazed, confused. The vault alarm was sounded; finally after a lapse of some minutes the girl reached Headquarters and within five minutes two police flyers, one filled with reserves from the nearest station house, and the other loaded with plain-clothes men from the Bank Squad, tore up to the curb as the cashier opened the doors of the bank with an emergency key.

Within bank employees and customers were milling around the telephone cage pressing in toward the switchboard to grasp the hand of the operator and congratulate her for her daring defiance of the bandit. She sat at the switchboard, silent and rather abashed at this sudden flood of praise. Voices babbled wildly; the detectives encountered difficulty in getting details of the hold-up. A few minutes later newspaper photographers began flash-lighting the operator as she sat in the center of the circle of admirers.

And into this picture walked Flatty Matheson, the veteran harness bull whose beat covered the bank. Corpulent, slow and easy-going, he made no attempt to wedge himself into the crowd around the girl, but stood on the outer edge.

Two young dicks from the Bank Squad came up to him.

"Did ya see anything of the mob's cars?" one of them asked him.

"Nary a peep—they wouldn't be likely to come my way up the busiest part of the town," he replied tartly.

"Oh, I don't know," the dick shot back, "there's nothing so hot about you that'd scare a mob like this one." The dick surveyed fat Flatty from head to feet. It was an unkind and critical appraisal. Flatty Matheson was not so good to look at. The dicks were of the younger school. Flatty was of the old school, a pavement pounder for twenty years. His expansive girth required enough extra yardage of uniform to make a suit for a messenger boy. His face was fat and florid, yet always smiling and friendly even when he knew people were contemplating his obesity and laughing inwardly at the comic sight he'd make flip-flopping along like a goose in pursuit of a pair of fleet-footed pickpockets.

"Maybe I ain't as elegant as you sheiks that have to eat dried apples and drink water to make the civil service weight," said Flatty dryly. "If this mob of gunmen had come my way up Center Street, chances are I'd 'a' stopped 'em."

The detectives laughed. Flatty went on unperturbed: "You see, it ain't always what one cop can do—it's what his friends'll do for him. They got eyes and ears too. So there's dozens of eyes and ears working for me, and crooks know it. Swallow that!"

Flatty turned on his heels and pounded out of the bank.

"If this mob of gunmen had come my way, chances are I'd 'a' stopped 'em"

TWO blocks up, Mittman, the haberdasher, hailed Flatty in front of his store and wanted to know what was up. Flatty told him briefly all that he knew about the hold-up, which wasn't much of an earful. The cop continued on his way. All along the street, as his familiar figure waddled along, he was stopped by friends who repeated Mittman's queries and got the same reply with the smile that always went with anything Flatty had to say. He circled his beat and, in an hour, was back in front of Mittman's store. The haberdasher stopped him again. The merchant had a pink newspaper in his hand.

"That was some smash up the street," said Mittman. "From the account in this sheet it looks to me like an inside job." Mittman went on to explain why he thought that, and as he theorized Flatty listened attentively. He listened for opinions as he did for facts. It was habit with him to do so. As one of his friends along the beat said, Flatty was a kind of listening post, like a barrel with ears.

"If it's not an inside job, how did the gang know about the Federal Reserve shipment being in the bank?" Mittman queried. Mittman rambled on with more comments, but the big red ears of Matheson caught it. The sidewalk conference broke up, and Flatty continued up the street. A dozen of the merchants he spoke to shared Mittman's opinion, and soon Flatty found himself agreeing.

Flatty circled his beat again. He was slower this time. Everybody had something to say to him about the hold-up. In two hours he was back again in front of Mittman's. The haberdasher came up to him excitedly.

"Say," he blurted out at the cop, "that was a nervy little phone operator to pitch that ink well at that gunman. I know the gal—just saw her photograph in the last extra."

Flatty's shaggy eyebrows lifted. Mittman caught the look of surprise.

"Sure," the haberdasher hurried on. "She's been in my store plenty of times. Came in to buy silk shirts—men's shirts. Bought the last one day before yesterday. She gets the best twelve-dollar ones."

"Twelve-dollar shirts, and she's only a phone operator!" Flatty exclaimed. "How many did you say she bought?"

"Four in the last two weeks," said Mittman: "forty-eight bucks' worth."

"That's a hot one," said Flatty, and at that moment a heavy hand tapped him on the shoulder. He turned and looked into the face of Detective Sergeant Coughlin, ranking member of the Bank Squad.

"Have a look at these, will you, and see if you've seen any of these mugs around here recently," said Coughlin, handing Flatty a fistful of Rogues' Gallery photographs.

"The phone operator at the bank says that number 22,602 is the tall guy that led the mob," Coughlin went on, "but she's all balled up. That bird on the photograph's been in the pen two years, and he's there now today."

Flatty didn't look at the photographs. "If I was you," he told Coughlin, "I'd give that gal a pretty heavy once-over. I'd ask her what she was doing with the silk shirts she bought here at Mittman's the last two weeks."

Flatty told the detective what Mittman had told him. Coughlin hurried off back to the bank.

JUST before three, closing time, Flatty flip-flopped into the bank. Coughlin was in the telephone cage. The girl had moved from her switchboard to a large chair facing the detective. But her face was buried in her hands; her shoulders were quivering. Flatty poked his round face through the wicket. Coughlin saw it and rushed into the lobby.

"This job's pegged," exclaimed Coughlin, triumphantly excited.

"Did the silk shirt info do you any good?" the cop inquired.

"Did it do any good?" Coughlin blurted. "Did it! I put the silk shirts up to her. She tried to wriggle out of it, but I pinned it on her. Then I looked into the wastebasket under the switchboard, and the bottom of it was smeared with ink. She saw me pick up the basket and look into it, then she spilled."

Flatty's face shone.

"You see," Coughlin went on," she had to make things look right, so she pitched the ink well at the tall guy, but before she let go of it she poured the ink into the basket. He had on one of them twelve-dollar fronts she'd bought him at Mittman's, and she didn't want to smear it. Cautious kid, huh? . . . Then I made her ring the Brockton police headquarters for me over her own board, and the flyer's down there now picking up the mob. She told me that's where the mob was to meet after the scatter and that's where she expected to go tonight and meet her sweetie—the tall guy."

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The Green Grenade

By ARTHUR MILLS

Illustrated by WILLIAM HOOPLE

A middle-aged bachelor, who wanted a safe wife, had to be careful

She looked him straight in the eyes: "Don't you realize women have far more self-control than men?"

THE mingled odors of sweat-soaked humanity, stewed meat and the acrid smoke of black French tobacco came back from the bows where Legionaries of some twenty different nationalities sprawled under their canvas awning. Aft, underofficers sat in their shirt sleeves drinking beer and listening to a gramophone. Amidships Lucien de Vaumont, Captain, First Regiment, stood looking through his field glasses at the spruce homeward-bound mail steamer which lay alongside the rusty old French transport in Colombo Harbor.

It was then he saw Marilyan go ashore accompanied by Lord Lawchester. His field glasses gave him as near a view as if the pair had been upon the stage. He perceived that Lord Lawchester was middle-aged and fat and Marilyan extremely pretty. In Indo-China he would not find many pretty women; he resolved also to go ashore.

Later Lord Lawchester and Marilyan were sitting on the terrace of the Mount Lavinia Hotel having tea. Lord Lawchester was wondering if he would ask Marilyan to marry him. He knew she would accept.

He lit a cigarette; as he did so he noticed a young foreign officer hovering near. He recognized from the collar badge that the officer belonged to the Foreign Legion—he would be from the French transport that was in port—a handsome young fellow—just the sort a girl like Marilyan would like. Would she? Lord Lawchester wondered. A middle-aged bachelor who wanted a safe wife had to be careful. Marilyan's conduct on the boat had been irreproachable, but did it come natural to her? He did not want to be led a dance at his time of life. They had been talking about women who flirted.

He said: "I don't know; my experience of you charming ladies is that you are all alike: you are angels till the devil comes, but when he does you go to him at once."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, you don't go looking for trouble; only the very naughty ones do that. You are as good as gold until the first really attractive man comes along; then you can't help yourselves; you tumble straight off your pedestal into his arms."

Marilyan laughed.

"Aren't you men ridiculous! You seem to think women have no control over themselves." Over her tea cup she looked him very straight in the eyes: "Don't you realize women have far more self-control than men?"

As Lord Lawchester looked into those frank eyes the first tiny grain of confidence took root in his mistrustful heart. Possibly she would enjoy living in the country and looking after a family. He looked away over the harbor and thought hard.

"Besides," continued Marilyan, "as I was saying just now, all that sort of thing is so cheap. I simply couldn't go on like that little red-haired Mrs. What's-her-name kissing and cuddling on the boat deck with some man I had never seen before and most likely would never see again."

MARILYAN looked around. She had spoken with considerable emphasis and she wondered if she had been overheard. She did not want to start trouble with the little red-haired Mrs. What's-her-name. As she turned her eyes lit on Captain de Vaumont leaning against the stone balustrade. Slim, elegant and graceful, on his collar lapel the green badge of his famous regiment; others from the mail steamer had remarked the stranger, especially the women.

Lord Lawchester leaned forward and said in an undertone: "That is one of the officers of the famous Foreign Legion; their transport came in at the same time that we did."

"Did it?" said Marilyan, who was not listening, for Captain de Vaumont was holding her with his eyes—dark Basque eyes in which little red devils danced. Those little red devils seemed to be mocking her now in a happy way, and indeed Captain de Vaumont was well pleased, for the first look Marilyan had given him had told him much.

"Yes," continued Lord Lawchester, "you can always tell the Foreign Legion from the green grenade and number on the collar; no other regiment in the world that I have ever heard of wears a green grenade."

"The Foreign Legion. How exciting."

De Vaumont moved away. They had exchanged their secret; it was up to her now to get rid of the old man; all he had to do was to wait and make things as easy for her as possible. He walked along the terrace until he came to the hotel veranda; here he sat down.

Lord Lawchester had seen the young officer; the glances he had given Marilyan had not escaped his shrewd eyes. A moment before he had been wondering whether—if they were going to get married—it might not be a good plan to get off at Suez, be married in Cairo, and spend the honeymoon in Egypt. Now everything was driven from his mind except a feeling of slightly pathetic uneasiness, which in middle age so often takes the place of red-blooded jealousy. He was a fine-looking young fellow, that Frenchman; he was obviously in hot pursuit of Marilyan. Was the very thing he feared going to happen right under his eyes? Well, he would soon find out; no one could deceive him.

"You'd like to dine out here, wouldn't you? I believe they dance?" he said to Marilyan.

"No, I'd rather go back to the boat. I've got a bit of a head, and I think I'll go to bed after dinner. In fact, I think I'll go along to the cloakroom and see if they have got any sal volatile now."

"Won't you let me—"

"No, I'd rather go myself. You wait for me—here."

Lord Lawchester stayed as he was bidden. He was much comforted. If his first suspicions had been right, Marilyan would not have wanted to go back to the boat. From where he was he could watch her progress along the terrace; he saw her climb the hotel steps, and then—he saw the trim figure in drill uniform. Marilyan walked straight past into the hotel. The young officer stayed where he was for a moment, then got up and also went inside. Lord Lawchester's lips dropped wryly.

Inside the hotel Marilyan stopped—afraid. What madness was this that she was doing? Then de Vaumont came up to her. As an eager conquerer he came.

"I saw you through my glasses on our boat. I went ashore; I asked where you had gone. I followed you to here! You are wonderful—"

She tried to draw away the hand that he had taken.

"I am with my friend. . . . I can't leave him." (*Continued on page 45*)

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All Modern Improvements

Wide World

Jiggle a lever and on the ceiling over this Planetarium you'll see projected lights showing the stars and planets as they stood in the time of Homer. Twist another and you see them as they are today—or, if you prefer, as they will be in 100 years

Wouldn't you know it? Here is Doris Carlyn, who doesn't need one, wearing a mask to protect her face from the sun at the beach. And when you think of all the bathers who might so much better be wearing one, sun or not. . . .

Wide World

A name almost as long as its tubing goes with this melodious gadget. It's a symphonic chromatic bass harmonica horn

Wide World

Wide World

Dr. E. F. W. Alexanderson gives an idea of the workings of his device for projecting actual motion pictures of an event miles away. Moving lights flash on the screen at a tremendous speed, flashing a picture in the space of 1/16 of a second

Wide World

A splendid device for those gentlemen who love to boast of their daily showers but dislike the matutinal shock of cold water. But its inventor had nobler uses for it. It's to keep firemen dry yet wet down constantly when they're up against a stiff blaze

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Tck! Tck! Tck! Won't they ever stop inventing things? Seems like with the telephone and the radio and the automobile and slot-machine sandwiches we had about reached the limit. But no!

Right: Here's the "sodamat," which can dispense — assuming that you'd want them — 2,400 drinks of various flavors in an hour. Drop a coin in the slot under the flavor you want, a fiber cup leaps into the cupboard and in eight seconds it's filled with a beverage

Wide World

Right: Just a boon to movie-loving mothers. That's what it is. It holds the baby's bottle firmly where he can get at it easily. And this infant at any rate doesn't mind a mechanical substitute apparently

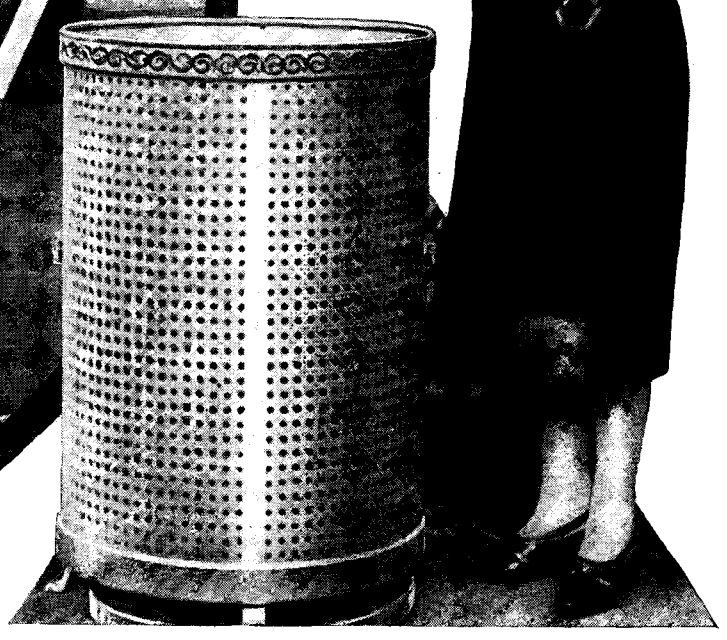
Wide World

Wide World

If you feel you must browse around in person in the undersea gardens, this device makes it possible for you to have your wish

Some lad who was always losing his gloves must have thought up this trick heater, one of many in the Paris streets

U. & U.



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More than one man stumbled and had to be picked out of the swirling pool

VI

Giant Killer

By ELMER DAVIS

Illustrated by CORNELIUS HICKS

The Story Thus Far:

IN THE hearing of King Saul David plays his harp and sings a song about vanquishing the giant Goliath. Saul takes him seriously and David finds himself expected to make good his song.

That night David blames his harp for getting him into this fix and flings it from him. Then he regrets his hasty action and rises to retrieve it. Walking down the hill he finds Goliath lying dead by the side of Elhanan, one of Saul's soldiers, who, returning to his sentry post much the worse for wine, had accidently tripped Goliath, whose head had crashed against a stone.

David cuts off Goliath's head and marches triumphantly to Saul, making it impossible for Elhanan ever to prove the truth.

Saul, though he had promised Merab, his elder daughter, to David as reward, arranges to marry her to another. Joab, David's nephew, though only two years his junior, urges David to steal Merab, thinking at the same time to take the younger daughter, Michal. To his sorrow he finds Michal in love with David and David not in love with either. However, at Joab's suggestion, David asks for Michal.

As a marriage present Saul demands a hundred dead Philistines. Joab gathers together volunteers and they kill the Philistines.

After the marriage Saul turns against David and David and his family flee over the Jordan to Moab and then David decides to go back and fight Saul. Joab and his brother Abishai and Abishai's wife, Tirzah, go with him. They gather together about four hundred men.

After a long, hard winter they flee to the Philistines, their erstwhile enemies. Achish, King of Gath, takes them in. When they are at last ready to fight Saul, David's plan is to turn against Achish and go over to Saul, who he thinks would take him back if he helped him to win a victory. Achish, however, getting word of this, forbids David to fight.

Saul is killed and Achish makes David king over Judah, one of the conquered provinces. Whereupon King David finds himself fighting Saul's son, Ishbaal, and Abner in order to keep his province. The lines of battle are drawn when Abner sends out a flag of truce.

David's army destroys Abner's men in battle but Abner kills Joab's little brother, Asahel. Joab is more set against Abner than ever and tries unsuccessfully to make David see Abner's treachery. Joab, a man of action, and David, a man of politics, see things differently.

Pretending friendship Abner returns Michal to David and promises to make David king of all Israel. Joab, realizing that Abner will be the real king, kills Abner with Abishai's help. David curses them for their act though he is, of course, secretly pleased.

Then two of David's men present him with the head of Ishbaal, Saul's son, thus doing away with the last man to stand in David's way. David realizes this but pretends to be shocked and angry.

And David is anointed king over Israel.

FOR now Israel was united, united under a king who had lived among the Philistines and knew them, the giant killer who had struck down the Philistine champion and led Israel to its most notable victory. All Israel was a nation, and a nation elated, exalted, fired with a resistless confidence in David, the chosen of God.

Joab had wondered, during the negotiations that brought Israel over, why the Philistines were so slow to realize the danger, but he knew Philistine politics pretty well and he could guess the answer. Gath was the strongest city; Gath lay nearest to Israel; Achish, the King of Gath, was head of the annexationist party. But there were five cities in the Philistine confederacy; and the lords of the other cities were jealous of Achish; they had no enthusiasm for a war of conquest and annexation from which Achish would get most of whatever profit there might be. Not till the danger was plain before their eyes could Achish move them. . . . But when they came they would come swiftly, and they would take a good deal of stopping.

Meanwhile David had raised another issue.

"Hebron is too far south," he told Joab, "even for a capital of Judah. We had to give Judah a southern capital because we were Northerners—but we must give all Israel a northern capital because we are Southerners."

"You would go to Gibeah or Shechem?" Joab cried. "No! Judah would never forgive that—and your strength still lies in Judah."

"True," said David, smiling. "We must have a capital that is neither of Israel nor of Judah, between the two. . . . Jerusalem!"

"Jerusalem? That is no great city, and it belongs to the Jebusites."

"It can be built up," said David, his eyes speculative. "Now that I am a real king at last, I must build me a royal city. As for the Jebusites, I leave them to you and the army."

"We should have Jerusalem," Joab agreed. "Even for strategic reasons—it cuts your kingdom in two. But it is a strong city. And they have plenty of water. You remember."

THEY both knew Jerusalem; in the old days at Bethlehem they had often gone up with Eliab to sell wine and wool to the Jebusites. There was a spring in a cave in the hill below the city wall; and a tunnel had been cut down through the rock, a tunnel ending in a long shaft where buckets could be let down to bring up water.

"We could starve it out," Joab added, "but that would take time; and the Philistines would be on us. I don't dare to waste men in an assault with that war coming—not till Abner's army has been reorganized and drilled in the new tactics. And they'll never give us time for that."

They didn't. Three days later spies came from Gath with the news that all Philistia was mobilizing. David sent messengers through all the North, calling on Israel to rise and fight for freedom, for its new king, for its ancient God; and Joab, with the disciplined troops of Judah, marched down to Adullam, the King going with them—Adullam where they could watch Gath and the passes that led up into the hills, ready to strike the Philistine flank.

HARDLY had they reached Adullam before they learned that a Philistine column was striking—a hastily mobolized column of the troops of Gath alone, driving up through the passes to fling itself into Jerusalem and hold the city. Achish was a strategist of insight; he knew that Jerusalem was the key of David's kingdom. Once let him hold Jerusalem, flung far in between North and South, and David's army was cut in two.

They caught that column debouching from the passes on the plateau and cut it to pieces, the archers volleying from ambush and the spearmen charging down to finish it in a wild rush, howling, "Judah and Israel! Yahweh and David!" The Philistines ran in frantic rout like water pouring through a broken dam, leaving everything behind them; and in their baggage David's men found images of Dagon and Atargatis. This time the Philistines had been afraid of Israel! They had brought their gods—and their gods were helpless before Yahweh! There was joy in David's camp that night, a joy in which Joab could not share.

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"Yes," he admitted, when the King reproached him for his glumness, "they brought their gods, and their gods could not help them. Next time they will know they must help themselves; and they are hard fighters, these Philistines. Moreover, instead of two thousand men they will be ten thousand—or twelve, or fifteen—"

"We shall be twenty thousand by then!" David cried. "You have your five thousand regulars from Judah. If Israel does not send three times that number—"

Joab shrugged.

"Israel will send us numbers," he conceded. "And enthusiasm. But untrained men—good on attack, till they begin to wonder whether God is with them; but they have never been toughened to stand their ground. . . . Still, we might use them," he mused. "We might use them. I wonder—"

SO WHEN David would have waited for the Israelites at Adullam, waiting to strike the Philistine flank again, Joab argued hotly against it.

"Achish is too clever to be caught in an ambush," he protested. "We could drive them back, but we couldn't beat them utterly—win a battle that would end the war. Let Achish come up through the passes, and make him fight us on our own ground."

"Where?" asked David, unconvinced. "And why should he?"

"He must, David! He must hold Jerusalem. If we sit down before Jerusalem, all of us, men of Judah and children of Israel too, Achish must come to us; he will never dare waste time plundering the country. He must come up and meet us in the valley of Rephaim."

"Mm!" David mused. "Why there?"

"It leads up from the passes," Joab reminded him eagerly. "A wide valley, slowly rising, with ridges all round. Half an hour's march from the ridge that closes it on the east lies Jerusalem—too far away for the Jebusites to join in even if they dare. On that ridge we stand, the army of Judah, in squares—we stand up and take it, their full attack. For the chariots must move slowly up the slope, chariots and cavalry too. They must break us down, and I don't believe they can. Not if the army I have made is as good as I think. . . . Then, when we've beaten them off—when they're battered and discouraged—then let the Israelites come down on their flank and rear with the old Hebrew fury. Judah for endurance and Israel for dash—together we can establish your kingdom, David!"

But their high spirits sank as they heard of the approach of Achish—Achish marching up with all the army of Philistia, six hundred chariots, a thousand armored cavalry, twelve thousand footmen. And a giant—the last of the giants of Gath, sending his boasts ahead of him of the things he meant to do to the King of Israel.

"Your regulars can never stop them!" said David excitedly. "Joab, your plan is foolish."

"It is the only way we can beat them," Joab persisted. (They stood on the low ridge, looking down the gentle slope into the valley of Rephaim.) "We stand here, we regulars. I command here; they know I will stay here as long as I can stand on my feet. But you, David—you are the man to lead the offensive. See—you take the Israelite volunteers to the right, northward up that low valley; neither the Philistines nor the Jebusites can see you. North, and then west, across the hills; and lie in ambush over there behind the Philistine attack—where you can see that grove of mulberry trees. Then, when the moment comes—down on them!"

"When the moment comes!" David muttered. And Joab understood what the King would never admit. David had been a brigand chief, but he had never had experience of war on the grand scale. Joab had trained the army; Joab had fought Abner; Joab would know when the moment came—but the sound of the ram's-horn trumpet might not carry across the valley, through the din of battle.

"When the moment comes," Joab repeated. "I had thought of assigning Abishai to Your Majesty as chief of staff. Any technical information that you might need, for guidance in your decisions—Abishai knows."

"Yes," said David, but not altogether comfortably. "Abishai knows." His face lightened. "And perhaps God will give us a sign."

But the next day, when the scouts reported that the Philistines were pushing up through the passes, the King summoned Joab to his tent.

"I won't have it!" David cried. "To sit here and wait for them—it's ruin! We must go up and strike them now!"

Joab growled an oath.

"Must we go over all that again? I tell you as a soldier, as a technical expert, that you could check them in the passes, but you couldn't destroy them. My plan will decide the war—complete defeat or complete victory!"

David played with the reed pen on the table, his eyes averted.

"Complete victory!" he muttered. "Or complete defeat— No, Joab! I don't dare risk it!"

"Where is your faith? Has Yahweh forsaken you as He forsook Saul?" And as the King started up hotly: "Saul began well!" Joab blazed. "In his first year he won all that we hold now. But he never won the war; it dragged on, year after year, and the people lost heart. We are not a patient people, David. Our enthusiasm runs high today and is gone tomorrow. Saul let the war drag on and people began to criticize him, pick him to pieces, say that God had forsaken him—as they will say of you, David, if this war drags on! They expect more of you than they ever expected of Saul. He was only a Benjamite gentleman who led an uprising. But you—you are Yahweh's darling, the nation's hero, the fiery-haired young champion who can free the people. . . . The giant killer!"

"Giant killer!" David shifted in his chair. "Well, yes—figuratively, of course. I mean— This giant who is with the Philistine army—a king can hardly go down to fight him in person, between the armies. We criticized Saul for not fighting Goliath, but I can understand his reasons of state—"

IMPATIENTLY Joab waved the argument aside.

"Oh, that giant! The archers will take care of him. Those single combats between champions are out of date, in modern scientific war. We fight to win, not to show off. But I tell you, David, you will lose the faith of Israel unless you win quickly. Take a chance, man! Show your faith! Complete defeat—or complete victory!"

His black eyes blazed into the King's brown eyes—till the brown eyes drooped; David pondered, his chin on his chest—he clapped his hands.

"Send for the priest Abiathar," he commanded the slave. And to Joab: "We shall leave it to the oracle of God."

Joab rose.

"Where are you going?" the King asked.

"To wash and purify myself before the sacrifice. . . . It will be done publicly, before all the army? Good!" And Joab was gone.

Five minutes later he strode into the tent where Abiathar, the priest, was overseeing his acolytes as they robed him for the solemn ceremony.

"Abiathar!" said Joab. "I want to ask you a question. . . . Yes, yes—I know the King has sent for you. But this won't take a moment— Send those boys out!"

Wondering, Abiathar dismissed the acolytes, for Joab was an old friend. Moreover, in this mood he was a hard man to withstand.

"I am no theologian," said the general. "I profess the faith and observe the formalities, but I have always felt that the technical details should be left to experts."

"Quite right," said Abiathar comfortably.

"Yes," said Joab. "I am a technical expert myself, in a different field. I know my opinion is worth more than a layman's about military affairs, and consequently I trust a priest in matters of theology. . . . Abiathar, does God know all things?"

"So we are taught," the priest told him.

Joab looked relieved.

"All things must include the art of war," he observed. "Well, if Yahweh is a good tactician he will know that my plan for tomorrow's battle is better than the King's. The King is a very intelligent layman, but he rather amuses me when he ventures to contradict an expert. . . . Thank you, Abiathar. That was all I wanted to know."

. . . So presently Joab stood at the King's side before a smoking altar. Around them the army of Judah and Israel massed in close-packed ranks, twenty thousand pairs of eyes on Abiathar, the priest.

"Shall we go up and strike the Philistines?" the King demanded. The priest's hand groped in the Pouch of the Oracle; it brought out the black disk. . . . No!

David swallowed; he turned pale.

"Shall we make a circuit behind them, and come upon them by the mulberry trees?"

The disk was white. . . . And it was so ordered.

To the music of drums and flutes and cymbals the Philistines came up the valley, bronze helmets and steel-bladed spears glancing (*Continued on page 49*)

Just what happened in the next half hour Joab could never clearly recall. It was all a blur: dust and swinging swords and thrusting spears; shouting men, war cries and groans and curses

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The Make-Believe Wife

Copyright, 1928, by Kathleen Norris

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

Illustrated by FRANK GODWIN

"Porter, I've had to change my plans. Is there any way I can get back to North Underhill tonight?" "No, ma'am—there ain't. You goin' to be in Hoboken by half past seven"

The Story Thus Far:

LOVELY Beatrice St. John marries Houston Challoner, a wealthy architect, years older than she, chiefly because her sister's health has failed, and she realizes what the marriage would mean to her family, who are very poor. Her sister and mother are sent to California, and Hugh and Beatrice are unbelievably happy.

Hugh can't help feeling, however, that his son Bert would be a more suitable match. He realizes that Bert is falling in love with Beatrice, but for a long time she does not, and when Bert declares his love she is greatly shocked and upset but attracted in spite of herself. As time goes on, Hugh convinces himself that Bee is in love with Bert and too loyal to hurt him by admitting the truth. Bee knows only that everything seems to be wrong between them without understanding why, and is very unhappy.

Hugh and Beatrice have been working together on plans for the Kreutzmann Memorial, and a few days before they are to be sent in the plans disappear very mysteriously. Suspicion points to either Bert or Aileen Kavanaugh, who is exceedingly jealous of Beatrice and a great trouble maker.

Some time later Hugh tells Beatrice he has found the plans and that he knows it was Bert who hid them. That evening, at the Lamberts' party, in a dreadful scene at which Aileen is present, Hugh accuses Bert of the theft, and also of making advances to his wife. He is beside himself with anger and jealousy and says things which hurt Bee unbearably and leave her white and shaking. Aileen then suggests that Bee tell what she knows about the plans, and Bee admits it was she who hid them.

HUGH looked at her quietly, pursed his lips, and turned to the fire. Bert caught a quick, audible breath. Aileen sank back against the soft leather curves of the couch, satisfied.

"Aren't you—aren't you surprised, Hugh?" Beatrice asked him, panting a little, smiling a desperate little smile.

"No, dear, not entirely!" he answered, without turning. Pity and sorrow were in his face.

"Bee," Bert said, in a sharp undertone, "what possessed you?"

She began to laugh a little, a painful and mirthless laugh.

"Why did I do it?" she said, with the deliberate satisfaction of a defiant child. "Why, for love, wouldn't you suppose, Bert? That must have been my motive, mustn't it?"

"Don't, Bee!" Hugh said quickly, infinitely distressed by her manner. "Let's go home, now," he urged her anxiously, "and we can talk of these things tomorrow—"

"While I'm packing to go off to my mother and sister?" she asked, with another disquieting laugh. "Hugh, why don't you send me to a Magdalen asylum? It's so much cheaper!"

"Don't—" he said, wincing. "We must get home, Bee," he added soothingly. "You're overexcited, and you don't know what you're saying. Tomorrow—"

"Don't touch me!" she said fiercely as he came nearer. She got to her feet and moved about so that she was facing them, with her back to the door. "Don't touch me, please, Hugh. Don't you know why I stole your plans—"

"Beatrice!" Bert entreated her. She did not seem to hear him.

"Why, it was because I was in love with Bert, of course," she said flatly. "I didn't want to go with you to California; I wanted to stay here with Bert. Isn't that simple? We love each other, don't we, Bert?"

"Beatrice!" Bert said again, in a low tone full of pain.

"Yes, I know!" she assented, slipping her bare hand through his arm. "I think we've regaled Mrs. Kavanaugh with quite enough of our family troubles," Beatrice said formally. "Take me home, Bert, and, as Hugh suggests, I'll go to the house of correction in the morning, and you will come home and live with your father and repent—"

"Please—" Hugh muttered, in a dragged, low voice. He had taken the corner of the couch where she had been sitting and had buried his face in his hands and bowed his body forward like a thing bent and buffeted by storm.

"Please—" he said hoarsely.

"I'll say good night to Mrs. Lambert, Hugh. Bert's taking me home," Beatrice said in a silence. Her breast was heaving, her cheeks pale, and her eyes flashing. She gave Aileen one level, significant glance. "It all worked out exactly as you hoped it would, didn't it, Aileen?" she asked. "Good night. Come, Bert," Beatrice added, her voice growing a little faint.

SHE and Bert left the room.

"Get me out of here," she said to him in the library.

"I will, dear. I will, dear!" he assured her, frightened. "We ought to say good night to Mrs. Lambert—or needn't we?" stammered Bert.

She gave a frantic little laugh for reply. She was like a person in a fever, hurrying him through the bright rooms, past vaguely moving forms and voices, hurrying him down the great stairway and out into the cool, fresh autumn night, still jeweled with raindrops against the shaft of light from the doorway. Noon maneuvered the car out from the lines and lines of cars; they were in it; they were speeding home.

Even in the car she did not relax. She sat on the edge of the seat, both hands clinging tightly to Bert's big hands, her slim, fragrant body so close that he could almost feel and hear the rapid beating of her heart.

"I'll have to get away, Bert!"

"You will, dear. Only don't worry about it now—wait until you've had a good night's rest. Then you can arrange it."

"Do you think"—her breath failed her—"do you think I can sleep in his room—that man's room?"

"Beatrice, just calm down. Just wait until you've had time to think all this over—"

"Think it over! Are you crazy, Bert, or am I? Did you hear what he called me? Did you hear what he thought of—of us—"

"Bee, he was beside himself—he didn't know what he was saying, dear."

"Oh, well, then, believe me," she said proudly, and Bert fancied that he could see her eyes flash angrily, in the dark—"believe me that I'm beside myself too, and I do know what I'm saying."

She was silent for a moment, and Bert was conscious of a trembling hope that the worst was over. Then she burst out more violently than before:

"Bert, I will have to get out of all this!"

"Yes, of course. But you're all wrought up, now, Bee—"

SHE leaned against him wearily, her bare smooth shoulder against his breast, her red, fragrant hair close to his cheek. It was the first time that she had yielded, the first time that he might have had her—might have drawn her sweetness and softness unresisting into his arms; might have found her soft exquisite mouth with his kisses. Sitting here, in the rocking car, Bert knew the taste of infinite desolation and renunciation, and felt the agony of growth, hard, painful, rending, in his soul.

"Bee," he said, at the house, "you'll not worry; you'll not think any more tonight? Won't you go straight to bed?"

"Come in," she said, instead of answering. There was a new brevity, a new definiteness and authority in her tone. It was as if the girl had suddenly become a woman. He followed her into the square dimly lighted hall.

"Come in here (*Continued on page 45*)

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BEYOND THE BREAKERS OF THE DAY'S NEWS

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There ought to be a Law

A pro in one sport is an amateur in another. They'll have to adjust the code

By GRANTLAND RICE

Illustrated by BURRIS JENKINS, Jr.

ARE there any real amateurs left in any game except those who have no skill to capitalize in one way or another—directly or indirectly?

Not so many, outside of college walls. Dark and threatening storm clouds have been gathering above the amateur situation in sport for some time, but the storm held back until the cases of Bill Tilden and Charley Paddock finally brought on the big crash. These two cases were quite enough to show that the time has arrived for a complete change in the amateur code—a change that will either bring back real amateur play from which there are no financial returns or the establishment of open tournaments where amateurs and professionals are rated alike and where all distinctions between the two are wiped away.

The old idea that an amateur is one who does not accept pay for playing or for teaching a game is no longer adequate, for an amateur can do neither and still collect more money through his athletic skill than most of the professionals.

The amateur tangle is slightly worse here because there is more gold here.

There have been many reasons for the almost complete wreck of amateur sport.

One is the great boom in general public interest and the public demand to see only the best.

Another is the shining glow of the spotlight, which has made it possible for star amateurs to collect a prosperous living from their games. Competition among the leading amateurs has become so keen that those who hope to linger in the upper tier must give most of their time to the game and therefore must get something from it.

Take one example, the case of Bill Tilden. Tilden starts his tennis campaign some time in February and with all expenses paid, traveling expenses and hotel bills, swings from one tournament to another until September. He has given the greater part of seven months this year to tennis, deriving at the same time a first-class income from writing tennis articles for a syndicate.

A definite rule was passed that no star amateur could endorse any advertised product, whereupon Tilden offered his published endorsement as an actor. An attempt was made about the same time to get Bobby Jones to give the same sort of endorsement—not as a famous golfer, but as a well-known Atlanta attorney. And at the same time René Lacoste, triple amateur champion, broke out in a series of articles on "How to Play Tennis."

One of the chief troubles has come through the matter of gate receipts and the building of stadia. Amateur officials, anxious to put on a big show, have been unwilling to bar stars who would be the main attraction at the box office.

The Public Must Have the Best

WHEN they have acted, generally too late, there has been a storm of public protest, because the public isn't interested to any extent in amateur ethics. The public is interested only in seeing the best there is in action.

The public—and this includes many sporting writers—will offer an outburst of derision over the amateur farce, and then turn with a roar upon any officials who attempt to enforce an amateur rule.

Amateur officials can please nobody, no matter how they rule. There are so many degrees of modern amateurism that even a master mind would be completely baffled. No one thought of barring Charley Paddock while he was still drawing crowds in the Olympic eliminations.

The tangle is terrific. Under the present code an amateur tennis player can have his expenses paid almost the entire year around as he wanders from city to city, and from one country to another, while professional golfers who go to an open championship pay their own way. It may cost the professional golfer from $250 to $600 to play in an open championship.

There isn't much reason or sanity in any such arrangement.

No wonder the public is bewildered and a trifle dazed. Everyone knows that most of our tennis and golf amateur stars derive incomes—from $8,000 to $12,000 a year—through writing about the game in which they have excelled. Why shouldn't they? But if one can make money from his game one way, another will make it some other way. When the gate is open they all troop through, and the separation of sheep and goats becomes an impossible job.

We have come to a new age and a new type of amateur sport. No one wants the championships turned over to the idle rich who don't have to work for a living and have too many ways to enjoy life.

On the other hand, there is no reason why a young fellow, with a living to make, should give most of his time to some game unless he wants to turn professional and make it his life's work.

What about the poor young fellows, one is asked, who have athletic skill? All right, what about them? Will they be better off eventually at making good at some job, trade or profession or giving up six or eight months to a game that will soon leave them without any trade, job or profession after they have passed thirty or thirty-five?

It is admitted that there is almost no way to prevent star amateurs or champion amateurs from profiting indirectly.

In writing they come closer to direct remuneration, since the basis of their pay is the fame they have gathered from some game. They were not writers first and players afterward, though Tilden and Bobby Jones happen to be excellent commentators on their games of tennis and golf. If they had not been such, the remuneration would have been about the same. There are now only three courses open to the governing bodies of amateur sport.

1. To pass a drastic rule in which all direct pay, including writing for money and the payment of expenses in any form, are barred.

2. To frame a rule along this line: No amateur shall play or teach for pay in any form or lend his name to the indorsement of any advertised product. No amateur shall have his expenses paid to play his game in any tournament or exhibition, with the sole exception of an international match, such as the Davis and the Walker Cups.

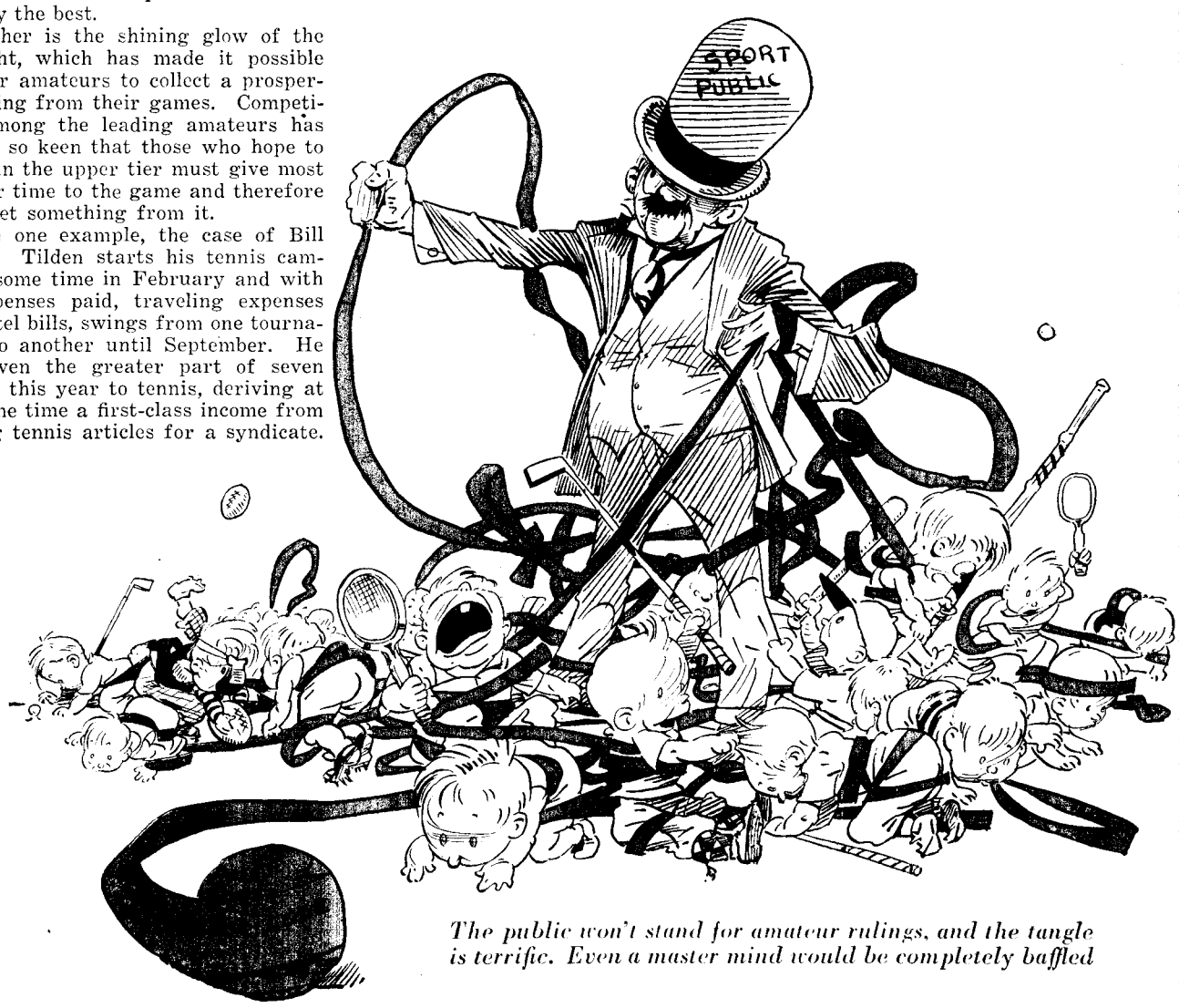
3. To abolish all distinction between amateur and professional sport after the player has left college. To have only open or invitation tournaments without regard to any amateur or professional rating.

Amateur? What Does It Mean?

IF THE first two rules cannot be enforced and enforced in far better fashion than the present rules are handled, there is no course open except the adoption of the latter rule.

In the old days it was felt the professional had a big advantage because he had more opportunities to increase his skill through closer association with his game. But today there are numerous amateurs who play in a far greater number of competitions than most professionals can afford to take in. There are numerous amateurs who play more golf and tennis than any club professional who has a living to make in teaching, looking after the shop and watching over the course. The playing advantage is now veering toward the amateur side.

The entire situation is in such a bad tangle that the time has come for the governing bodies of most amateur sport to enforce stricter regulations or to abandon amateurism altogether. No one seems to think of the amateur who actually has to work for a living, having no great amount of time left for competition, and then is called on to face amateurs who know practically no other profession but the game they play and make a living from, one way or another. Golf so far has been far stricter in its regulations than tennis. But all will be in trouble unless there is a decided change in the future with the golden flow increasing every year and the public and the press demand for only the best, amateur, semi-pro or what not.



The public won't stand for amateur rulings, and the tangle is terrific. Even a master mind would be completely baffled

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"Send the children at once!"

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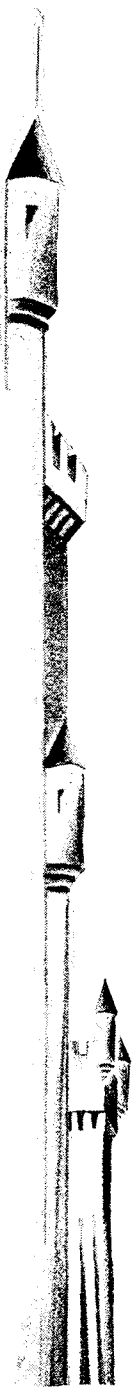

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Parke, Davis & Company make a number of special products for your daily home use—with the same exacting care which marks the manufacture of Parke-Davis medicines. If you will ask your druggist about them, he will tell you that each needs no further recommendation than the simple statement: It is a Parke-Davis product.

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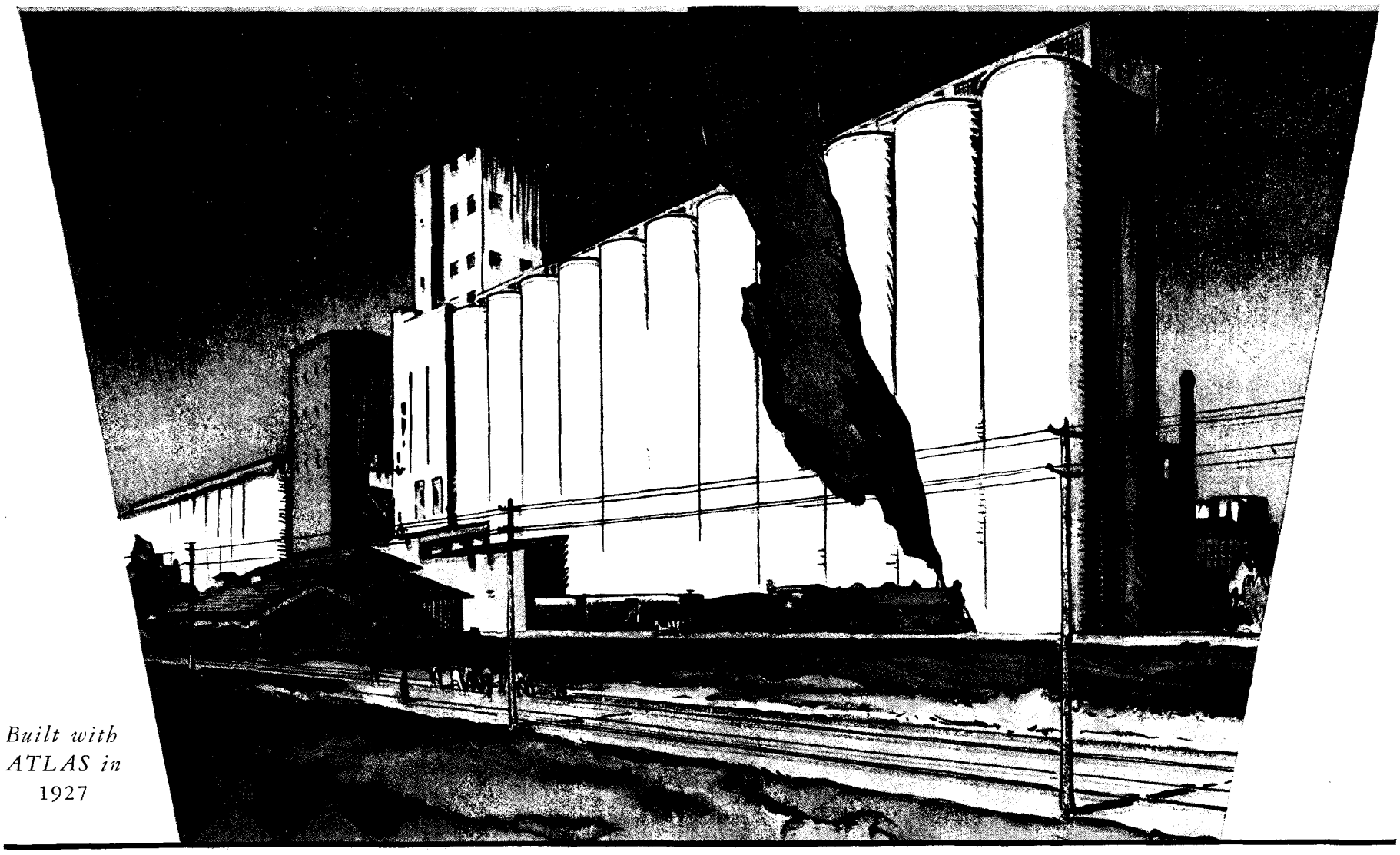
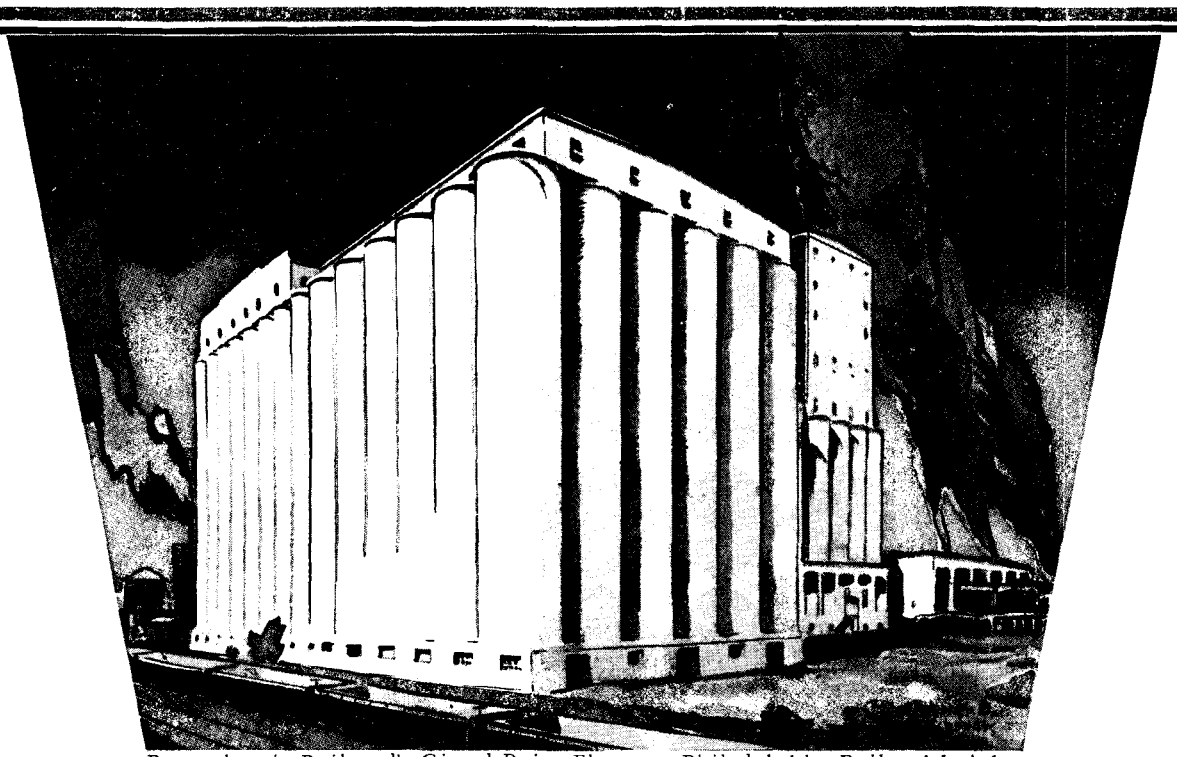
In building the 1,100,000 bushel Wabash Elevator at Kansas City, 13,000 barrels of Atlas were used



Built with ATLAS in 1927

ATLAS

Main Offices: NEW YORK *and* ST. LOUIS · · BIRMINGHAM · DES MOINES · BOSTON



Built with ATLAS in 1915

Pennsylvania Railroad's Girard Point Elevator, Philadelphia. Built with Atlas

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For All Concrete Construction ATLAS *Provides Proved*

DEPENDABILITY AND PERMANENCE

Two great grain elevators, in two cities, erected twelve years apart for two railroads, were built by one contractor of one portland cement, Atlas. ¶ Experience on the Pennsylvania Railroad's Girard Point Elevator, built in 1915 at Philadelphia, proved to James Stewart & Company, Incorporated, the *dependability* and *permanence* of Atlas. The irrefutable testimony of time counseled its repeated choice for the Wabash Railway Elevator, built last year at Kansas City. ¶ For every type of construction in which portland cement is used, Atlas has established its unfailing quality. From canal and causeway to curb and column, it has earned its place as "The standard by which all other makes are measured."

A vastly enlarged range of artistic possibilities is given to concrete by Atlas WHITE, perfected by The Atlas Portland Cement Company. A true portland cement, pure white in color, it has all the famed qualities of Atlas GRAY Portland Cement—high tensile strength, permanence, economy. It invites architects to plan varieties of color, to choose from widely varied surface textures, and to specify even decorative sculpture of concrete.

When immediate use of concrete is desirable or when emergency makes immediate use a necessity, we offer through an arrangement with our affiliated company, The Atlas LUMNITE Cement Company, LUMNITE Cement, the only Cement that makes full strength concrete overnight—a service possible with no other material. LUMNITE is not portland cement, but it makes concrete which in 24 hours exceeds the 28-day strength of ordinary concrete.

PORTLAND CEMENT

GRAY AND WHITE

CHICAGO · KANSAS CITY · OMAHA · ALBANY · PHILADELPHIA · OKLAHOMA CITY

You can purchase Atlas in any quantity from your own Building Material Dealer. He is the only distributing agency between the *Atlas* plants and your concrete job. The flexible service which he offers on Atlas and this method of delivering cement directly to the user bring Atlas to you at less expense than by any other method. And because he performs this essential economic service, the Dealer makes a vital contribution to the upbuilding of the community. For helpful construction information on any type of concrete work, write to *The Atlas Portland Cement Company,* 25 Broadway, New York.

TO ALL BUILDING MATERIAL DEALERS

Recognizing the importance of the distributive functions performed by Building Material Dealers, Atlas financed a detailed survey and study of their operating costs in 33 States, recently completed by the Bureau of Business Research, Harvard University. A copy will be sent FREE to accredited dealers who write for it on their letterheads to The Atlas Portland Cement Company. Ask for Bulletin No. 64.

THE STANDARD BY WHICH ALL OTHER MAKES ARE MEASURED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

At the simple game of Platforms—for their cards they're using Planks

The Gop and the Donk

A Musical Fable

By WALLACE IRWIN

Illustrated by C. H. SYKES

(In a sort of mystic barroom, large enough for horse-and-car-room, sit two Mythological Figures, idols of the files and ranks. One's a Donkey quite rambunctious; one's an Elephant so unctuous that whene'er the Donkey kicks him he just smiles and murmurs "Thanks!" On a table long and shambling they are passionately gambling at the simple game of Platforms—for their cards they're using Planks.)

DONKEY *(cutting from the pack, sir):*

It's your deal. You've drawn the jack, sir.

ELEPHANT *(cuts with a hatchet):*

There's my ace card. Can you match it?

DONKEY *(sees the Plank marked Tariff):*

Sure. I call you. I don't care if
Mine's a Two-Spot. Listen, child—
Houston made it Deuces Wild.
When we want to, boy, we sho' kin
Make the Tariff high as yo' kin.

ELEPHANT *(with pulses beating):*

Silly ass! That looks like cheating.
By the names that Claudie Bowers
Heaped upon me, throwing flowers—

(Someone's Voice outside the casement shakes the scene from roof to basement. Someone on a box is thumping, Someone on a stump is Stumping.)

ORATOR

Corruption's chain we'll break in twain,
We'll bring old Sin to grief.
Our Party's Pledge we'll keep on edge
And furnish Farm Relief.

(Sounds of "Hooray! You get our votes!" from many Agricultural Throats):

ELEPHANT *(heavily keeping his poise):*

That's Senator Borah a-making the Noise.

DONKEY *(hee-hawing as one who enjoys):*

Nay, nay, Gop. That's one of the Tammany Boys.
Isn't he charming?
An expert on Farming,
Learned on a roof garden, breezy and tall.
He studied Reforming in Tammany Hall.

ELEPHANT *(slyly his trunk he outreaches):*

There *should* be a law against stealing our speeches.

(At this a Blind Tiger slinks in through the door. His Stripes have been whitewashed above and beneath. His Claws have been blunted. He looks rather hunted as he opens his mouth and removes his false teeth.)

TIGER'S SONG *(not so strong):*

My name is Fido, gentle Fido—
Once I was unkind.
But now I purr. They stroke my fur
Because, you see, I'm blind.
It's quite all right to lose my sight;
For since old Tamman-ee
Kneels at the flame of Wilson's name,
It's best I shouldn't see.

REFRAIN:

So here indeed I am,
And here forsooth I are.
The Figurehead of Tam—
Get me, kid.
Where's the Bar?

(Enter Two Bartenders, nervous and twitchy. One is Nick Butler, the other Gov. Ritchie.)

BARTENDERS *(slenderly singing bartenderly):*

What'll it be, gents? Beer or gin,
Scotch or rye, cocktails thin?

DONKEY AND ELEPHANT *(playing their Game):*

Huh, what's the difference? Make it the same.

BLIND TIGER *(writhes like a shopworn dragon):*

Bring me Bourbon. Make it a flagon.

BARTENDERS *(fearing a Zoo with a jag-on):*

Down, down, Fido! *You're* on the Wagon.

(The Tiger utters some hollow Woofs. Enter a Camel on sand-worn hoofs. Weakly he sways his fragile hips, eagerly smacking his sun-cracked lips.)

CAMEL

I'm the Pet of Two Parties, oh me, oh my.
They ply me with equal carresses.
I'm all goody-goody, the Love of Dan Moody
And Charm of the Simeon Fesses.
I'm up as exhibit for What They Prohibit—
But why doesn't anyone think
That I'm only a Camel, a warm-blooded Mammal—
And where do I go for a drink?

DONK AND GOP *(their look says "Shame" as they earnestly play their Game):*

Both the Conventions proclaimed their intentions—
And what do *you* need of a drink?

(The Camel goes staggering up to the Bar, laps up the Juice from a rock-and-rye jar, opens a beer keg and drinks it all dry, swallows Two Demijohns—probably Rye—licks the shellac from the Shelves in the back, then sinks to the floor with a Satisfied sigh.)

Big Chief Olvany, silk-hatted, peeps in,
Noting his Tiger, so tempted to Sin.
"Tiger," he says, "please remember, my dear,
This isn't the time to do Anything Queer."

ELEPHANT *(pulling a Plank from the deck):*

I'm playing Disarmament. Beat it, by heck!

DONKEY *(quite skillfully showing his Plank):*

There's *my* Disarmament Program, friend Yank.

(The Planks look alike, though the Wording diverges. In vast irritation the Elephant surges, daring the Donkey to play his States Rights. "If you do I've got something to smother yer lights.")

(Game stops again; for Two Voices seraphic bellow outside as if stopping the Traffic):

FIRST VOICE

I'm for him tooth and nail;
I'm for him, neck and ankle.
Al Smith, Our Leader, hail!
Now let no Discords rankle.

SECOND VOICE

I'm for him leg and lung,
I'm for him ear and liver.
Let all the world give tongue—
Hoover, the Great Lawgiver!

DUET

We're bearcats at Convention,
We loathe the very mention
Of Candidates who pull the Big Majority.
But when they're nominated
Our Fury is abated
And we join—
POM-POM
And we join—
BOM-BOM
We join the band that toots the most Authority.

(*Continued on page 44*)

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LITTLE DRAMAS IN THE LIFE OF A GREAT NEWSPAPER SYSTEM

Painted for Scripps-Howard Newspapers
by Saul Tepper

"Kill my cow for an Editor? *I should say not!*"

A SCRIPPS-HOWARD Newspaper in the center of a western dairy district led a state fight against tubercular cattle.

For five years it struggled to convince farmers and dairymen that infected animals were not only dangerous to life and health, but were business liabilities.

A long series of editorials and articles was published. The State Agricultural College was enlisted. And the day finally came when the dairymen who had bitterly assailed the editor wrote to the state inspector, asked him to inspect their herds, and to slaughter all infected animals.

Sections of the public are often wrongheadedly committed to a course against their own interests. The editor who attempts to convince them that they are wrong must have the courage to stand both circulation loss and advertising loss.

Public opinion changes slowly. But he gains both back in the end, in heaping measures. And he establishes his paper so firmly in the homes and hearts of his readers that no opposition can shake their trust in its integrity.

This reader-confidence that the SCRIPPS-HOWARD Newspapers have built up through many strenuous years is not for sale at any price. But it can *make* sales for the advertiser.

NEW YORK . . *Telegram* · SAN FRANCISCO . *News* · DENVER *Rocky Mt. News*
CLEVELAND . . . *Press* · WASHINGTON . . *News* · DENVER . . *Evening News*
BALTIMORE . . . *Post* · CINCINNATI . . . *Post* · TOLEDO . . . *News-Bee*
PITTSBURGH . . . *Press* · INDIANAPOLIS . . *Times* · COLUMBUS . . . *Citizen*
COVINGTON . . *Kentucky Post—Kentucky Edition of Cincinnati Post*

AKRON . . . *Times-Press* · YOUNGSTOWN . *Telegram* · KNOXVILLE *News-Sentinel*
BIRMINGHAM . . . *Post* · FORT WORTH . . *Press* · EL PASO . . . . . *Post*
MEMPHIS . *Press-Scimitar* · OKLAHOMA CITY . *News* · SAN DIEGO . . . . *Sun*
HOUSTON . . . . *Press* · EVANSVILLE . . . *Press* · TERRE HAUTE . . *Post*
ALBUQUERQUE . . . . *New Mexico State Tribune*

SCRIPPS-HOWARD NEWSPAPERS
MEMBERS OF THE AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS AND MEMBERS OF THE UNITED PRESS

NATIONAL ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT, 250 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK
CHICAGO · SEATTLE · SAN FRANCISCO · PORTLAND · DETROIT · LOS ANGELES · ATLANTA · PHILADELPHIA

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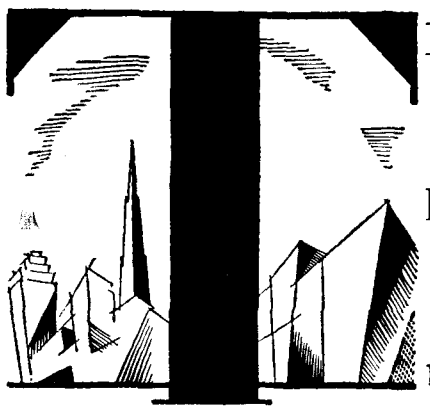
THE "FIFTH AVENUE"

KNOX HATS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IT OUGHT TO BE YOURS

Fall and footballs in the air, a Knox Hat on your head and all's right with the world.



THE KNOX "FIFTH AVENUE" is Fall's important hat style—new in its compact shape, new in its tapered crown and new in its narrow brim. Its debut is as infallible a sign of Fall as the "plump" of the first kick-off. The "Fifth Avenue" is the smartest thing in hats—it ought to be yours! At Knox Agencies everywhere.

◆ ◆ ◆ **THE KNOX HAT COMPANY, Inc.** ◆ ◆ ◆

SALES OFFICES: 920 PALMER HOUSE CHICAGO ◆ 711 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK ◆ 51 GRANT AVE. SAN FRANCISCO

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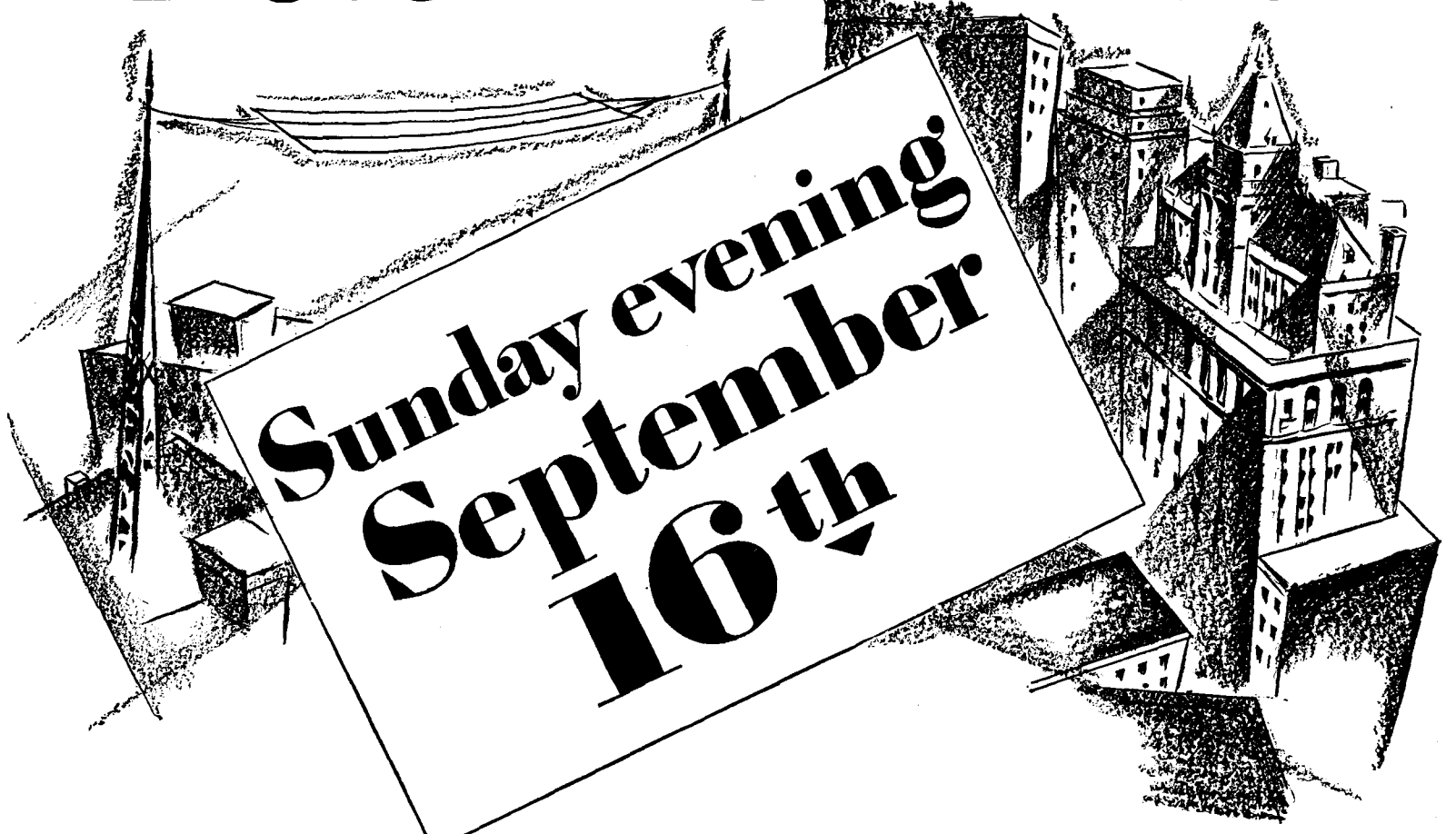
An Important Radio Date



BACK on the air again after summer vacation *Uncle Henry* and *The Editor* will introduce the new *1929 model* of Collier's Radio Hour next Sunday evening, September 16th.

Right now they are keeping the new program a deep secret. In fact, they are rehearsing in a safe deposit vault—after putting their heads together all summer planning new radio thrills for Collier's listeners. But rumor has it that there is to be a radio dramatization of a new Oppenheim mystery serial—and that it holds super-shudders for those who faithfully and fearfully followed the "Emperor of America."

Be this gossip or truth, all that *Uncle Henry* and *The Editor* permit us to say at present is that they promise bigger and better radio entertainment than ever this season—with novelties that will outshine even their own past efforts.

Mystery, music, drama, romance and humor—Collier's Radio Hour will be made from the current issue of Collier's—supported by the most celebrated and distinguished guest speakers.

Tune in Sunday evening, September 16th, and every Sunday evening thereafter. Consult time and station tables on this page for tuning information.

STATIONS

East	*West*
WJZ	WJR
WBZA	KYW
WBZ	KWK
KDKA	WCCO
WBAL	KOA
WHAM	WDAF
WLW	

Stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company

TIME

Eastern
Daylight Saving, 8:15 P. M.

Central
Daylight Saving, 7:15 P. M.

Mountain
Daylight Saving, 6:15 P. M.

Note—If your community is on *Standard Time* subtract one hour from the time shown here.

Collier's Radio Hour

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The Main Guy

As told to JOHN WILSTACH

Drawings by Paul Brown from old photographs

THE lure of the circus is as old as American boyhood itself. And not since that classic of a generation ago—the pathetic story of TOBY TYLER, OR TEN WEEKS WITH A CIRCUS—has there been a human document of the red wagons and sawdust rings as moving as these reminiscences of an old-time circus owner — whose anonymity is a habit and not a necessity.

II

HICKEY and I searched long before coming upon Bramley, our Main Guy. Around the circus grounds the owner is one you will find—if you find him at all, which is unlikely—deeply embedded in the background. It was even the practice when he *had* to appear to have a substitute trained to impersonate him!

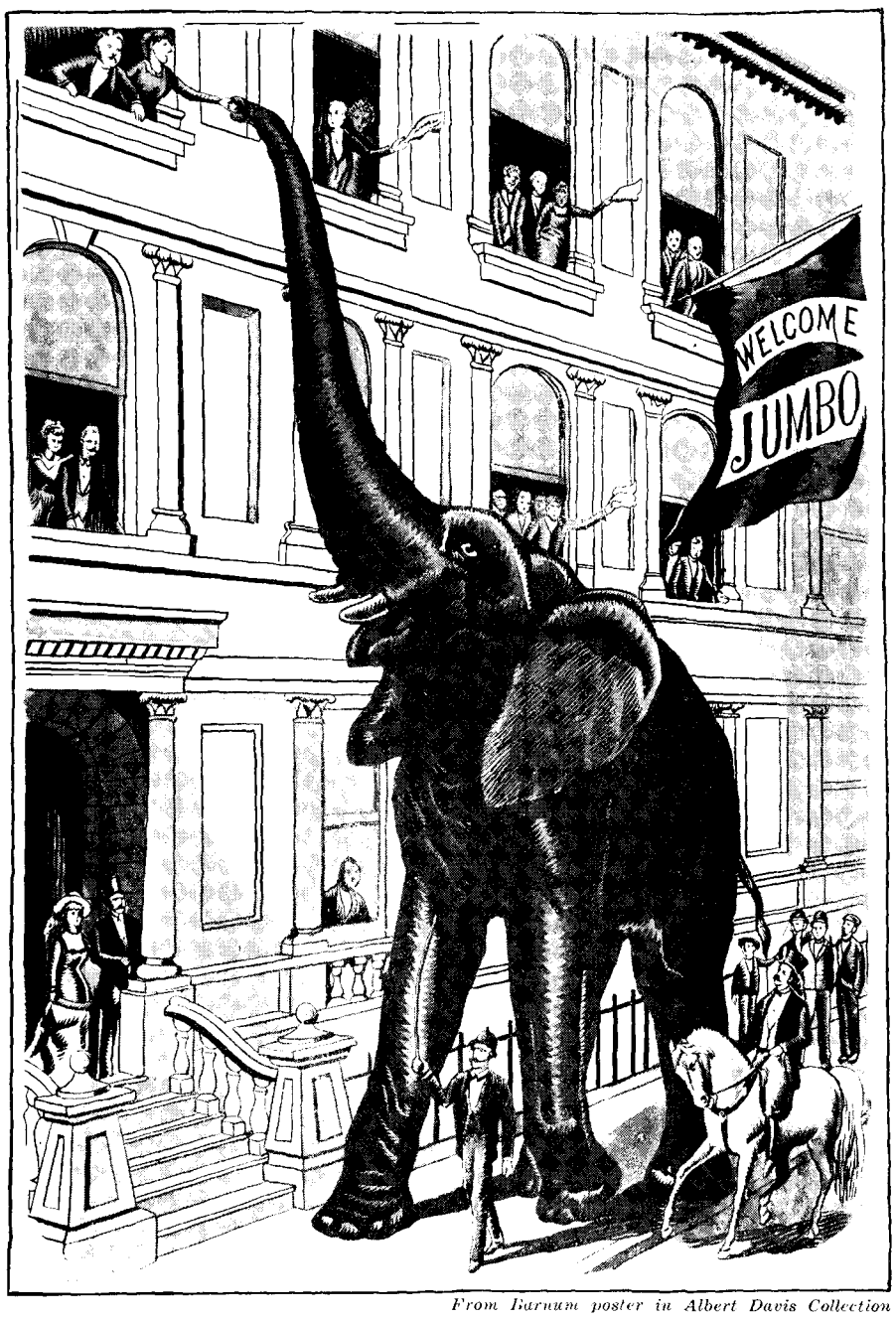
Even to this day, on the lot, you will be the victim of misdirection. No one will identify the man you seek.

Natural modesty does not account for this. When trouble rears an ugly head the first person the authorities want to lay violent hands on is the owner. If they can find him the local peace officers have the key to the situation, a means of forcing financial settlement; he can be held without bail or have his show tied up so it cannot move.

We passed through the main entrance where performers were testing trapeze apparatus which no outsiders were ever trusted to put up or take down.

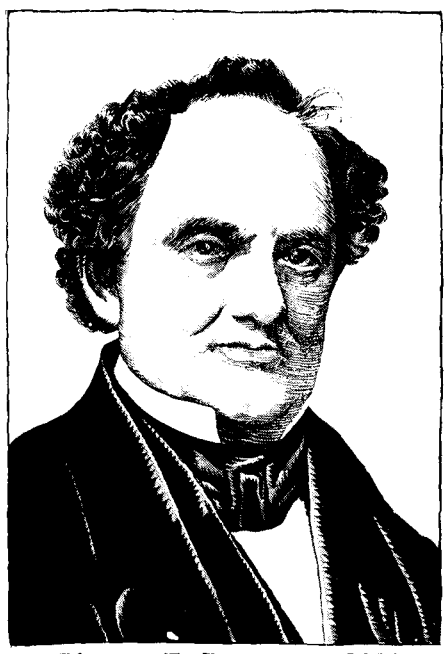
Several canvas men were taking their time making a dirt ring, after laying out the circle with care. All circus rings are forty-two feet in diameter.

Standing, watching them, was a bearded individual in a brown suit. He wore a collar, almost an official badge of office, and carried a heavy cane nearly as thick as a club.



From Barnum poster in Albert Davis Collection

Jumbo comes in spite of court action to keep him in London



Phineas T. Barnum in 1865

"That's old man Bramley," said Hickey, "but keep your mouth shut."

As we approached Hickey left me for a whispered conference with the big boss. The latter's serious expression changed to one all smiles and grins. To my astonishment he suddenly came over to me and slapped me familiarly on the back. It was like being knighted by a king.

"So you're the lucky new boy, eh?" he chuckled. "You have brains, my lad, and they are scarce. If you'd let that kid loose when you spotted him there'd been the devil to pay. I'll remember you. You learned one lesson quickly; the circus is always wrong unless proved otherwise!"

He laughed again: "Rutledge swore he'd put this outfit on the rocks if I dared go South. Thinks the country belongs to him. I'll show him that two can play at his game; isn't that so, Hickey?"

The boss hostler nodded. "We have a bunch as tough as they make 'em—a parcel of timber wolves in the winter; but that was a raw deal we dodged today."

"Sure, it was. Being innocent like, for once, I let the leaders of those Jaspers—we circus men always called the natives Jaspers, son—snoop and search about. But no more of that—I'm givin' orders a sharp eye be kept for suspicious characters. It don't pay to lose a trick 'gainst an opposition that'll stop at nothin'."

The Main Guy patted me on the shoulder. "You have the makings of a *showman*, my lad."

Barnum on Bailey

HE TURNED away. At the time I didn't realize he was paying me the highest of compliments. A man had to prove his worth by a harsh standard to be called, in a tone of respect, a showman.

As Hickey and I returned to the menagerie top I wondered why Bramley was called the old man. He was far from ancient, not over twenty-five, I am sure.

I was to learn that age had nothing to do with leadership. The early circus owners who were successful started in the game young. A picturesque group they were, but you won't find me quoting 'em much; they were a silent bunch, and left talk for a paid "squarer" and "fixer" or the press agent. P. T. Barnum, of course, was an exception in writing an autobiography, but he was the only one who did, and he wasn't an early circus man, anyway; his first great circus burst on the world in 1871, when he was sixty-one years old and brought out of semi-retirement.

And Barnum, as he himself admitted, never believed in telling but *part* of the truth. If only his great partner James A. Bailey, had written his own life!

In a burst of confidence Barnum once said: "I want you newspaper fellows to let the public know how great a man my partner, Mr. Bailey, is. I've never met his equal. He's got brains—lots of them—and he knows how to use them. He doesn't copy any of us, old or young. He's original in his methods, and his resources are amazing. I ought to be jealous of him, and I would be if he were not my partner. How I would hate him for a rival! Don't forget, when you are scattering around adjectives about this great spectacle, to save one or two for Mr. Bailey."

But James A. Bailey hated publicity and always went out of his way to avoid it.

Uncle John Tricks P. T.

LITTLE is known of his life and that not from his lips. Associates learned only a few facts. His name was really James McGuiness, born July 4, 1847. His father dying of cholera during an epidemic, his mother soon followed, and he went to live with relatives in Detroit. He ran away and joined the John Robinson circus. Fred Bailey, the general agent of the show, became interested in the boy and hired him as an assistant billposter. Wishing to escape detection, the boy took Bailey's name—and kept it. Years afterward he never admitted to the name of McGuiness. He left a memory of always being the first on the lot and the last to leave it.

W. W. Cole, another early main guy, started the modern method of routing, called "following the crops;" that is, getting into a section of the country when reports show it at the height of prosperity. It was his habit too that a town be played just before the railroad being built in that direction reached it. A holiday period.

The name of John Robinson has always been (*Continued on page 38*)

Albert Davis Collection

Typical clown of the early days

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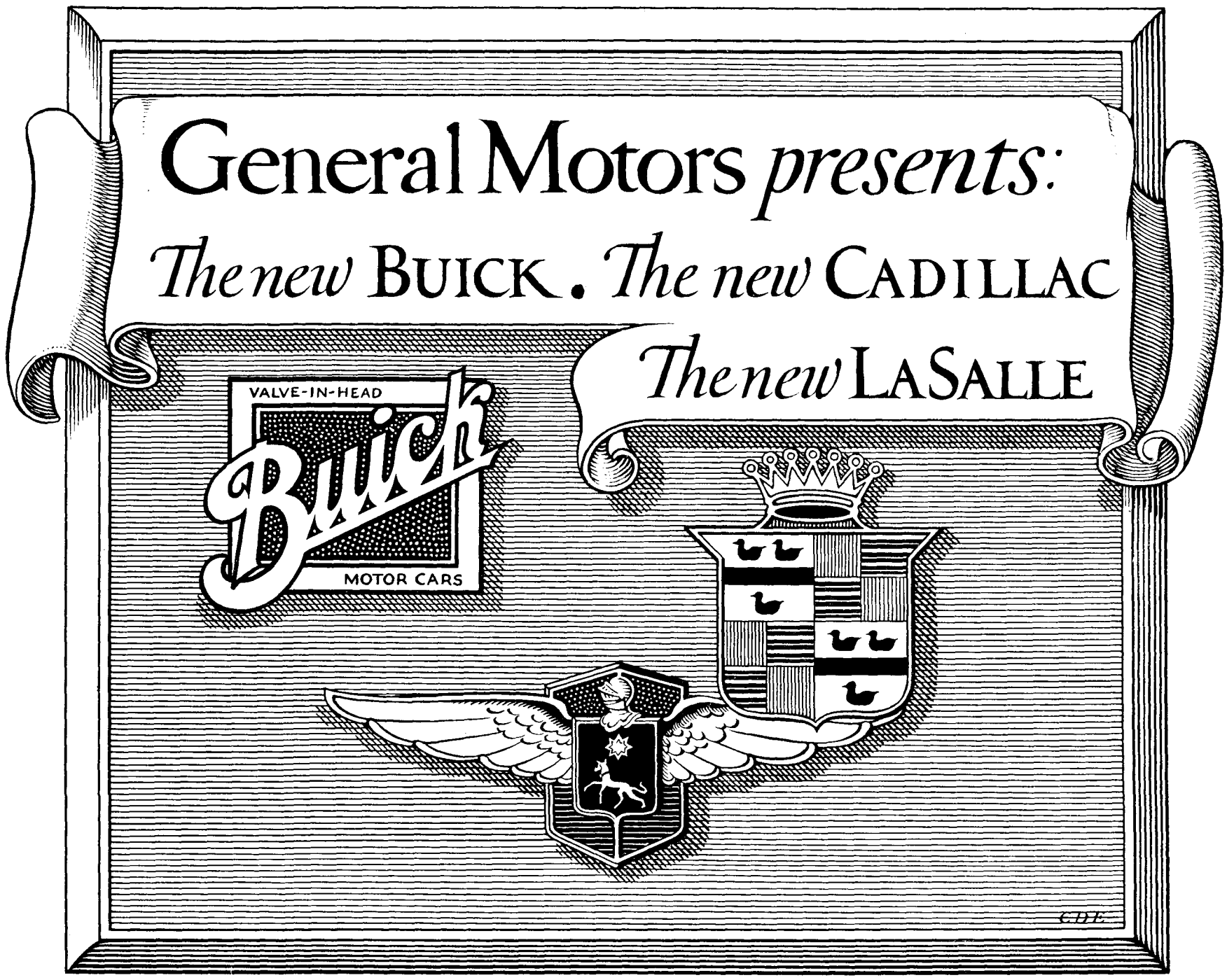
Neze



GENERAL

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models and The Open Mind

THE American public, with its healthy desire for the new and the better, insists upon continuous improvement, and will withdraw its patronage from any product or service which stands still.

Nowhere is this more true than in the automobile industry. The car is more than a utility. It is a *personal* thing, involving your convenience, your comfort, your safety, your sense of beauty and color, your pride of ownership, your complete environment for many hours of your life. Customs and habits of living change fast; and the past holds many warnings of how quickly your favor can shift when an automobile, for even a single year, fails to show progress.

Continuous improvement is, therefore, more than a policy with General Motors. It is a vital necessity. The public demands new models.

And the public is right. Out of that demand have come electric starting and lighting, the closed body, Duco finish, four-wheel brakes and hundreds of refinements, big and little. Improvements that might have taken a generation have been born within a few years because motorists want always more performance, greater beauty and greater comfort.

Equipped with the largest research laboratories and proving ground, and guided by an Open Mind which is ready to revise its thinking in response to new facts, General Motors believes that it is peculiarly fitted not only to sense but to anticipate public demand and to give the people better automobiles at better values year after year.

As evidence of that faith we offer, with genuine pride, the New Buick, the New Cadillac, and the New LaSalle. Their models are now on display.

"A car for every purse and purpose"

CHEVROLET · PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE · OAKLAND · BUICK · LaSALLE · CADILLAC · *All with body by Fisher*

GENERAL MOTORS TRUCKS · YELLOW CABS AND COACHES

FRIGIDAIRE—The Automatic Refrigerator · GMAC Plan of Credit Purchase · *DELCO-LIGHT Electric Plants*

MOTORS

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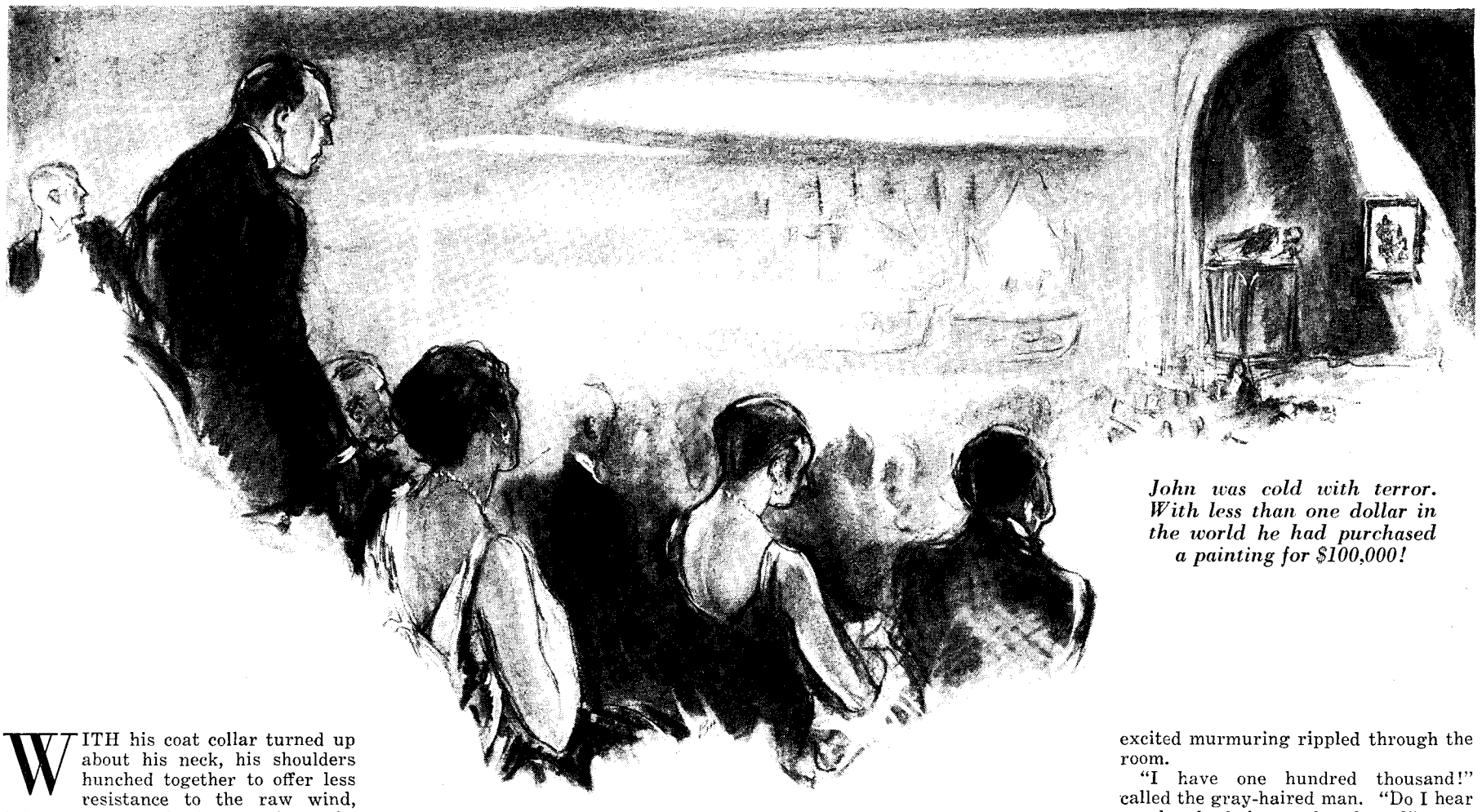

John was cold with terror. With less than one dollar in the world he had purchased a painting for $100,000!

The Hammer

A Short Short Story

By GEORGE F. WORTS

Illustrated by W. L. BARNES

WITH his coat collar turned up about his neck, his shoulders hunched together to offer less resistance to the raw wind, John Tupper trudged away from the hospital. A stout man in sterile white seemed to keep step with him. His voice was as crisp as tearing silk:

"She can't live without an operation. Dr. Enderling is the only surgeon who can do it properly. His fee will be $1,000. Afterward you must get her away from this climate. South. Three or four months in Florida. Let me know in the morning."

A thousand dollars! Three or four months in the South! John Tupper could rattle his wealth in one hand—all that remained from the sale of his overcoat. Jobless and friendless, where was he to find $1,000 and the cost of three or four months in the South?

The street, as he plodded on, became a sodden expanse of splintered planking which covered an enormous trench being gouged out of mud and rock. With a heavy hammer a man was pounding something that resembled a human skull. Each time the hammer fell John Tupper's head hurt. It was as if his skull were under the swinging hammer, and the man swinging it were the demon of hard luck. He had been under that hammer so long that his brain was numb. A thousand dollars! Three or four months in the South!

John Tupper was proceeding aimlessly along a dark street. A strange light like a halo was coming.

It was a silk hat, carrying on its crown the dancing reflection of a street light. A man in black, wearing a silk hat, was walking toward him. John Tupper thought: "If I had a gun—" As the man lit a cigarette something small and white fluttered from his clothes. John Tupper picked it up. It was a card of admission to the auction sale of the late Horatius M. Gibney's collection of paintings, to be held that night at the Art Auction Galleries. . . . It would be warm there. . . .

The sale was in progress when John presented the card to a doorman and was directed to the auction-room. It resembled a small theatre. There was a lighted stage and an audience of smartly dressed men and women. Diamonds sparkled; pearls glowed. A handsome gray-haired man at the left of the stage was speaking in a firm, cultured voice. John, as he sat down in the rear, saw that everyone was gazing at a small painting in a gilt frame which reposed on an easel in the center of the stage. A tall Negro, in the gray uniform of the gallery, stood in the aisle with his back to the stage. With sharp, black eyes he was watching the people near John. One of them said "Ten thousand" in a whisper, and the Negro shouted "Ten thousand!"

The painting sold for $28,000. Attendants removed it and placed another small painting on the easel. Voices barked out all over the room. Sometimes bidders only nodded to the Negro, or raised their eyebrows, or wiggled a finger, and he, expertly interpreting the gesture, would shout a higher bid. When a painting was sold, the gray-haired man struck his desk with a hammer. It was not like the hammer the subway worker had used. That had been a crude, heavy tool. This was a dainty ivory ornament. It came down, not with a clang, but with a tap.

But it hurt John's head just as much. It presently hurt even more. Each time the little ivory hammer came down, some well-groomed person had spent a fortune for a fraction of which John could have bought life and health for his wife.

The tapping of the ivory hammer seemed to become louder and louder. Now it was louder than a sledge hammer. It filled the room with reverberations. It made the building tremble. John placed his hands to his throbbing temples. A thousand dollars! Three or four months in the South!

Polite applause crackled over the room as a larger painting was displayed. It was evidently a painting of importance. The gray-haired man spoke reverently of its authenticity, its rarity.

The bidding began at $25,000 and went by leaps to $50,000, to $75,000—$75,000 for a square of canvas with a little bright paint on it! John waited in dread for the thunder of the hammer. The bidding narrowed to a duel between a man who sat near John and one who sat in front. The voice of the Negro took on a curious ferocity. From $80,000 the bids advanced slowly, a thousand at a time. At $90,000 came a pause.

JOHN'S throat ached. His resentment grew. Bitterly he said to himself: "It isn't fair, her lying there, dying, because we have no money—and *that* selling for almost $100,000." His fists were clenched in desperation. His eyes were bright with agony. He was unaware that the watchful eyes of the Negro were on his face. His resentment, as he stared at the painting, became uncontrollable. Angrily he exclaimed: "A hundred thousand dollars!"

And the Negro triumphantly shouted: "One hundred thousand dollars!" An excited murmuring rippled through the room.

"I have one hundred thousand!" called the gray-haired man. "Do I hear one hundred thousand and one?"

John tried to cry out that it was a mistake, but his tongue only rattled in his mouth. "Do I hear one?" The gray-haired man paused again. John rose halfway out of his chair. He lifted his hand in a feeble, protesting gesture. "Going for one hundred thousand. . . . Going for one hundred thousand! Last call!" A husky sound came from John's lips. No one noticed him. Everyone was looking at the hammer. "Fair warning!" the auctioneer cried. The hammer came up. John started to tremble. The world would tremble when that hammer came down. It would be the last blow of all, for it would send him to jail. "At $100,000. . . . Sold!" And the ivory hammer came down.

A woman in front of John, a white-haired woman whose ears were frosty with diamonds, turned and smiled at him. People all about him were craning their necks. John was cold with terror. With less than one dollar in the world, he had purchased a painting for $100,000! The Negro, with an air of deference, was handing him a small buff card and a pencil. Black type swam and became readable. Name— Catalogue number— Deposit— Price—

In a moment they would have him arrested. Too late it occurred to him that he might have persuaded Dr. Enderling to wait a little while for his fee; that he might somehow have managed to send his wife South. In a cell he would be helpless—a victim of the slow machinery of justice. That falling hammer had dealt him the finishing blow.

He heard a voice say, "There he is! Right over there!" And a stout little man in a wet overcoat came trotting over and began talking to John in a low, excited voice. Bewildering words fell upon John's ears:

" . . . Too late to bid on that Rembrandt. . . . Hammer came down just as I walked in. . . . Governor Fowler delegated me to buy it for him. . . . Ten thousand dollars. . . . Take it off your hands."

John huskily echoed: "Ten—thousand—dollars?"

"It's fair!" the little man cried. "It's the usual 10 per cent. You'll take it? How shall I make out the check?"

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A Cheery Bedside Manner

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

EVER since Governor Smith appointed John J. Raskob his national chairman the Republicans have been looking more and more askance at the figure of their national chairman, Dr. Hubert Work.

Mr. Raskob may not know much about politics, but he is a noble piece of window dressing. Now, the Republicans say that Dr. Work knows even less about politics than Mr. Raskob, and as a piece of window dressing he is a dub.

When the press remarks that the Hoover campaign has got off to a bad start, it generally has the doctor in mind. If Governor Smith could have found another Clem Shaver, the eminent psychiatrist from Colorado might have got by. But now the Republicans look at the rival chairman and ask, "Why didn't we too think of a handsome piece of window dressing? Why Work?"

Republicans around national headquarters in Washington speak scornfully of Mr. Hoover's chairman and tell incredible stories of his ineptness. Already it has been found necessary to put a Hoover silencer upon the national chairman, cruel and unusual treatment for a man whose greatest gift is conversation.

Let me list some of the alleged blunders of Dr. Work. First there was the announcement, after the visit to Brule, that President Coolidge just couldn't get along without his Secretary of Commerce and wanted to keep him in office for the rest of his term. This brought a crack over the knuckles from Candidate Hoover, who had made up his mind that he had better stand on his own feet in this campaign.

No Bitter Pills for Doc

THEN came the chairman's promulgation of the issue of this year. It was not to be prohibition or religious prejudice. It was to be the good old issue of the tariff, prosperity and the full dinner pail. This sounded as if the Republicans had decided to straddle the liquor issue and be wet in the East and dry in the South and West, something that would have been much better left unsaid. And in a day or two Governor Smith, who had already altered his party's position on the tariff, made a bid for business support in the person of his chairman. Someone, not the Republican chairman, has since discovered that the issue is really Tammany, Tammanee!

Then three or four not very well-known Germans called on Dr. Work and assured him that the German-Americans were for Hoover. The doctor could not keep such good news to himself, but made it public. This invited and got a prompt statement from the Steuben Society that the Germans weren't any such thing.

The last incident brings us to what the Republicans say is the major weakness of the amiable doctor, his tendency to believe every bit of cheerful news that is brought in to him.

A physician will come to headquarters and say that of all his patients in Alabama only one is for Smith. The chairman immediately writes it down in his little book that Alabama is carried for Hoover and passes on to carrying another state in the same easy way.

Current report is that he already has Alabama, North Carolina, Virginia, Florida, Mississippi, Tennessee, Kentucky and Texas won for Hoover.

To the natural optimism of the boundless West the chairman adds the professional optimism of the physician. As he used to pass through the wards and private rooms of his sanitarium in Colorado he radiated more sunshine than the peerless sun of Colorado's cloudless skies. Ultra-violet rays emanate from his personality, healing, cheering, uplifting.

Now, what the Republicans cry out for is a little gloom. This they think is a year for dire prediction and several panics. They will tell you that more elections are lost by overconfidence than through fear of defeat. They like to go through the valley of the shadow and emerge into gay confidence the Tuesday before the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November.

They want to get their mad up. They wish to have the coach tell them daily that they are the worst boobs who ever lined up for practice and that the other team will go through them like water through a sieve. The ultra-violet rays of the doctor's sunny disposition irritate their nerves.

Now, I am not one of those who judge the doctor so harshly. He is a pleasant sight. He thinks well of himself and well of the world. If he has a weakness, it is a fear that people will not see what a tremendously efficient person he is. It is a weakness of his profession, for every doctor knows that Nature cures and all he does is hold the confidence of the patient while Nature does the work. If Mr. Hoover wins, Dr. Work will be the greatest confidence holder in the world. If he loses—but what is the use? Behind every doctor 'urks the shadow of the undertaker.

The Jolly Old High Seize

Continued from page 11

"Oh, *dear*, no!" her eyes became very round and wide. "It's *wicked* to drink. I've never touched a *drop*, and you mustn't either. Promise me you won't. There was a man in Phoenix who never drank until one night somebody gave him some hard cider, and in less than a year—less than a *year*, mind you—he was a *hope*less drunkard. You *will* promise me, *won't* you?" She took his arm in both her hands and held it tightly at the elbow. "You'll *thank* me for this *some* day."

Boppo looked down the deck. Two people were laughing and staring at him.

"I say," he sputtered, "bit thick. Never touch hard cider m'self. I say—never been drunkard neither. I say, *do* let go m' arm!"

"Not until you *prom*ise." She shook him playfully.

"I say—I mean to say." Four more people had stopped to laugh and stare. "All right, I promise."

"Oh, I'm *so* glad."

"Yes," said Boppo. "Quite all right. Must go now: dress for tucker—all that, what?"

HE SLID around the corner into a passage and wiped his brow. "My word," he gasped. "I say, what? I mean to say—"

Reginald was gone from the cabin. Boppo dressed sketchily in what was left to him by the delinquent freight sling and sat down to smoke a cigarette until the dinner gong. After it sounded he waited a moment, then, looking up and down the passage for Phebe Lewis Smith, stole cautiously forward and down to the saloon. He found his name on the table chart, positioned the table mentally, straightened the ends of his tie, squared his shoulders and marched boldly in. Reginald Vivian Braithwaite-Charteris-Braithwaite was occupying his seat.

"I say," muttered Boppo. "Wrong pew, all that. This is mine, what?"

"Was," smiled Reginald. "Arranged with second steward, y' know. Mine now. Sorry."

"But, I say, look here. Where in the world shall I sit?"

The second steward came up behind him and bowed. "If you please, sir, Table 15, Seat 4. This gentleman said you wouldn't mind."

"Oh?" Boppo glared. Blindly he followed the steward across the saloon. Blindly he sat down. She was opposite, beaming through green Shantung frills, furbelows, foodahs and fibjibs.

"Oh—this is *too* delightful!"

Boppo flushed pink. A Mr. Geohagan on his right snuffled a fish. A deaf Mrs. Lipser on his left smiled and said:

"Please to meet ya, Mr. Bestupp. I have a son about your age. How old are you?"

Boppo nodded and took it out on the hors d'œuvres.

Miss Smith said she had a surprise for Boppo and handed him a pink card.

The card said, "I promise to abstain from all intoxicating liquor and to urge others to do so."

"Signed one of them once," said Mr. Geohagan. "In the old Knickerbocker bar."

Boppo and Miss Smith went on deck. For three solid hours she held his arm and talked at, to, for and around him. Three times he said, "No, what?" twice he said, "Rather," and once he said, "I mean to say!" At eleven he fell into bed completely exhausted and earachish.

The next day she caught him before breakfast, took him to breakfast, came up on deck afterward and talked him into insensibility. At luncheon she began again, continued all through the afternoon and far into the night.

The third day out he gave up the ghost and became quite comatose.

On the fourth day she said, "Do you think one *ought* to marry?" He nodded. She said, "Are *you* ever going to marry?" He nodded again. She said, "Oh!" and looked at him. He said, "Aren't *you*—I mean to say?" She said, "*Oh, Mr. Mowbray!*" He gulped and straightened his tie. She helped him. He drew back and said, "I say." She said, "What?" He said, "Nothin', y' know. Nice night, what?" She said, "Oh, dear, you mustn't be so bashful." He gulped and said, "Glub." He looked at her and said, "Glub," again. He ran headlong away and dived down the companion.

The first door handy was the bathroom. He bolted inside, locked it and sat on the edge of the tub in the darkness. "My word!" he said and at regular intervals he repeated it.

Why couldn't it have been Geohagan or Reginald? Perhaps he could shoo her onto Geohagan—only Geohagan probably had a wife. Wife? By George! And it was Reginald's fault in the first place. Complete silly ass, Reginald!

An idea percolated slowly into being. He stood up cautiously, lest it slip away from him. He balanced on one foot slowly and thoughtfully. Then he unlocked the door and slid cautiously into the passage.

When Mr. Reginald Vivian Braithwaite-Charteris-Braithwaite returned to his cabin for his post-herring pipe the next morning he found his trunk packed and closed and set down outside the door. He found his cosmetics gone from the shelf, his sticks stacked in the corner, his novels tied up with a string and his berth done away with. He stared at Boppo, who was drinking his morning tea in blue striped pajamas on the locker top.

"I say, what's this?"

Boppo smiled pleasantly. "Sorry," he said. "You need a much larger cabin, what? Found a splendid one, all to yourself."

"Where?" demanded Reginald.

"Second class," said Boppo.

"But, look here, can't do *that*, y' know. Not right. Family won't hear of it. Can't go second, I mean to say!"

"Sorry," said Boppo. "Paid 10 per cent additional for cabin t' m'self. Must have it. Forgot to tell you, y' know. Should've, no doubt. Doctor's orders. Cabin too stuffy for two. Awfully sorry, but might get beriberi from it."

"But, see here," stormed Reginald, "*you* go second, then, if you're so jolly well set on a private cabin."

"No," said Boppo, "thought it all out. Tried to be fair about it. You go. You're stronger than I am."

"Jolly well *shan't*: shall see the purser, by Jove—jolly well shall!"

"No good," said Boppo. "Saw him m'self—last night. Fixed everything. Steward'll be here any mo' to move you, pip-pip."

"See here," said Reginald, "suppose this *is* your filthy old cabin, what do you want to let me stay?"

BOPPO gnawed a toast crust. "What'll y' give?"

"I say, this is blackmail!"

"Quite," said Boppo pleasantly; "jolly spot of coercion."

"Damn you!" said Reginald.

"Come, come," said Boppo. "I owe you one for saying I broke the window, anyway."

"You gave me chicken pox in exchange, what?"

"You had pimples to start with."

"Nonsense."

"Very well—out you go."

"I won't!"

"Sit down," said Boppo, "and write this out then."

"What?"

"*My dear George:* Since you deserted me two years ago I have forgiven you for beating me black and blue, killing my pet cats and running around with actresses, besides spending all my money on drink for your drunken father, but I will not give you a divorce because you are still my husband. Your wife, OPHELIA."

"I won't."

"Out you go then."

Reginald sat down sulkily and picked up the pen.

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"I don't know what this nonsense is, but—"

"You don't have to—just write it."

"May I stay then?"

"We'll see—write it first."

Reginald wrote to Boppo's dictation. When he had finished Boppo dropped three tears upon the paper with a fountain pen filler, folded it and put it into a thumby envelope.

"Now, then, take it and this other letter to your friend P. L. Smith and wait for an answer. That's all. When you get it you may move back into the cabin."

"Rotter!" snorted Reginald. "I shall pay you out for this. What does the other letter say?"

"Read it."

REGINALD read: "My dear Miss Smith: I feel that no decent girl should know me. I shall not bother you in future. My dear friend Mr. Braithwaite will explain all. I hope that you will be as nice to him as you were to me."

"Just give her these?"

"That's all."

"Well," said Reginald, "you're a rotten bounder, but I'll do it to stay."

"May luck jolly well amble along with you," said Boppo.

Reginald barged out of the cabin. When he had gone Boppo rang for the steward and gave him three of Reginald's cards. "Take these to the florist's and have him send one a day with a dozen red roses to Miss P. L. Smith, Cabin 218. And, Steward, all my jolly old meals are to be served to me here in future, what?"

"Yes, sir."

When Reginald returned to the cabin at nightfall he glared but said nothing. When he returned at midnight he was sputtering and incoherent. When he returned the next afternoon he was wild-eyed.

"I say—shan't stand it! Talked blind and deaf. Almost engaged to be married too!"

"Dear, dear," said Boppo. "Do you jolly well love her?"

"I jolly well don't, and I shall jolly well spill the whole beans. Somebody's been and sent her flowers with my card and chocolates too. And she's made me drink two bottles of Panacea!"

"My word," said Boppo, "that's bad, what?"

"Bad?" said Reginald. "It's jolly well put the lid on!" he groaned. "I shall move down second class." He started to pack furiously.

"Can't," said Boppo pleasantly. "Been refunded m' 10 per cent, y' know. Shan't pay it again, what? Must stay now."

Reginald collapsed on the couch. "What in the world shall I do? You got me into this, and now I'm sunk. I—*kissed* her. Sort of half a kiss—she pushed me, as it were."

"As a gentleman," said Boppo, "you should marry her now. Compromised, y' know, what?"

"But I can't possibly—family won't hear of it—and think of *me!*"

Boppo thought. Presently he said, "See here, we dock day after tomorrow."

"I'll be married by then: she'll tell the captain and have *him* marry us."

"Can't you get plague?"

"No," said Reginald. "I've tried. I've thought of setting fire to the ship—"

"No," said Boppo. "Somebody might save you. I'll tell you. You jolly well buzz off and leave me alone to think. Don't come back until nightfall."

"You *must* help me."

"I'll try."

Reginald sneaked furtively out into the passage.

Boppo thought for an hour; then, putting on a dressing gown and taking Reginald's manicure scissors and a knife from his breakfast tray, he went down to the bathroom. When he returned he had the chain that secured one of the bathtub stoppers. With his head cocked on one side he sat down and wrote a letter. When Reginald returned tongue-tied and exhausted at nightfall Boppo met him with a smile.

"Jolly old problem's solved," he announced.

"Thank Heaven," gasped Reginald. "Positively engaged now. My word, *what* a woman!"

"Cost you something," said Boppo.

"No money," said Reginald. "*Anything* else."

"No kit," said Boppo. "Need about ten lounge suits, golf knickers, shoes, hats, shirts, cravats, stick or two gloves, handkerchiefs, underclothing and what not."

"They're yours," sighed Reginald.

"And a trunk to put 'em in."

"Anything—only get me out of this."

"Righto." Boppo rang for the steward. "Get a lettering brush, Steward and some paint and put my name on Mr. Braithwaite's trunks and bags."

"See here," said Reginald weakly. "Oughtn't I know the remedy first?"

"Quite all right," said Boppo. "And, Steward, take this note to Cabin 218. And all Mr. Braithwaite's tucker is to be served him here until we dock."

"Yes, sir."

There was no answer to the note until early the next morning. It arrived in Mr. Geohagan's handwriting. It said:

Sir:

Yours of the 8th to our Miss Smith received. In reply would say, as Miss Smith's fiancé, that we are both very sorry to hear the news of your friend, although not surprised, having noticed his actions. Through Miss Smith's kindness we are sending six (6) bottles of the Panacea, with directions for taking. Hoping for your continued favor, I am, etc., etc.,

JOHN GEOHAGAN.

Boppo read it twice and tore it up.

"Cheeroh," he said, "the market's closed, but you'll have to do just as I say and go ashore with me."

"And I won't have to see her again?"

"Not one jolly spot of a peek—if you obey orders."

"I will, never fear," said Reginald devoutly. "What about a jolly old dollop of aspirin? My head still aches."

NOT until the Venturia was tied up alongside did Reginald and Boppo leave the cabin. Dressed and ready, Boppo produced the stopper chain and wrapped it about his own wrist. "Now, then, m' lad. Give us your flipper."

"What for?" said Reginald.

"Chain ourselves together. If she grabs one, she grabs both."

"Jolly good idea." Reginald held up his hand for the chain. Boppo tied it securely, and together they went off the gangway. Together they stood on the customs line while Reginald's late luggage was searched and passed for Boppo. Together they stood while Boppo had it loaded on a taxicab. Then he untied the chain from their wrists and slipped it into his pocket. Just as Reginald was climbing in a man in uniform tapped his shoulder.

"One minute," he said, "the port medical officer wants to see you again."

"What for?" said Reginald.

"Never mind," said the man. "Come along." He took Reginald's arm and eased him back toward the Venturia.

"I say, Mowbray!" yelled Reginald.

"Oh, yes," said Boppo. "Forgot to tell you."

"What?"

Boppo pointed to the G pillar. "There's Geohagan. Ask him."

"Yes," said the man in uniform. "He tipped us off. You come along now."

"I won't," said Reginald.

"It'll only take a day or so," said Boppo pleasantly. "Peek into your eyes, y' know, and give you a thump on the jolly old knee and sums to do."

"What's wrong with my knee?"

The man in uniform tapped his own forehead. "Not your knee; it's up here, son."

"Crazy?" gasped Reginald. "I'm *not* crazy!"

The man smiled. "None of 'em ever are."

"I say, don't leave me, Mowbray," Reginald screamed.

"Sorry," said Boppo. "You said I broke the window with a cricket ball."

"You gave me chicken pox!"

"Had jolly old pimples to start with."

Boppo closed the cab door and leaned out of the window. "Pip-pip," he called. "See you in the comic strips, what?"

And the cab drove off.

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By JACK BINNS

Put 'em on Probation

SIX years ago everyone connected with the radio industry was seriously asking, "Who is going to pay for broadcasting?" At that time practically all the stations were owned by manufacturers of radio equipment, and the entire art was looked upon as a passing fad. No one dreamed that six years later a Federal Radio Commission, fully empowered by legislation, would be trying to eliminate three or four hundred surplus stations from the air. Yet such is the case, and it is complicated by the problem of the law's constitutionality when it comes to depriving a station owner of his property rights. These rights have been established by the investment involved in the erection of his station and the contract obligations he has assumed in selling future time, all of which, he may claim, was done before the commission summoned up sufficient courage to order him off the air.

It is only right that the law should protect property but in doing so it should weigh all the facts relating to the establishment of such property right. It seems to me that no individual can logically establish a right to the ether or any portion of it. Otherwise any householder could institute a suit against a broadcast station owner to restrain him from sending electric waves over that portion of the ether above his land.

First of all, the broadcast stations that rushed on the air in 1912, in the period between the breakdown of the law and the enactment of the 1927 law, should be treated as trespassers by the commission, and they should be required to prove that they have consistently supplied services in the "public interest, convenience and necessity." If they have done this, they should get a license; if not they should be shut down.

The same attitude should be assumed toward those stations that jumped their wave lengths without authority, while especial severity should be applied to every station that violated international good will and ordinary decency by appropriating Canadian wave lengths.

When these cases have been disposed of, the commission should proceed along the same lines with every other broadcast station. In fact it would be a good idea to compel every station owner to appear before the commission at least once a year and prove that he has rendered public service fully commensurate with the terms and requirements of the radio law, in order that he may fully appreciate the great privilege the public has bestowed upon him by permitting him to occupy and use a valuable wave length.

The Great Educator

PRACTICALLY all the more important colleges are now coöperating with broadcast stations in the preparation and dissemination of educational courses. Now that the time is at hand for the fall terms of the various "air colleges" it is interesting to note that practically all of them have been successful in the past sessions, judging from listeners' response and actual results.

Professor Joseph George Cohen, who had charge of the air lectures broadcast by the College of the City of New York through the municipal station WNYC last winter and spring, makes the astounding statement that "the mathematics lectures by radio, strange as they may sound, have been successful."

If such a complex subject can be comprehended, surely the more general lectures must achieve their object of raising the cultural standard of our people as a whole.

Eliminating Error

IF BY any chance you should be listening in some time and hear a crazy sentence such as the following, "Easy George Love Mike Affirm William Option Vice," do not get alarmed. It will be some navy station communicating by radio telephone, spelling in accordance with the alphabet the Navy Department has devised to prevent errors in transmission. Words have been chosen instead of the customary sounds of the individual letters in the alphabet. The navy code has a special name for each letter.

In these days when almost every home is equipped with radio receivers, including those of married naval officers, the Navy Department has shown unusual but commendable foresight in leaving out all feminine names from its private alphabet.

Tuning Out the Flute

A BRITISH magazine publishes a letter from one of its readers imploring the editor to develop a radio receiver that will reproduce only music, as he is tired of listening to talks.

That perplexed reader undoubtedly voices the desire of listeners all over the world. However, in my judgment it would be unwise for any inventor to spend much time developing such a set, because there would be little demand for it until he had perfected it to the point where the user could tune out any instrument he did not like.

The Main Guy

Continued from page 31

one to conjure with in the South. An old Negro mammy was found looking at the billing of "Barnum & Bailey's Greatest Show on Earth."

"Ah see," she murmured, "greatest show on earth—'cept John Robinson's!"

John Robinson, who was a famous rider from the age of sixteen, became a circus owner at the age of twenty-two. It so happened that the employees of a small show playing Tennessee had mutinied and driven the two owners away. They were inexperienced men and easily frightened. Starting north, they met John Robinson, who was bound for another outfit. They offered him an interest in their show for a small sum if he could take charge and run things.

Outwitting Barnum

YOUNG John snapped up the offer. On arriving at the circus he obtained a shotgun and made his way to the big top. It was the interval between the afternoon and evening show, and the mutineers were riotously singing and drinking. Young John jumped into the center of the roughs:

"Is there anyone here who reckons he can run my show? If so let him step forward. I'll fight it out with him here and now."

The rebels recognized a fearless leader, and young John didn't have to use his shotgun at that time.

Tough and hard, John Robinson was soon familiarly known as "Old John" or "Uncle John."

The first time Barnum tried to send his show south John Robinson got possession of Barnum's advertising literature, announcements and show bills and had exact reproductions made with the tiny exception that John Robinson's name was used instead of Barnum's. The South was flooded with them. Consequently when the Barnum advertising distribution got under way the natives laughed the contents to scorn.

"That Yankee clock peddler," they said, "has copied Uncle John's bills word for word!"

The show was returned to Bridgeport after a disastrous closing.

These men, like my first employer, Bramley, were not of the flashily dressed, big-mouthed type that was the popular fanciful picture.

I am reminded of an incident that happened to George O. Starr, for eighteen years foreign agent of Barnum & Bailey. At times he doubled as press agent. A quiet, deliberate type, of few words, he was the scout who first investigated the report that seals had been trained on the coast of Norway, and brought over the first animal act of this character. One time when one of the regular press agents was ill Mr. Starr went out to cover several stands.

Meeting a newspaper editor he announced he was advance courier of the greatest show on earth.

The editor looked him over with evident disbelief.

"Where's your high hat?"

"I never wear one."

"And the diamond solitaire and gold-headed cane?"

Starr shook his head.

"And the big gold watch chain and the lion's tooth as a charm?" The newspaper man snorted at his visitor falling so short of legend and tradition.

"Don't tell me you're a circus press agent. I don't believe a word of it!"

Hickey favored me with marked attention that evening, which made me swell with pride.

"You're too green, kid, to understand," he told me, "but the curse of the circus game is that it ain't run on a live-and-let-live rulin'. Rival owners of shows aim to cut each other's throats, so they never get together on what each fears—an attachment."

"That means the circus can't reach the next town?" I asked, trying to follow him.

"Dead right. Reminds me when I was with the old Sells Brothers' Greater Shows. Our squeal squarer would always rather use passes than money. We had several shell games operatin', and pickpockets as bold as brass. After pulling a leather from a native the grifter would jostle him—and place a chalk mark on his back—so the others would know he had been gone through.

"Of course there were complaints. But all lawyers in town had been rendered helpless with ten tickets each. The marshal had been retained with twelve; and three constables whose large families were inside seeing the show stood guard over the ticket wagon! We were free to do everything except short-change on that date; and I wouldn't wonder we did that, for the treasurers received no salary. Instead they paid for the privilege of selling tickets.

"Yep, my lad, what a show owner fears most is an attachment. Before I got kind of free with the bottle I worked for the great P. T. Barnum. Every time his Asiatic Caravan, Museum and Menagerie played a certain town in Vermont a farmer would come up to the ticket wagon and present a claim for $25 damages done his barn by the billposters.

Always in the Wrong

"THE only real estate he possessed was under his finger nails but the claim was paid again that season just the same.

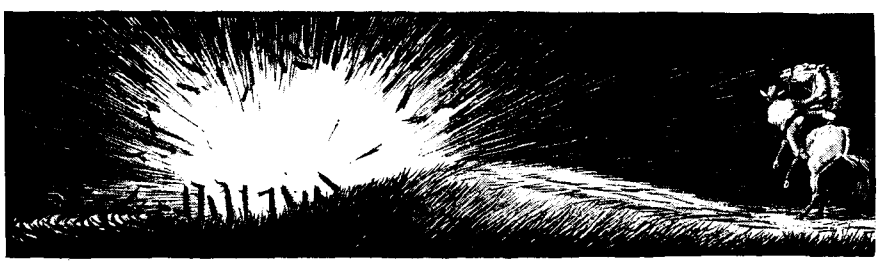
"I asked P. T. what for and why, and he replied: 'Well, Hickey, there is one thing a circus man has to do and that is move his show. If he liked, that thieving farmer could have brought us to a standstill with a simple little attachment. Remember, the law's always against the showman.'"

"So the preyin' isn't entirely on our side of the fence?" I asked.

Hickey laughed: "Not by a long shot. When I was younger I joined on with W. C. Coup, one of the best. Mr. Coup once hired quarters for his elephant, an unruly bull, in a stable only to be reached by a private alley. When his keeper guided his charge there the way was found blocked by a local sheriff, backed by several aides, and the owner of the alley was ready with a prevention writ.

"Anyhow, the elephant moved ahead and they had to get back and stick to the wall or be trampled under foot. For this Mr. Coup was sued for trespass, disorderly conduct and attempted assault. As the elephant was really to blame, Mr. Coup's lawyer insisted upon producing the animal in court, as principal witness, to prove that he was both tame and docile.

"The judge on the bench had no idea of having his courtroom rendered a shambles and a mockery. The case was dismissed. Of course all the trouble maker expected was to be paid a pretty penny—out of court—to drop the case."



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As my boss was in a good humor, I told him my secret desire:

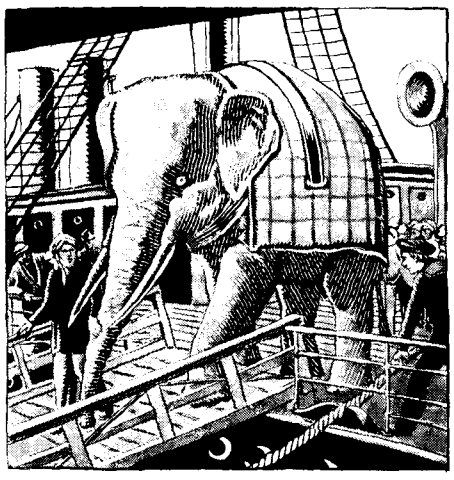
"I'd like to see the freak show—"

Hickey amiably escorted me to the platform, where the spieler was holding the attention of the natives, and very soon I was inside the kid top.

A Whitened White Elephant

THIS was the first time I had ever stared at the Fat Woman, too heavy for any scales; The Bearded Lady; The Tattooed Sailor; The Dog-faced Boy, brought from the waste lands of Australia at big expense, and wondered at The Strong Man, clad in a skin he had torn with his two hands from the back of a lion in the heart of the African jungle.

All the exhibits were described eloquently by a lecturer, who used words I only half understood. Meantime the freaks pointed at fly-specked photographs of themselves on sale at their feet. Now and again a visitor would



A Burmese white elephant arrives, costing "near $250,000"

timidly extend two bits in exchange for a photograph, and the freak would smile as graciously as possible.

Looking back to those days, now that interest has entirely ceased in freaks and fakes, it is hard to understand the sensation they once created across a broad land.

Why, the entire country was worked up to a frenzy when Barnum first exhibited his Sacred White Elephant, bought at a fortune from the King of Siam. Accompanied by Bo Tchoo and Ba Tchoo, his keepers, the greatly heralded beast arrived in New York blazing with golden trappings.

Not to be outdone, Adam Forepaugh determined also to have a sacred white elephant, but the one he produced to an amazed public, called the Light of Asia, came from no great distance at all. No matter. It was even whiter than Barnum's. Unfortunately the elephant became fond of his lecturer, who had to evade the clumsy movements of the Light of Asia and keep right on talking, so that his exhibit wouldn't rub against him—and leave white marks on his black coat!

The Prince of Siam was in the United States at the time and visited the Adam Forepaugh Circus. When royalty entered the circus owner conducted the prince to the Light of Asia, and then questioned through an interpreter:

"Say, Prince, isn't that like the elephants in your country?"

The Prince of Siam and his suite withdrew, horrified, but Forepaugh advertised their proud approval.

Some time during the season the Light of Asia was withdrawn, through a settlement between Barnum and Forepaugh that divided territory. One sacred elephant at a time was quite enough.

By the way, P. T. Barnum never said, "A sucker is born every minute." His words were: "The public likes to be humbugged." The slang word, sucker, wasn't known in his day.

No fake ever took the country more by storm than the famous "Cardiff Giant." George Hull, living on a farm near Cardiff, New York, sculptured a giant figure, in his workshop, from a great stone block taken from a near-by hillside. His idea was to hew out a figure which, when discovered by him, was to seem a human relic of a prehistoric age. The hardest part was to show pores in the skin; this meant lots of patient labor.

When finished to Hull's satisfaction, the Cardiff Giant was buried in the same hillside from whence he came, to remain two years for the purpose of "petrification."

When "found" by his maker and placed on view in a tent the Cardiff Giant created a sensation.

P. T. Barnum immediately tried to buy the stone image, but the creator refused the offer. The life of the hoax was not a long one, but it made considerable money. Strange as it may seem, antiquarians took the stone monstrosity seriously!

Well, to get back to my own yarn, that day, memorable for me, passed quickly. First thing I knew it was after midnight and the baggage train was lumbering off into the darkness with many a grumble and groan. The wagons were highly loaded with gear, rolls of canvas, poles, stakes, the planks used for seats and their wooden supports.

The first section hadn't been gone more than half an hour when Hickey's whip cracked like a gun and we clattered under way, keeping in close order.

It was one of those chill spring nights that reach the bones. The valuable horses comprising the ring stock, at the rear of our caravan, were heavily blanketed. But we humans were either supposed to be tougher or of greatly less importance.

No Thoroughfare!

ALL I could see was the dim outline of the wagon ahead of me, a black bulk in the night, but as long as we kept going my team knew more than I did. These strong draft horses needed no guiding, and the reins were loose in my hands.

There are natural noises of the country after dark, but the peculiar grating creak and clanking jar as the procession of wagons breasted the night was entirely different. Annoying, a bit, at first; after a while this low jangle had a soothing effect. Several times my head fell forward on my chest.

Suddenly I heard excitement ahead, then a deep growl from Hickey and the snap of an order:

"Pass the word along the line to pick up speed."

A man on horseback flashed past my wagon yelling: "I've just been sent back from the baggage train. It's at a standstill. Hundreds of trees have been chopped down across the only road to Dover City!"

Rude shouts and orders and the cracking of whips filled the air. It was clear that old John Rutledge had sent a rough crew out in a second attempt to wreck our schedule in what he held to be his exclusive territory.

Soon we rounded a turn in the road and saw the huge flares in the distance. Figures of men could be seen running

(*Continued on page 40*)

Thick, tender steaks . . . fried oysters . . . fish cakes and cold meats and broiled chops. Pour Heinz Tomato Ketchup on any of these good things. Their fine flavors become even better with the help of this rich, thick ketchup. Such a pleasant tomato-y taste with hot little spice thrills in every drop.

It's the *flavor* that makes Heinz Tomato Ketchup so tempting.

Indeed, in order to catch the true flavor of tomatoes and bottle it up into ketchup, we found we had to begin at the beginning.

Develop our own seed. Raise our own tomato plants. Pick the tomatoes when they are just at their reddest and plumpest and juiciest. And bottle them while they are still garden fresh in Heinz kitchens located near the gardens.

Then, of course, adding just the right spices—the dash of Heinz mellowed vinegar—the salt—the pure granulated sugar for sweetening . . . Only by sending our buyers to special markets in the Far East could we get the choice quality of spices we use.

Care, *always,* in every detail that concerns flavor—even to using glass lined tubes to conduct the ketchup from the kettle to the bottle. . . For care is the real reason why the Heinz name has come so indisputably to mean Flavor.

HEINZ
TOMATO
KETCHUP

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY · PITTSBURGH, PA.

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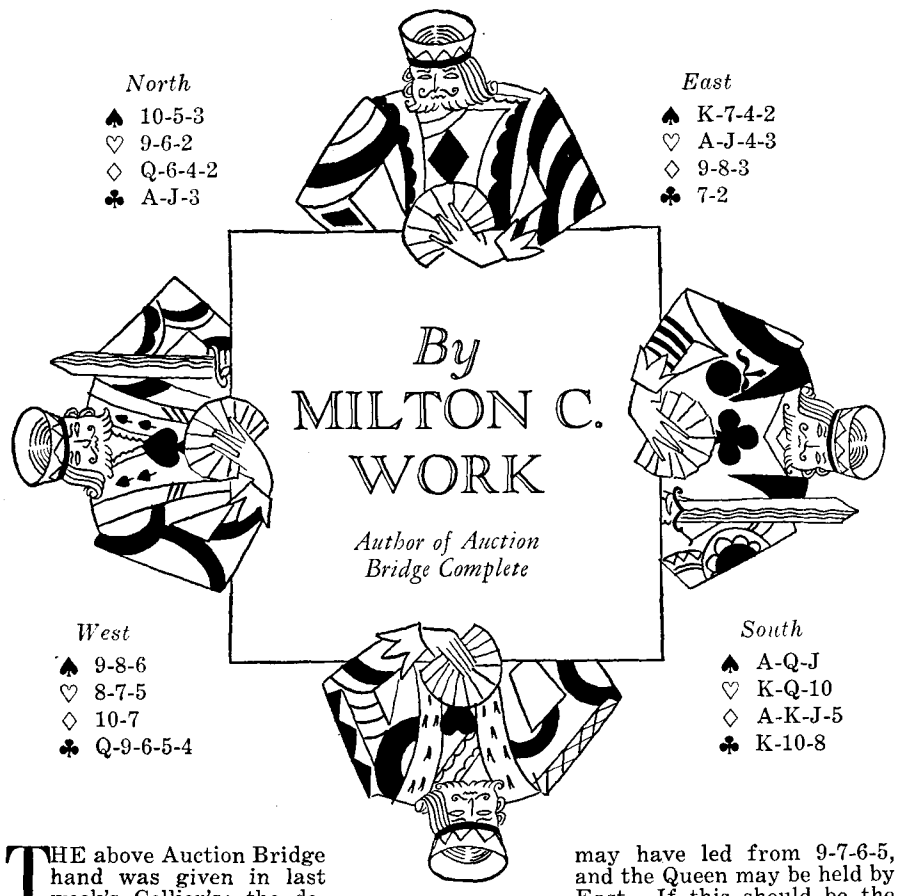
How would you play it?



THE above Auction Bridge hand was given in last week's Collier's; the description follows:

In this hand South naturally opened with a No Trump, and the other hands passed without hesitation.

In Auction Bridge, bidding very strong hands is not particularly interesting. When there is no competition, the only question to decide is the contract at which the hand should be played.

At Contract Bridge, however, it would be different. South would start by bidding at least three No Trumps, and there would be some question as to whether he should not start by bidding four. It would be a dangerous but in this hand an effective bid. The bid of one over the amount required for game would indicate Slam possibilities, and ask partner to jump if he had anything to make a Slam seem probable. North, with the Queen of Diamonds and Ace-Jack of Clubs, would be glad to respond to South's four No Trumps invitation by bidding five Clubs. That would show the Ace of Clubs and probably induce South, bold enough to start with four No Trumps, to bid a Small Slam at No Trumps.

The Play

OF COURSE in both Auction Bridge and Contract Bridge the play would be the same. West would start by leading the Five of Clubs, and as soon as the Dummy was exposed Declarer would see three Club tricks practically assured. But he should see more. He should see, by subtracting five from eleven, that there are six clubs higher than the Five not in the hand of the leader. Of these six, the Declarer has five; so East must have one. The novice might wonder why this is a matter of importance when Declarer is sure to take three Club tricks and can take no more; but it is of importance nevertheless because a number of entries are greatly needed in Dummy. Declarer will note that he may desire to lead Spades and Hearts twice each from Dummy. To accomplish this, it will be necessary to create in Dummy two entries in addition to the obvious Queen of Diamonds and Ace of Clubs. One entry probably can be created by making Dummy's Six of Diamonds a winner, and the other must be obtained in the Club suit. Playing the Jack of Clubs on the first trick probably would accomplish that purpose as the chances are that the lead has been from the Queen; but that is not certain. West may have led from 9-7-6-5, and the Queen may be held by East. If this should be the case, the play of the Jack on the first trick would cost a Club entry in the Dummy hand, but by playing the Trey on the first trick two Club entries probably will be created there. East almost surely will play the Queen of Clubs if he has it on the first trick (it may be a singleton), so the probable location of that card can be marked before Closed Hand plays to the first round.

East actually played the Seven after Dummy played the Trey, and Declarer at once marked West with the Q-9-6. Consequently Declarer won the trick with the King, not with the Eight, so as to give Dummy an extra Club entry. If South won with the Eight and subsequently led the Ten, West could shut out an entry in North by playing the Queen on the Ten.

Declarer's next effort was to produce two Diamond entries in Dummy. To tricks 2 and 3 he led the Ace and King of Diamonds and, when both adversaries followed suit, he led the Jack of Diamonds to trick 4, overtaking it with the Queen in Dummy. This made the extra Diamond entry without involving any risk because the last adverse Diamond must fall on this trick. Dummy being now in the lead, a Spade was led and the finesse taken with the Queen. When this won, the last Diamond was led from the Closed Hand and won in Dummy with the Six. This was Dummy's second entry. It was now time to take a chance on the Heart suit; so a small Heart was led from Dummy and, when East played small, Closed Hand played the King. When this won, Closed Hand led the Eight of Clubs and won with the Jack in Dummy. A second Spade led and a second Spade finesse was followed by a third Club lead, won in Dummy with the Ace; and then a second Heart lead from Dummy produced the desired Slam.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before you read next week's description.

North	*East*
S. 8-5	S. 7-2
H. J-10-6	H. 8-4
D. K-Q-9-7-5	D. A-8-6
C. J-6-3	C. K-8-7-5-4-2
South	*West*
S. A-K-J-9-4	S. Q-10-6-3
H. A-K-9-7-3	H. Q-5-2
D. 10-2	D. J-4-3
C. Q	C. A-10-9

The Main Guy

Continued from page 39

hither and thither. A courier on horseback dashed down our line.

"All out except the women," he hallooed, "but the armed guard—stay with the ring stock!"

I pulled up my team, tied the reins to the handle of the seat, reached a footing on the front wheel and jumped lightly to the ground. I followed several drivers who were on the heels of Hickey. After we passed the line of baggage wagons the flares showed us huge trunks of trees, to be seen as far as the lights stabbed the darkness ahead, all felled directly across the roadway.

We were quickly shunted to a labor gang, and set to work, lifting, pushing, shoving and rolling the trees off the road.

A Show at Any Price

IT MUST have taken a long time to chop those trees. It sure took a long time to remove them! Sweat was dripping from my body, every muscle ached, and I cursed with dry lips as I tugged and lifted with that batch of razorbacks. I wasn't the only man who cursed; if old John Rutledge and his aggregation of toughs had come upon us then, there would have been murder to pay.

"He hates Yanks, this is just a start," rasped a man near me, bare from the waist up. "Rutledge was one of Mosby's guerrillas during the war, and he will stop at nothing, blast his hide."

The job seemed endless, but at last a fellow in the distance lifted a flare over his head and showed the road finally cleared.

I needed both hands to help me haul myself back to the driver's seat, I was that worn out.

How I envied those guards who, while I was sweating with the razorbacks, loafed back with the ring stock. But their part was important. Though I didn't know the facts until long afterward, running off ring stock had been the means of crippling several circuses in opposition fights.

Performing horses could not be replaced readily. It took a long time even to train a horse to the measured pace of the ring, much less to do tricks. So Bramley knew his business in guarding his precious mounts, the backbone of his performance.

I thought our mishaps were over for the night. By order, no doubt, of the Main Guy to Hickey, the two sections now traveled as one: we kept right on the tail of the baggage train. Bramley wanted all his men kept together. Lots of time had been lost. Three hours, maybe. I struggled to keep awake and hold my team to its best effort.

Nodding with the sway of the wagon, in a weary haze that made me forget sore muscles, I was startled into quick wakefulness by a tremendous explosion.

In the distance I beheld an eruption of fire. Golden sparks showered in all directions. Harsh cries and oaths came from the front wagons. The caravan stopped again. The bridge spanning a stream we had to pass over had been dynamited!

By sheer luck on our part the man who had timed its destruction judged by the sound of the front wagons that they were in the act of crossing and let off the blast of flame twenty seconds before the advance guard reached the bridge.

The bridge had been a narrow wooden affair at best and bits of torn planking whirled in the black water. Several men had been cut by flying splinters. Where the bridge had stood now was naught but a litter of smoking ruins. But investigation showed that most of the deep-sunk posts were still intact.

A circus owner had to have his wits about him in those days. Bramley ordered the tool chests broken open and called upon the canvas men and the rest of us to haul off the wagons the long planks we used for seats in the big top.

I stood waist deep in the stream, bracing planks over an upright bridge post while a husky canvas man knelt on them and drove in long iron spikes.

Level with one another and crisscross the planks were laid—the result a rude affair at best. It was rough and perilous work in the darkness while a squad of our sharpshooters swept the farther shore with rifle shot. But many of the circus crew had been in the long war and knew the means of bracing and rendering practical bridges burned or dynamited by the enemy.

Dawn was peering with chill eyes before the last plank was reënforced by stakes and a heavy wagon sent across as a test. It reached the other side safely. Then, one at a time, other wagons followed.

Wet, hungry, thirsty, tired and miserable I managed to gain my driver's seat. Human endurance can go only just so far; then indifference sets in. I did not worry whether my wagon might burst through the planks or not.

And I was more asleep than awake when we reached the show lot.

Bleary-eyed, I forced myself from my cramped seat and almost tumbled to the ground. This might be all in a night's work, but I wanted no more like the one that had just passed; it seemed like a nightmare with special trimmings.

I ate, stiff as a dummy. Likewise I helped in rubbing down and feeding the horses. Then I slunk off behind the wagon and threw myself down on a litter of hay—I immediately was dead to the world.

At noon I awoke. All around came the murmur of the early mob on hand to enjoy the greatest small-town holiday of the year.

I scrambled to my feet.

"So this is what they call 'playing opposition,'" I thought, rubbing my aching muscles.

But I didn't then even know *part* of the meaning of those words to owners who had every cent of their fortune tied up in a show. The country was big, but filled with heat and hate. Rival shows insisted upon playing the same territory—and one or the other had to go under.

Directly after the war, in '65, Andrew Haight guided a small wagon show into Texas, opened up the South to amusement. As a reaction from the struggle the populace was hungry for entertainment, and he returned north with a goodly fortune.

Opposition War

LATER, with George W. De Haven and R. E. C. Miles, Haight organized the Great Eastern Circus and Menagerie. Almost from the start in Cincinnati they were in opposition to Phineas Taylor Barnum, who wanted to stand alone as the greatest of all showmen.

"We swam from the Ohio River to the St. Lawrence, and P. T. Barnum and his cohorts stood on the shore and stoned us," groaned Haight, after the dissolution of the show.

The show would reach a town to find that P. T. Barnum's opposition brigade had covered all their billing with that of "The Greatest Show on Earth," and that the latter had played the date on a lot just outside the township limits on the previous day. It was hardly worth while to put up the canvas, for the place had been cleaned of ready cash.

Bramley, my own big boss, was not one to take passively the attempts of Rutledge to wreck or stop his show.

Before another nightfall Hickey and I raced away on horseback on a wild attempt to beat ruthless old Rutledge at his own cutthroat game!

Only a few days with the circus, but I had been chosen by the Main Guy for a part in the most dangerous of all circus missions!

(*To be concluded next week*)

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Tambourine

Continued from page 12

worthy life until he died in Boston fifteen years later.

"After a while," said Major Westbrook, "Commissioner Railton went out West to carry on the work, and 'e left us in New York, after renting a 'all which cost almost $90 a month. It was some job to raise enough money to cover the rent and to feed us, let me tell you. Of course, we'd pass around a basket at every meeting, and sometimes they'd put in, but more often they'd take out. 'Owever, the Lord was good to us, and we always managed to pay expenses.

"We didn't always know, though, where our next meal was coming from. One Sunday night, I remember, after we had counted up our pennies and paid all the bills that were due, we didn't 'ave a cent left to buy something to eat with. As we were walking along I saw a two-dollar bill, frozen in the snow. I tore it getting it out but we pinned it together and bought supper and breakfast with it."

After New York had been started toward conversion the workers went to Philadelphia for a spell and then to Brooklyn.

"We 'ad a 'ard time getting the use of a 'all in Brooklyn. The landlord of the only one we 'ad a chance of getting was

General William Booth, founder of the Salvation Army

prejudiced, or something. So we 'ad to go and see 'im in ordinary dress and without our hat bands to get 'im to sign the lease. 'E must have been fair surprised when 'e found out what 'e'd let 'imself in for. And, at that, it was over a stable."

After a while the Army began to recruit new members over here and reenforcements were sent from England. Conversions grew in number.

"I've seen a major come into a meeting with three drunkards 'anging onto 'im," recalled Major Westbrook. "One would be dragging from 'is right arm and one from 'is left, and a third 'anging onto 'is coat tails.

The Crowds Become Rowdy

"THE crowds were beginning to get pretty rowdy. We weren't allowed to 'old open-air meetings in those days, but we 'ad no difficulty getting the crowds into the 'all. It was getting them out that was the problem. They'd overturn benches and tables and turn out the gas and have a free-for-all fight if they got 'alf a chance. I knew as much about police courts and lawyers in those days as I did about the Bible.

"There was one man came to our meeting over in Brooklyn with two sickles in 'is 'and. Right in the 'all he takes out a bottle and takes a drink of whisky. Right in the 'all! We 'ad to get together and push 'im out, and then we slammed the door in 'is face. And if he didn't break the windows with 'is sickles! We called the police, and they took their time coming, let me tell you.

"When 'e was before the judge the judge says, 'They don't arsk you to go to their Salvation Army meetings, you know,' and 'e says, 'Oh, yes, they do. Oh, yes, they do—there's one of 'em stands in the doorway when you're going out, and she says, "Come again. come again."' "

'Appy Charlie Sees the Light

AFTER some time in New York, Major Westbrook was ordered to duty in various other parts of the country. She held meetings in Massachusetts, Connecticut, Maryland, Virginia, Tennessee and other states.

"When we were down in Bristol, Tenn., there were two young ladies there, and they used to spend all their father's money putting clothes on their backs. But we converted them, we did—a very nice conversion too. And after we'd left Bristol, some time after, I got a letter from a woman there, and she wrote if we did nothing else but convert those two young ladies while we were there we would have been well repaid because one of them had just gone shouting 'ome to 'eaven.

"We 'ad a lot of very good conversions. There was 'Appy Charlie, the expressman, and Bob McMullin, that was so crazed from drink 'e couldn't go to bed with the lights out because 'e'd keep seeing things.

"At one meeting in Columbus, Ga., we 'ad 800 come up to the penitent form. Of course I don't know if they were all really converted, but they all came forward, for a fact.

"We don't get the sinners in now that we used to. The movies and the automobiles are taking them away from the churches, and as for the shop windows, 'ow can you 'elp looking into them nowadays? There's more means than ever being put forth for the salvation of the young people, especially, but it's 'arder than ever to get them in."

Major Westbrook has never seen a play, not even a movie. It's not that she condemns such attractions as they may offer, but that it requires so much time for the Lord's work that to be frittering away hours in a playhouse is a deliberate waste.

"The radio, now, I like. I like sermons over it when they're good ones. Jazz music? I don't know what that is."

The major went back to England in 1914 for the International Congress, and she's ready to go again any time. ("I wish they'd 'ave another one.") But not to live. She prefers living in America, where she finds the climate better for her health.

More than once in the early days of her pioneering, Major Westbrook was taken into custody, but she has never been in jail. Once when a group of Salvation Army workers were jailed in Peekskill, N. Y., for holding open-air meetings without permission, she was sent up there with a commissioner to bail them out. Adjutant Harry Kernochan had, it seems, unfortunately played the concertina in the courtroom.

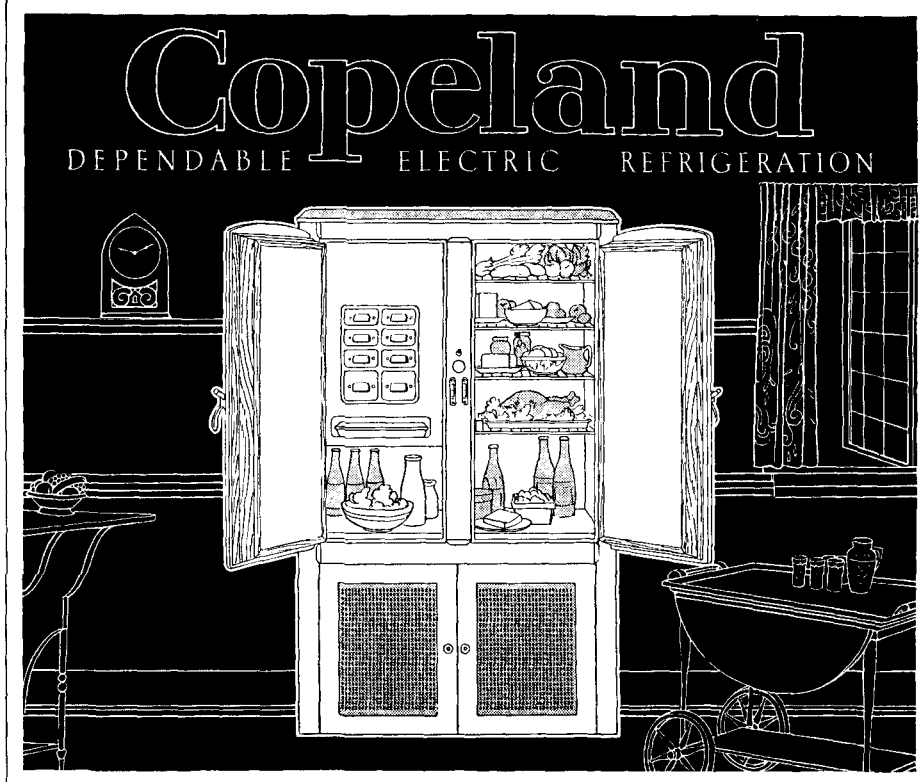
"'E didn't exactly play it. 'E just let it go once or twice. Just a couple of toot-toots, like that, and they sent 'im to White Plains jail for twenty-one days for contempt. But we got 'im out in three days because the sentence was unfair.

"After they'd released the prisoners in Peekskill we weren't allowed to parade, of course, so we 'ad a palm-leaf march. We all got big palm-leaf fans and we marched around the town just as if we were out for a stroll, and we'd wave the fans and say, 'My, isn't it warm! Oh, my, isn't it warm!' So that way we weren't *parading*—but we 'ad our march and drew a lot of people to the 'all.

"Things are pretty quiet 'ere in Mount Vernon. It's a nice, sedate little community, and the people mind their own business and get along very well indeed. There aren't any sinners 'ere. They're all saved.

"Although Commissioner Brennan says 'e don't know as they *are* all saved. They stole 'is brief case the first night 'e was 'ere."

FOR THOSE WHO WANT THE FINEST



YOU *do not have to spend a lot of money!*

For those who demand the highest type of luxurious electric refrigeration, Copeland offers models of gleaming white porcelain, inside and out . . . tops and grillwork of optional colors . . . satin-finish hardware . . . cathedral-top doors . . . electric illumination . . . spacious, divided vegetable bins . . . 3 and 4 inches of solid corkboard insulation . . . as many as 4 double-depth ice or dessert drawers in a single model . . . as many as 378 ice cubes or 24½ pounds of ice at one freezing. In short, magnificent new Color-DeLuxe models, probably the finest of their kind the world has ever known! ⊙⊙⊙ But it is not necessary to spend a lot of money to obtain Copeland quality. All Copelands—even those models as low as $195 at factory—possess the features that are responsible for Copeland's amazing growth and popularity: *excess refrigeration capacities . . . utmost dependability . . . smooth, silent, economical operation . . . one or more double-depth dessert drawers . . . cold tray for crisping salads, chilling foods or storing ice . . . no drain pipe . . . more ice cubes (minimum of 108) than any comparable models of other manufacture.* ⊙⊙⊙ In addition to its complete line of domestic electric refrigeration, Copeland manufactures separate units for present ice boxes; water coolers for office, store or factory; multiple installations for apartments and units for commercial refrigeration. Ask your Copeland dealer to tell you more about Copeland products.

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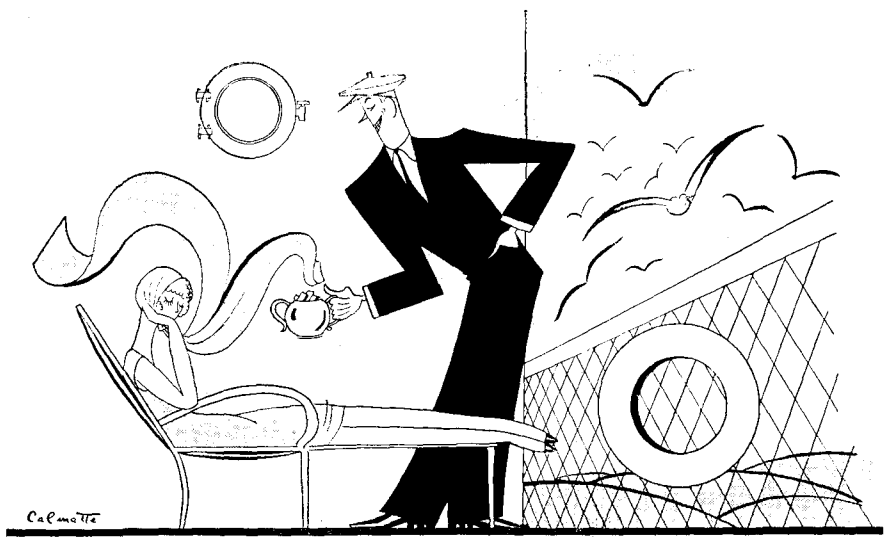

New Cures for Seasickness

By EDWIN E. SLOSSON

Director Science Service

THE more refractory the disease the more frequently you hear of cures. Cancer cures turn up in the newspapers as regularly as assassinations in the Balkans or Mexico. If you sneeze in public, you are speedily recommended a remedy. And you cannot lie long in a steamer chair looking pale before some kind friend or stranger stops to tell you just what to do for it. But not the ship's doctor, unless you send for him. Curing seasickness is still an amateur sport, and professionals fight shy of it.

But this branch of medical practice cannot expect to keep its amateur status much longer. For the doctors are coming forward with more confidence than formerly with remedies for seasickness, although they quarrel as hotly as ever about its cause.

There are half a dozen rival explanations of seasickness in the field. Some place the blame for it in your stomach, some locate it lower, some lay it to your ear, and some say it is all in your mind. It is easier to account for seasickness than to cure it.

The two new remedies attracting most attention in the present tourist seasons are advocated for opposite reasons, but both are supported by experimental evidence. Dr. G. H. Oriel, late surgeon of the Canadian Pacific Steamships, does not believe that seasickness is due to dizziness, to the upsetting of the labyrinthine canals of the internal ear, which, like spirit levels, are supposed to keep our equilibrium. Nor does he subscribe to the fashionable fad of calling it autosuggestion. He holds instead that seasickness is a kind of acidosis, a sort of temporary diabetes, due to the disturbance of the balance of sugar in the blood, first too much and then too little. Consequently he prescribes sugar in the form of glucose (dextrose) in doses of three drams, and reports in the London Lancet, October 15, 1927, that he had used this simple remedy in more than a thousand cases and finds the effect much superior to such prescriptions as atropine, strychnine, belladonna, chloral, bromides, alkalies and various patent preparations. He says "that if passengers can be persuaded to eat plenty of fruit and carbohydrates and to avoid fats, they are never violently ill." It is a common error to avoid food altogether, which of course leads to early exhaustion of the sugar reserve in the liver, and leads to weakness and constant vomiting.

Similar success, though on a smaller scale, is reported in the Journal of the American Medical Association, April 14, 1928, by Drs. J. Frank Pearcy and Daniel Hayden of Chicago. They proceed on the opposite theory, that seasickness is due mostly to overstimulation of the vestibule of the middle ear. Accordingly they prescribe a familiar depressant, sodium nitrate. They found that the administration of from three to five grains of sodium nitrate every two hours kept all their patients comfortable and able to obey the dinner gong.

But everybody has his own seasickness, so it is a good thing that we have so many remedies.

A Waterfall Heavenward

A SINK has been discovered in the Libyan Desert which it is hoped may supply sufficient water power to light the streets of Cairo and Alexandria, run trolley cars to the Pyramids, maintain factories and irrigate two million acres of waste land. There isn't any water in the sink yet, but the Mediterranean is only forty miles away, and a tunnel might be cut through the barricade of hills.

During the war, British troops passing through the desert near the Quattara spring thought the barometer they carried had gone crazy. According to the reading of their aneroid the soldiers were below the level of the sea, though their map showed the place high and dry.

After the war the director of desert surveys, Dr. John Ball, set out to solve the mystery, and when the area was triangulated the levels disclosed an unsuspected depression nearly 200 miles long and 75 miles wide in its broadest part, all below sea level and at one point at least 440 feet below. This gives a chance to create an artificial lake of some 7,000 square miles, about as large as Lake Ontario, which would no doubt ameliorate the climate of the surrounding region, and certainly provide electric power for centuries to come to a country which has no coal, oil or wood and has to pay a high price for all its fuel. For if turbines are put into a tunnel capable of carrying 40,000,000 tons per day from the sea to the sink with a fall of 160 feet, Dr. Ball calculates that a continuous output of 160,000 horsepower could be counted on.

But what would happen when the land-locked lake filled up? That's where the funny part comes in. The lake would never fill up! The water would be sucked up by the African sun as fast as it poured in from the Mediterranean, if we assume the low estimate for evaporation of a sixth of an inch a day. Of course the larger the area of the lake the greater may be the flow through the tunnel but the less the fall, so the lake will be adjusted at whatever level will give the most power.

This is certainly a daring engineering proposition: to make a synthetic sea in the midst of the desert, ranking in size with the great lakes of the world, feed it with the largest tunnel in the world, with a waterfall as high as Niagara, and drain the waste water away upward!

Flash Back

Continued from page 7

"This bird is slipping," remarked V. P. No. 1.

"I had hoped he would come through," said V. P. No. 2. "We gave him everything he asked. He's had the money and the opportunity."

"I don't know how you feel about it," commented No. 3, "but I think we ought to get rid of him. He's cost us two million dollars, and we have enough has-beens on the lot."

"That is my opinion too," added No. 4, and the gentlemen continued their discussion, each word being a nail in the coffin of a director who was strolling about the lot in his white sweater and funny hat. It was officially voted that it would be for the best interests of the Largest Company if Mr. Barry Nelson were elided from the future lists. He was so elided, and informed of the act on a little pink slip of paper no larger than a baby's hand.

THE deposed received word of his misfortune long in advance of the fact and was only mildly disturbed. In his time he had labored for many firms, and the strange vagaries of movie magnates amused him. He realized full well that he had been making pretty sad spectacles—unprofitable spectacles—but he blamed others for that, as directors sometimes will. The renewal of a contract or the death of the same meant nothing in particular, for the business was a peculiar one.

However, the growing belief that a man has reached the end of his rope is another and more serious matter. It never does a director good to have people discussing him as one whose day is over and whose methods are mildewed.

This was the situation confronting Mr. Nelson about the time Arnold Chadwick drew his lance and sallied forth to do or die for the girl he adored. Upon examining the bank account, which was not robust, Arnold saw he would have to borrow money, and he did so. He paid off the storage charges of years and took possession, in the name of Binney, of the ancient film known as Her First Job. He conferred with companies and individuals that buy state rights, and in a week he learned that the releasing of a film is as involved and painful as the manufacture of the same.

Being steadily short of cash to carry on, he took in as partner a hotel acquaintance named Harry Murch, a beak-nosed man, who put up three hundred dollars in a spirit of speculation. Mr. Murch was enthusiastic, knowing nothing about the movies. Willa Binney lost her remaining shreds of courage.

"Arnold," she said. "This is a mistake. I knew it was a mistake from the beginning. I wish you wouldn't go any farther with it."

"My dear girl," Arnold cried, "I am doing this only for you. It is your money that was squandered. Nelson swindled you and richly deserves the disgrace and ruin that will follow."

"I don't care," Willa persisted. "I hate to make trouble in the studio, and if the picture is released there will be nothing but trouble. I shall lose my job and you also will be dismissed. And no good will be accomplished."

Tears gathered in the lovely blue eyes, and Arnold Chadwick was a man who could never brook tears. He took her hand in his.

"Willa," he said, softening, "I suppose you know how fond I am of you."

"Yes, Arnold."

"I shall never do anything to cause you a moment's pain. If you wish me to call a halt, just as we are about to expose this ruffian, I shall do so."

"That's nice of you, Arnold. It is what I wish. I cannot bear the thought of being a trouble maker."

Mr. Chadwick therefore dropped his intelligent effort to ruin Mr. Director Nelson, who was already partly ruined by his own feeble efforts of three years. He gave up his plan of disclosing to a shocked public the shameful and worthless motion picture, made in jest, and sufficiently bad to wreck forever any director, and bar him from respectable studios. Probably there would have been no more to the incident, but for the pernicious activities of one Harry Murch of the eagle nose, who had tossed three hundred of his dollars into the film business and who let out a howl of anguish heard afar.

Upon being informed by Arnold that the Nelson exposé was a dead project, Mr. Murch stated that if it was a dead project, then somebody was going to jail for obtaining money under false pretenses.

"I went into that Nelson picture in good faith," he said coldly, "and I'm going to have a run for my money or know the reason why. What do I care what she says about it? I gambled on a long shot, Mr. Chadwick, and you can't call anything off."

In fact, Mr. Murch stirred up such a furor that news leaked into the eager daily press, which announced that there was in prospect a new photodrama, coming from the talented hands of Mr. Barry Nelson. The Largest Company lifted its eyebrows, having heard nothing of any new picture from their slipping ace, good or bad.

Nelson himself, being in a morose mood, directed inquirers to go and hang themselves, and Mr. Murch conferred with people who made a business of thrusting pictures into the market. Arnold informed Willa that the thing had escaped from his hands and was in a mess. An independent releasing organization of no particular repute stepped into the tangled affairs of Chadwick, Binney and Murch, took a firm grasp on Her First Job, employed a smart-cracker to dress it in a suit of subtitles, gazed at it in sheer, open-mouthed wonderment and opined that it was so preposterous, so wild, so unconventional, unstandardized and generally mad that it might click. And as it was costing a comparative trifle, the independent firm wasted no time.

MR. NELSON cleaned up his desk in the studio of the Largest Company and walked forever from the place, leaving a few harsh words behind him. Wearing a determined expression, he strolled the following day into a strange studio and asked for a Mr. Corlear, who seemed to be running the place. Mr. Corlear appeared.

"I hear," said Nelson in his direct way, "that you are getting ready to release an old picture of mine called Her First Job."

"Who are you?"

"Barry Nelson."

"Oh. . . . Yes, we are."

"And it's got my name on it?"

"Certainly. You directed it, didn't you?"

"I did. . . . And listen to me: If you state on the picture itself, and in your advertising, that it is ten years old, you can leave my name on it. Understand? If you make that plain, all right. But if you release this junk as a brand-new picture of today, directed by me, I'll take your studio away from you and what money you've got in the bank and your shirt. Is that clear?"

"Yes," returned Mr. Corlear, "seems fairly clear."

"Then that's all," said Nelson and presently he departed. At once Mr. Corlear sent for Mr. Murch, who had got him into it and who cared little for details. They discussed the new situation.

"Well," said Murch, "what's the row? If this fellow don't want his name on it, take it off. What's a name amount to? Who ever notices a name?"

"We ought to have somebody's name on the film," Corlear reflected. "Pictures don't direct themselves."

"Put young Chadwick's name on it," Murch suggested cheerfully. "There's a nice boy, and, at that, he's a director of a sort. And he dug this up."

Mr. Corlear laughed and agreed that it would do Arnold Chadwick no particular harm, seeing the photodrama would

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probably appear in the remote villages of the plain. Within fifteen minutes Mr. Barry Nelson's name was off. Arnold's was on. And then the fun began.

There burst into the theatres the old-time movie, relic of departed methods, Her First Job. It was instantly hailed as a novelty and not as a disgrace to anybody. It was welcomed as a relief from the monotonous, standardized films of the time, and folks began asking each other who was this fellow Arnold Chadwick, and where had Miss Willa Binney been hiding herself.

The very age of the drama seemed to give it impish qualities. Everyone declared it was chock-full of imaginative touches of a most delightful character, and, strangest of all, it proved *something* entirely unsuspected. It proved that the American-born director of films could do the stuff the German directors were doing and do it even better than the Germans. . . . As everyone knows, German directors are all the rage in Hollywood, and great producers take them to lunch and respectfully ask their opinions.

THE movie firmament suddenly sat up and rubbed its eyes. Observers went about telling each other that young Arnold Chadwick, the humble assistant director, had saved America from the Teutonic invasion.

That young man, astounded and indignant by turns, watched his name leap into the newspapers for the first time in his life. He telephoned Mr. Murch, demanding an explanation, and threatening death. He approached Willa Binney in fear and trembling and swore that he had done his best to keep the motion picture upon the dusty shelf.

"Let's go and see it," said Willa.

"Come on," said Arnold, and together they hurried up the boulevard and slipped into a theatre guiltily, a theatre wherein a large audience was apparently laughing itself helpless. For an hour they sat side by side, bewildered. And five rows in front of them a gentleman also sat in the darkness, a puzzled gentleman. It was Mr. Nelson, the bona fide director of the handiwork there being shown, gazing at what he had done and listening to those about him.

"Well, I'll be darned," he murmured at minute intervals, using the other form of the word which signifies utter surprise.

Mr. Nelson has always contended that no human being lives who can say what it is the dumb, senseless public desires or will pay for. The young man who had started to ruin him was even more surprised.

"Who put your name on it?" Willa inquired.

"Murch. He and Corlear. And without consulting me."

"These people seem to like it. That's strange."

"Something important has happened in your life, Willa. You are just about through taking dictation."

They sat to the end and came away ahead of Mr. Barry Nelson.

On the following morning there was a brief telephone conversation between a director — temporarily unattached — and Mr. Corlear, who had the courage to put out this remarkable film.

"I have been thinking it over," Nelson stated, "and I believe I will let you put my name back on that picture of yours, Her First Job."

Mr. Corlear smiled.

"That's very nice of you."

"Yes, I don't want to be unreasonable."

"Neither do I, but it's too late."

"What right have you to put Chadwick's name on my picture?" Nelson demanded hotly.

"No real right, except we had to have a name, and you refused to let us use yours. Sorry, Mr. Nelson. Good-by."

The community buzzed during the next few days, and in the offices of the Largest Company there was discussion of a lady's future. Miss Binney was summoned to the executive quarters and responded, carrying her notebook as usual. But on this day there was no dictation for her. A serious group of gentlemen eyed her as though they could scarcely believe it.

"Miss Binney," said the president, a youngish, owlish man, "this is very surprising. We congratulate you."

"Thank you," said Willa, shaking a little inwardly.

"Would you consider signing with us?"

Willa looked blank. The shaking within her grew.

"You know we have been associated a long time," the president continued humorously. "Surely you ought to give us a chance, Miss Binney. I may say now that, with regard to money, no company will offer you more. We are prepared to top all bids."

"I would like to talk it over with—with Mr. Chadwick," she said timidly. "I believe it will be all right."

"Very good, Miss Binney," they said. "You talk it over with Mr. Chadwick."

She did so within the hour. She found Arnold pacing to and fro in his own little office, waving a newspaper and wearing a dazed expression.

"What shall I do?" she asked.

"What do they want you to do?"

"Sign a contract."

"All right. You better sign it."

"You don't seem very happy about it," she said.

"I'm happy, all right. I don't care so much about losing you."

"You won't lose me," said she.

And so Miss Binney signed her name with the Largest Company to appear in a series of motion pictures, the subjects to be selected by her employers. Her starting salary was quite large, the precise figure being concealed from the public as actual figures are in movieland. She resigned her old job and forever laid aside the ink remover, and when she appeared in her new limousine with the tan trimmings and the liveried chauffeur, all the little stenographer friends came out to the curbing and poked their fingers into the velvet cushions with the shrill squeaks of their kind.

Meantime the middle-aged photo-drama, Her First Job, galloped along to high success, bringing in money for Mr. Corlear, Mr. Murch and Willa, and the populace crowded up to the box office to pay and wonder at its fantastic flashes, to praise without stint the newly risen star whose beauty and charm were apparent to all, and to add a word of approbation for Mr. Arnold Chadwick.

"Yes," said the officials of the Largest Company at a later conference, pointing their fingers at Arnold, "but you know darn well you didn't direct that picture."

"I know that," said Arnold, "but I can do that stuff backward."

"We're not so sure of that."

"I'm sure of it," put in Miss Binney, steadily gaining in confidence. "Mr. Chadwick and I have often discussed pictures, and he is the one I want to direct me in my new picture."

"You may be right, Miss Binney," they told her. "At any rate, we are certainly going to give him the chance."

WHEREFORE, in the funny way of Hollywood, it has happened that an ancient movie with which he had nothing to do and with which he intended to ruin a scalawag has raised Arnold from assistant up to full directorship and he has begun his first full-length job for the Largest Company, Willa playing the lead; and so skillful are the camera men of today that the star doesn't look a minute older than she did ten years ago. In some shots she seems actually younger, and although this new opus is not quite ready for presentation to the public, the company is tickled. They declare it will be, when finished, better than Her First Job.

Things are indeed bright for Miss Binney and Mr. Chadwick, and they are seen together constantly, and often dine in the more select restaurants, where they are pointed out to visitors.

Mr. Barry Nelson has not, as yet, formed a new business connection, but will probably land somewhere one of these days. He wanders about the town moaning in hollow tones and telling people that he, and he alone and unaided, directed that sterling photo-drama, Her First Job, which is still going great guns. But he is such a well-known liar that hardly anybody believes him and those who do don't give a whoop.

"How long has this suit looked like *t-h-a-t?*"

Only when your clothes have been tailored to your "attitude"—your posture—by our improved method, can you be sure they will not pull out of shape with wear.

HASN'T it happened to you? Haven't you liked the appearance of a new suit only to find, after a few weeks, that it seemed to be losing its style and fit . . bunching in the shoulders . . pulling away at the neck . . binding under the arms?

There's nothing mysterious about it. You can hardly expect anything else. After all, the suit was not made especially for *you and you alone.* It was made for an "average" man — cut to standard measurements.

If you really want your clothes to fit you as they should, it's necessary to go farther than that. Through serving as personal tailors to millions of men Ed. V. Price & Co. has learned that *only when a suit is tailored to your "attitude" — your posture — will it look its best on you and be permanently satisfactory.*

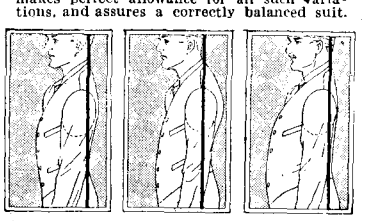
When you buy an Ed. V. Price & Co. suit, it is made not only to your measure, of finest fabric, in the latest, smartest style. *It is cut, draped and balanced to your "attitude" — your posture* — by our exclusive "Attitude Method."

If we cut only 40 or 50 such suits a day we would be unable to offer this unusual personal tailoring service for so little. But because of our great volume of business, our highly organized staff of skilled tailors, and our tremendous buying power, we can offer suits at $35 that carry $50 to $60 in value — higher priced suits at proportionate savings.

The coupon will bring you further interesting information about the "Attitude Method," actual samples of our latest exclusive fine woolens, and name of our local dealer. Send us the coupon today.

These men are the same height, and have the same chest measurement, yet they cannot wear the same suit.

Note variation in area, each side of "balance line," extending down from peak of collar. The "Attitude Method" of tailoring makes perfect allowance for all such variations, and assures a correctly balanced suit.



38 Breast, Regular Chest, Back. 38 Breast, Flat Chest, Round Back. 38 Breast, Full Chest, Flat Back.

Note location of balance line and position of armholes affecting distribution of cloth.

Are your shoulders high, regular or sloping? Only when a suit is cut to the shoulder slant will it drape properly.

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Largest tailors in the world of GOOD made-to-order clothes

When Your Tailor

SUITS OR OVERCOATS

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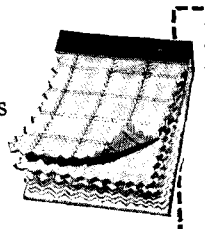

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327 West Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me, FREE, swatches selected from your large stocks of exclusive woolens. Also additional information about your "Attitude" method of tailoring, and name of your nearest representative.

I am interested in suits at the following prices:
☐ $35 ☐ $45 ☐ $50 ☐ $65

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Street .....
City ..... *State* .....

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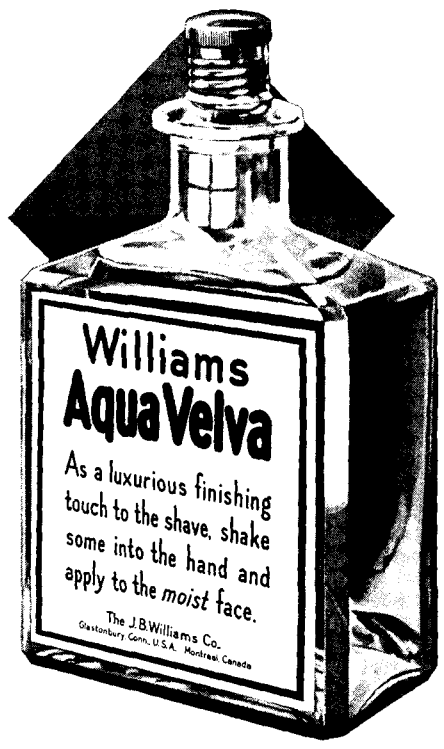
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Aqua Velva
As a luxurious finishing touch to the shave, shake some into the hand and apply to the moist face.
The J.B.Williams Co.
Glastonbury, Conn. U.S.A. Montreal, Canada

A good summer friend is

AQUA VELVA

for After-Shaving!

Only about half awake when your shave is over. Then a splash of Aqua Velva. A stimulating tingle in the touch of it. Alive. Alert. Fit for the day!

Aqua Velva was made expressly to meet the definite needs of the newly shaven skin. It takes care of nicks and cuts, mostly too tiny to see. Tones up. Protects. *Keeps* the skin as Williams lather *leaves* it,—supple, Fit, all the day long.

Let the friendly touch of Aqua Velva help you through the summer, not only after shaving but now and again through the day. Keep a bottle near at hand. When things look dull, wash your face and apply Aqua Velva. Buoyant refreshment in its touch. Make a regular practice of it before going to lunch.

A good summer friend, this Aqua Velva. Give it a chance!

---

50 cents for a 5-oz. bottle. Or a Free Trial Size if you ask for it. Address: Dept. C78, The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn. and Montreal, Can.

Williams Aqua Velva

For use after shaving

The Gop and the Donk

Continued from page 26

THE TIGER *(who isn't so awfully blind that he can't peep and find):*

Don't be alarmed, gents, that's nothing but Wind.
Reed of Missouri and Watson of Ind.
Trying to swallow those speeches of Ire
They made back in June—ere they punctured a tire.

(Outside the Room a dreadful noise proclaims the coming of The Boys—some of 'em Girls—to save the Land. With fireworks and a large Brass band and Roman candles in each hand they leap and jump from Stump to stump, uttering cries both harsh and bland.)

THE ELEPHANT *(with gesture grand beside the Window takes his stand):*

Boys, hide the booze—
No time to lose!
It's Mrs. Mabel Willebrandt! ! !

CHORUS OF PROHIBITIONETTES *(Republicans with gold coronets):*

Give a raus, then, in the summer
Of a Presidential Year.
For the night-club's sodden bummer
We have not a trace of fear.
For—
It's al-ways dry weather
When dry fellows get together
With a
STONE
On the
Tab-ul
And a good song ringing queer!

LAMENT FROM IL TROVATORE *(as sung by Lady Democrats with pretty snuff-brown Derby hats):*

Ding-dong. Ding-dong.
Oh-h-h-h, what a strange scenar-io,
Al-l-l-l is a gay Lothar-io.
Platform is dry,
Alfred is wet—
That irks, you bet!
What can we doooo
With the sitchu-washun?
Dingle-dangle, dingle-dangle,
Wump-te-da, *da*-da—
How shall we vote, what shall we do
If Al gets through?

("Haw!" says the Donkey, and kicks a spittoon. "This place is Noisy as Houston in June!")

("Gosh!" says the Elephant, "let's close the bank. Our game's getting nowhere. We've matched Plank for Plank. The score is a Tie and I've just drawn a blank.")

CHORUS OF FANS (Rep.)

Mind that has ever tackled
The problems most gigantic,
Heart that is never shackled
By theories pedantic
Or demagoggers frantic
Great Hoover, we applaud thee!
Honor thy just desert is.
Thy foes cannot defraud thee.
(And don't forget C. Curtis.)

CHORUS OF FANS (Dem.)

Hurrah for Al, huzza for Al!
He has no Foreign Policy.
He's slightly rough, but that's the stuff
To pull the pop'lar jolly, see?
He'll legislate and navigate
And keep the ship from bobbin', son;
For he was Great in Noo Yoik State.
(Pause.)
(And don't forget Jo Robinson.)

CHORUS OF EMBATTLED FARMERS

We have carrots and onions
And hard-working bunions
And wheat crops to give away.
YES,
We have no Protection.
We have no Protection today!

(The Whitewashed Blind Tiger just opens one eye and takes a fond Look at the Bar, rather sly. The Camel's asleep with his head on the Rail. The Elephant picks up his Planks and turns pale. The Donkey looks sheepish, ashamed of his slumming. Both of 'em hear Mrs. Willebrandt coming.)

DONKEY AND ELEPHANT *(speaking together):*

The Game is postponed on account of the Weather.
We feel in our Bones as we look to the Fall
That the States won't be won by the Platforms at all.
The difficult question of winning the Prize
Is up to our Candidates—measured for Size.

(Two ominous Shadows pass over the wall. The first has a Nose which describes him to all. With a Jug on each shoulder he keeps 'em all thrilled by his Balancing Act; for there's not a Drop spilled. The next Moving Shadow is broader of Belt with shoulders like Vulcan, preparing to smelt. With an Engineer's pride in the Laws of Hydraulics, he's pulling a Wagon of non-alcoholics.)

(The Donk and the Gop swiftly hasten away, one with a trumpet and one with a bray. The Donk wags his ears with misgivings that jostle—for the Shadow of Hoover looks kind of Colossal.)

(They're gone. So the Tiger, observing his Chance, loses his blindness. Ferocious his glance as he puts back his Teeth; then with one mighty leap lights on the Camel, enjoying his Sleep. Fadeout and Subtitle thus: Came the Dawn. Tiger looks fat. And the Camel is gone.)

LIMERICK *(spoke by the Tiger. No joke):*

I dined till I very near died of him.
I've swallered the hump and the hide of him,
Enjoying the treat
Not so much for the meat
As the liquor he carried inside of him.

CURTAIN

S H O P T A L K

It must be the Climate

THE publication of Flash Back in this issue will cause several readers to take their pens in hand and ask, "Who is that delightful fellow, Frank Condon? What size shirt does he wear, and was it measles that left him that way?" It usually happens.

Therefore, with the interests of our vast company (more than 1,050,000 copies) of readers at heart, we wired to Wiscasset, Me., and asked Mr. Condon for a set of vital statistics and the latest intimate details. The following message was received collect:

A cadaverous newspaperman in Ohio recently fathered the statement that when I was a reporter in Toledo I was the world's laziest reporter and that journalism suffered imperceptibly when I left it and took up the real estate business in Hollywood, Cal., where, I may say, you can still purchase a first-class lot on Sunset Boulevard for as low as five hundred dollars down and get rich if you will hold it.

I was born in Toledo, Ohio, and escaped therefrom just two jumps ahead of where you begin to talk to strangers. Whenever I return, my relations ask if Toledo isn't a splendid, glowing city, and I say "yes" to shorten the conversation.

I am a tall, rather handsome and distinguished-looking individual, and an object of envy among my many friends, who are growing gray and old, whereas I seem to look younger and more debonaire each succeeding year, and although I am now passing forty-five years I can still run like a deer, and did so the night our house was broken into.

In spite of the multifarious complexities of my real estate work in Hollywood, Cal., where a lot purchased now will make you rich, I have written either five hundred or five thousand short stories, among them being some of the saddest and sourest short stories the printing press has ever monkeyed with. It is my proud boast that I have had my little things, as I lightly refer to them, published in virtually every magazine in the United States, with the possible exception of the Scow, Tugboat and Dredgers Monthly.

I am the author of two sterling novels, written by friends of mine, who took over the arduous work soon after I told them the plots, and one of them is now selling in England like hot sodas. My summers are spent quietly in Maine, among the perfumed pines, in meditation and regulated thought, planning the winter's work in California, where I spend my time laying out the following season's work in Maine.

My favorite golfer is Grantland Rice and my favorite bridge partner is John Wheeler. I never eat spinach. Money carefully invested now in Sunset Boulevard frontage will take care of you in your old age, if any, and checks may be forwarded to me by air mail under the new ruling for five cents per ounce. FRANK CONDON.

Well, that seems to cover Mr. Condon. It isn't *all*, of course, but it's enough to give you a rough idea. Whenever your curiosity about Collier's contributors cannot be restrained, write us a letter and we shall print as much as the postal authorities will permit. THE EDITOR.

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The Green Grenade

Continued from page 15

"Tomorrow I go to Cochin China for three years . . . five. . . . Give me memory of an hour with you."

She hesitated. Never had she seen anything more attractive than this young officer in his uniform. She was certain now that Lord Lawchester was going to ask her to marry him. Once she had married she would settle down. Her life would be one of luxury and some responsibility but she could hardly expect it to be very interesting. What harm could there be in one tiny frolic first? No one need ever know.

"We are going back to the boat . . . we shall have dinner there . . . perhaps afterwards I could . . . I don't know where—"

"That will be easy to arrange. After dinner you will say good night and go to your cabin; your—er—friend—"

"I'm going to marry him."

De Vaumont laughed softly: "That is droll! Your fiancé, then, will not stay on deck the whole evening. At half past ten come to the gangway. There I will be waiting with a launch. We can go to the Galle Face Hotel, where there is a dance; if we do not wish to dance, we can have supper; in any case the evening shall be very gay."

THE next morning Lord Lawchester and Marilyan paced the deck.

"Sleep well?" he inquired.

"Very."

"I thought you had. I just tapped on your door as I went down to know if you wanted anything, and you didn't answer."

"A thunderstorm wouldn't have waked me," said Marilyan firmly.

"There's that French transport going out," Lord Lawchester pointed.

"So it is." Marilyan strained her eyes at the decks lined with troops and waved her handkerchief as the transport passed.

"There's their officer—you see, just below the bridge. I believe he is waving to you."

"How sweet of him."

"He was out at Mount Lavinia yesterday—you remember?"

Marilyan's brown eyes met his in that wonderfully frank, straightforward way she had. She seemed to think a minute, then said: "Oh, of course I remember. He came out on the terrace for a minute while we were busy talking."

Lord Lawchester opened his cigarette case and found it empty.

Marilyan dived into her bag and pulled out her own pretty little platinum and gold cigarette case.

Lord Lawchester took the case and opened it. On one side he saw a row of the rose-tipped cigarettes Marilyan liked; on the other, tucked under the band, a piece of cloth. He stared very hard at the cloth.

Marilyan looked to see what he was looking at.

To her great credit she did not even catch her breath, but she could have killed Captain de Vaumont. Fool! he must have put it there as a surprise for her just before they parted.

"What's that?" Lord Lawchester pointed to the piece of cloth.

"A regimental badge—a boy gave it to me a long time ago—don't know why I've kept it all this time," lied Marilyan.

Lord Lawchester took the badge between his finger and thumb. "What regiment was he in?"

Marilyan thought wildly; inspiration came, "some Irish regiment—the Royal Irish Sudiliers, I think."

As she spoke Marilyan looked him squarely in the eyes and in spite of his annoyance Lord Lawchester could not help feeling admiration for her.

He shook his head. "No, it can't have been that. Don't you remember I told you yesterday there is only one regiment in the world that wears a green grenade?"

And that is how it was that no one got off the boat at Suez.

The Make-Believe Wife

Continued from page 20

just a moment, Bert," she said, leading the way into the gloomy, magnificent old parlor. She touched a light; there was a soft glow in the room. "Bert, about my going away," Beatrice began, without preamble.

He put his hands on her shoulders, brother-fashion, and looked down at her affectionately, concernedly.

"Surely, dear. Tomorrow!"

"I cannot stay with him after what he said tonight!" Beatrice said, at white heat. "I'm going away—I don't know where—not to my mother and sister, I know that. That would drive me wild. Besides, he could find me there, Bert, when this has blown over. If I write you, will you come see me?"

His eyes remained on hers steadily for a long minute without expression.

"Bee, I've been an awful fool," he said irrelevantly in reply. "But I won't do that. Tonight—when he was raging at me—right in the midst of it, it came over me—what he is to me and what I am to him, and I—I—"

He paused. Beatrice had rested her clasped hands on his chest; she was studying him with bright, curious eyes.

"I've got to stand with him," Bert said gruffly, and was still.

There was a moment of silence. Little silver wheatears outlined the top of the blue velvet dress, and Bert saw them move with her breath. Her breast was full and white; there were tendrils of red hair, like little chicken feathers, curving about her ears. Her stormy eyes looked black in the shadows, rather than blue.

"It—sort of—came to me," Bert said awkwardly, as she did not speak, "that—if he loved you, as I love you, Bee, and if he—he had had you, for his own, then—then it's no wonder that he—went crazy tonight!"

"That's *not* love!" she said, youthful and disdainful.

"It might be, Bee."

"Oh, no, no, not without trust!" she said, tears suddenly in her eyes.

"It might be, dear," he said again timidly.

She shook her head, her lowered eyes averted.

"Then you can't be my friend?" she asked, hurt and proud, looking up.

Bert smiled down at her. He did not answer.

"But, Bert," she said forlornly, "if I don't see you—if I have no way of finding out how—how things are—how Hugh is—"

"That's the real rub, isn't it?" he said, half aloud, watching her, speaking as if he spoke to himself.

"I'VE always told you," Beatrice went on, "that I didn't need you—that I wouldn't take your friendship, Bert. But tonight—tonight it's different. Tonight I found out—when Hugh failed me—" Her voice broke, and she was still.

"Tonight I found out something too."

"That you don't really care for me, that you don't want to help me!" Beatrice said angrily and childishly, as he paused.

"No, not that. But that—it isn't a thing to fool with, and that I've been fooling," Bert answered, feeling for words as he thought it out.

"And what you felt for me was fooling—was that it?"

(*Continued on page 46*)

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The Make-Believe Wife

Continued from page 45

"No. Oh, no!"

"You found out that you didn't really care," she said proudly. "You found out that you didn't love me?"

"No," he answered, puzzled and fumbling, and always with his hands on her shoulders and his eyes smiling down at her. "No, I think that I found out that I did."

"Did! And yet now you won't even be friends with me. What's happened to you?"

THERE was a pause. Then he said simply: "I think, perhaps, I've grown up. It came to me tonight that I loved you, and that this is the only way out, for me. I love him too. It's all perfectly clear now," Bert said, in an undertone, half to himself.

"Not to me!" she said, impatient, gloomy, irresolute.

"In that room there—that room in the Lambert house—" Bert added. "Something seemed to split—to clear—inside my head. And I saw him—Dad—well, I don't know!" He laughed gruffly; there was a little break in his voice. "I grew up," he finished, with an eloquent smile and shrug. "God knows I've been long enough about it!"

"And I grew up too, in that same room," Beatrice began warmly. "I knew, all of a sudden, that I'd been asleep, all this year—playing at marriage, playing at being in love with Hugh, loving myself because the tradespeople and the servants and the firm were so nice to me—poor fool that I am! And I can't go back, Bert," she went on excitedly.

"His jealousy—his stupid, wicked, horrible jealousy—has spoiled everything!" Beatrice exclaimed. "He can't take it back!"

"You'll feel differently in the morning," Bert told her. And as she made no answer, but continued to stare into space, with somber brooding eyes, and a bitten lip, he added, "I must go now. Dad may be home at any minute, and I mustn't be here."

"Do I see you tomorrow?" she asked, rousing from a reverie.

"I don't know. I suppose so. Good-by, Bee," he said simply.

"Good-by, Bert." She looked at him wistfully. "I suppose we'll see why all this had to happen some day—" she said, forlornly.

"But that's just *it*—" he began protestingly.

"Just what?"

"Well—nothing has happened," Bert offered lamely.

Beatrice's eyes flashed again.

"*I* think something has happened!" she said hotly.

"Ah, no, Bee. Dad's made you angry. But—but married people have to forgive each other!" Bert suggested uncertainly.

"Not things like that!" she answered quickly. "Not having the—the *lowest* suspicions of the person nearest you, not putting the *worst* construction on everything, without waiting for an explanation or giving—giving anyone a chance to explain! Not letting a person like Aileen," Beatrice rushed on bitterly, "come into it, interfering and hinting and making trouble! If he could think that his own wife and his own son—why, if he could really think that, Bert," she interrupted herself to ask, beginning to cry, "what earthly peace or comfort is there ever going to be in this world for him or for me? Why didn't he ask me quietly? Why didn't he wait?"

"I don't suppose, when a person gets jealous, he can exactly control what he does, Bee," Bert suggested, anxiously placating.

"BUT there seems to be no *use* trying to please a jealous person, Bert," she said, sobbing. "For if there isn't any real reason for trouble he'll—he'll invent it!"

"He didn't invent that I—I care a terrible lot for you," the boy said humbly in a low tone.

Beatrice threw up her head. Her bright, impatient eyes did not falter in their steady look at him.

"Well, what *of* it, Bert! He didn't want you to hate me, I suppose?" she demanded.

Bert laughed a hopeless, gruff little laugh.

"No. But that's what has driven him sort of—cuckoo," he suggested inelo-quently.

Beatrice reflected on this, looking away, sniffling, wiping her eyes.

"I'm going away tomorrow for a while," she said.

"To your mother?"

"No!" Her eyes returned to him indignantly. "Why should I be sent to my mother, as if I'd done something wrong? She to report, I suppose, in weekly letters, that I was in bed every night at ten o'clock and that I was apparently repentant—!"

"Beatrice," Bert interrupted, "that doesn't sound like you! We've all been wrong, in this mess—"

"I haven't, and you haven't!" she asserted haughtily. "Perhaps Hugh with his crazy suspicions, has!"

"You'll feel differently in the morning, when you've had some rest," Bert repeated, "and when you've had a chance to talk it over coolly. It would be crazy for you to go away, Bee—you'd only be sorry! Why, what would you do—"

"I could work!"

"I don't mean that. Dad—Dad would never let you work," Bert said, turning red.

"He'd have to if I wouldn't touch his money!"

"BUT your mother and sister—" Bert hadn't meant to mention them; he felt himself floundering hopelessly. The color flew to Bee's face, and for a moment her eyelashes were lowered, as if she felt a touch of shame. Then she said proudly:

"You don't think I'd—I'd swallow my pride on that account? You don't think I'd put up with anything from Hugh—bear anything, because I'm—because we're all dependent on him?"

"No, of course not!" Bert protested quickly, in painful embarrassment. "But it never does anyone any harm," he went on somewhat timidly, "to forget and forgive. Does it?"

"I don't know," she said somberly, looking away.

He had taken his hands from her shoulders, and now she walked rest-

On with the Stance!

Here are more of our gifted jingleers reporting back to the clubhouse. And what tales they have to tell! Some cynical, some pleasant, some pessimistic, some a bit large and some that smack of being narsty digs. This one, for instance:

Three and three in his bank make six
And neither less nor more.
But out on the links he always thinks
That three and three make four.

W. B. Wuth,
Hollywood, Cal.

Here's another one to shake your head over:

He topped and sliced—he was my friend.
(Alas, so many friendships end.)
Despite his luckless strokes galore
He parred the hole — his score showed four.

LeRoy Cimanor,
Washington, D. C.

Some other entries:

If in screaming plus-fours he broadcasts fake scores
And freely interprets each rule,
You may jot him right down as a pestilent clown
Who calls the game "cow-pasture pool."

H. B. Hull,
Lansing, Mich.

They tell me golf's a game profound,
But I think a man's a dub
To chase a little ball around
And swat it with a club.

Tommy Tinker,
Oakland, Cal.

I made a hole in one today
The drive was straight and far.
To my chagrin, the hole was in
The windshield of a car.

Edw. L. Scott,
Bellerose, L. I.

Beautiful drive,
Close to the green.
Twelve little putts,
Total—thirteen.

C. P. Wood,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

"My ball is on your fairway, sir,
Won't you please excuse it?"
"Go right ahead," the duffer said;
"I very rarely use it."

W. W. Thornton,
El Paso, Tex.

I sliced my drive and hit the pro
A good and hearty clout.
I've no remorse. The worm has turned.
For once, I've "balled" him out.

Mrs. Wilkie O. Moody,
Columbus, Ind.

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I am the master of my drive,
But take four putts for every hole.

Joseph Rifkin,
Detroit, Mich.

Betty with a brand-new putter
Tried to make her putting better.
"Miss 'em all," I heard her mutter.
Now she is a bitter putter.

Mrs. Homer W. Williams,
Clarksburg, W. Va.

All these players made luck-pieces-in-one, anyway. If your Jingle rolls neatly into the cup we'll send you one, too. Gold. And with your initials engraved on it. Address Jingles in the Rough, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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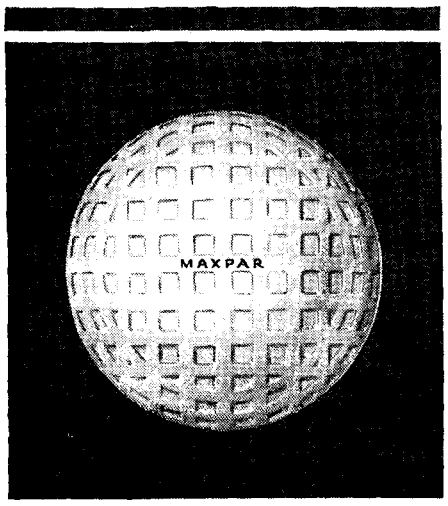


MAXPAR

lessly across the big room, picked a book from the center table, looked at it, and went with it to a distant bookcase. The velvet gown was short in front, but it trailed on the ground behind her; she looked young and slim as she stood before the books, fitting the volume she had found into its place. Her arms and throat were white among the shadows.

There was a picture of Hugh's mother, in a silver frame, on the bookcase. Beatrice studied it absently, turning it in her hand to catch the light, and put it down again. Bert stood irresolute in the center of the floor, watching her.

"I think," she said, coming back to him, "that it will be better if I go away for a while. There is something about that woman—Aileen—that makes me go gooseflesh. I'm all wrought up, Hugh's a wreck, and you—you're unhappy."

"But go away where?" he said.

"I don't know. But somewhere. If Hugh wants me to come back, some day, I'll come back. But just now I feel as if I'd made one mistake on another—"

"Dad won't want you to leave at all, as far as that goes," Bert said.

Her mouth took a faint stubborn line; her eyes were distant.

"Well, I'll have to," she persisted briefly.

There was a silence. Then she said, with a sigh:

"I wonder if other families—I wonder if other women—get into messes like this!"

"I'm not very proud of my share in it!" Bert commented briefly.

"Nor I of mine!" She raised her troubled face like a child, and he kissed her, putting his arms about her for a second, and turned to pick up the overcoat he had thrown over a chair. Beatrice went with him to the hall door.

"Where's Hugh, do you suppose?"

"Walking the streets probably. He looked like a crazy man."

She looked out at the black night with a little shudder.

"Good-by again, Bert," she said. And then, in the phrase from the old story, she added whimsically, "God doesn't always make the right man king!"

He did not answer. He stooped his fair head for a moment over her hand, and then ran down the black and twinkling steps and turned into the street. Old Mrs. Challoner's house was but a few squares away; he would go there, Beatrice thought, turning back into the hall.

WHEN the door was closed she ran upstairs, her breath beginning to come fast again, and her eyes bright and feverish with sudden determination. The blue velvet gown came off and was flung carelessly aside; Beatrice tore off slippers and thin stockings and substituted more practical wear.

While she dressed, her opened suit case lay on her desk, and she flung into it everything needed for a week's absence at least. Then she added the little photograph of Marcia and her mother: two lean, smiling women, looking about the same age, in white gowns and hats, in the sunlight of the Panama steamer's deck.

There was a beautiful picture of Hugh on her dresser; Hugh at his dearest. He had had it taken not long after their marriage; no one else had a copy of this particular pose. Beatrice had selected it as her favorite, and hers in a special sense it had become.

She looked at this picture tonight, and her breast heaved. But she put it aside. There was another picture of Hugh—the picture this one had replaced. It had been temporarily shelved, in her closet; she found it and slipped it into her bag instead. It wouldn't do to let him know—

Her warm gloves, her heavy fur coat—she was ready. She caught up the suit case, snapped off the dressing-room lights. At the same moment there was a footstep in the hall, and somebody came into the bedroom. Her heart stopped beating. Hugh! She was too late.

But it was not Hugh. It was old Nelly, amazed and tousled and sleepy.

"Nelly!" Beatrice said, in an electric whisper, her heart resuming its normal beat by painful degrees.

"For Heaven's sake! You ain't going out now!" Nelly said, stupefied.

"Only—only as far as Mrs. Challoner's," Beatrice said quickly. "And, by the way, would you call me a car, Nelly?"

"The front door blew open," the maid said. "And I could feel the draft blowin' through the house. So then I seen the lights in your room, and I thought maybe you weren't home yet. Had ye better go out as late as this? It's after three," Nelly reminded her.

"Oh, yes, please. I must. And if Mr. Challoner comes in, please say that I'm at his mother's," Beatrice said quickly and decidedly.

"I'll get into my clothes and take you there. I'd never leave you go at such an hour as this!" Nelly averred after a puzzled silence.

"No, indeed, you won't do that!" Beatrice refused her.

"I'll call Noon, then; he won't be asleep by this time!" the old servant persisted stupidly.

"NELLY," Beatrice pleaded, feeling that in another minute she would cry, that Hugh would come home, that everything would be lost. "You can't understand. Mr. Challoner and I have had a—" she discarded the ugly words fight and quarrel; they sounded like living over a grocery—"a very serious disagreement," she said breathlessly and quickly. "I'm going away—I'm going to his mother. You mustn't stop me."

"Where's Mr. Hugh now?" Nelly demanded.

"I don't know. Mr. Bert and Mrs. Kavanaugh were mixed into it—he may be with Mrs. Kavanaugh, for all I know," Beatrice said recklessly, frantic to escape. "But wherever he is I don't want to be here when he comes back!"

"You'll come back tomorrow?" Nelly asked, considering.

"Oh, yes—surely!"

"Just give me time to get into my coat and shoes, and I'll take you over to Mrs. Challoner's," the maid offered.

Beatrice hesitated; an odd look narrowed her eyes for a minute. Nelly's room was on the third floor, at the back of the house.

"Well, hurry, then!" she said.

"There's just one thing," Nelly said, turning in the very act of departure, "are you sure you ain't makin' a turrible mistake?"

Beatrice could smile, shakily, impatiently.

"Isn't it possible that you don't understand the situation at all, Nelly?" she asked.

"Well, of course I know that," admitted Nelly, hurt.

"Isn't it possible that the one thing Mr. Hugh wants is to have me get out?" Beatrice pursued stubbornly.

But here Nelly was stubborn too.

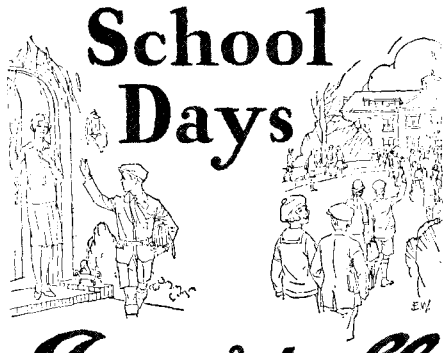
"No, ma'am, that isn't possible!" she asserted firmly. "I've known Mr. Hugh Challoner, man and boy, for thirty-four years," Nelly went on, rising easily to her tone of droning narrative. "I was at his first wedding, I knew Miss Alice Merritt when she was still in Miss Dayton's. He married her like any boy will marry a pretty, popular girl—she was cold as ice, Miss Alice, but she always did everything like it ought to be done, and they were happy, just like other folks are.

"But he never loved her like he loves you," Nelly added, with a keen look, as Beatrice, her lips still bitten, and her eyes scornful, made no comment. "He never—in all those years—was like he's been in this last year. His mother seen it, and his sisters seen it, that—fifty or no fifty—he was getting at last what he'd never gotten before in his life!

"Why, those vi'lets and primroses he brought you, every day of the world, when you was sick here, last spring," Nelly continued. "Us girls down in the kitchen used to look at each other, and say, 'Whatever's come over him?' He used to fly up them stairs like a boy, and we'd hear the door shut, and then maybe—if I was putting away the linen or something, up there, I'd hear you laugh, and then him laugh, and then maybe the piano playing."

(*Continued on page 48*)

Now Come School Days



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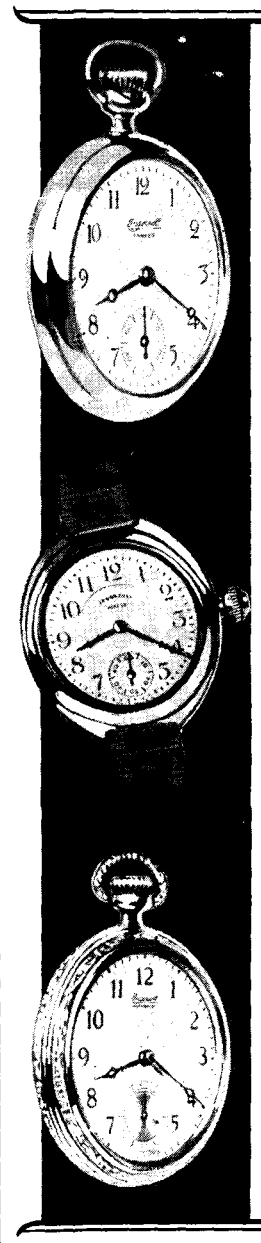
WATCHES



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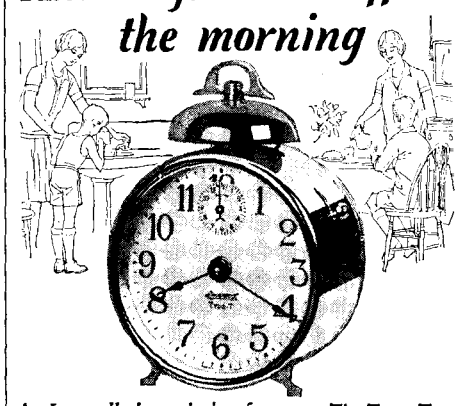

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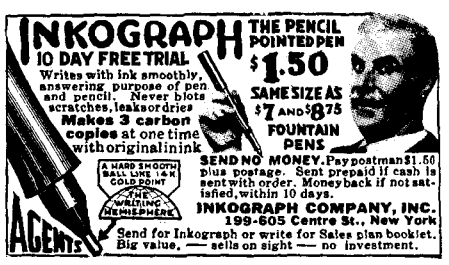
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The Make-Believe Wife

Continued from page 47

Beatrice flung up her head and swallowed. But she did not speak.

"The very day you took sick," pursued Nelly, "I come into the library just before dinner, and he was sitting there all alone, and his eyes were brimming with tears. It sort of went to my heart—"

She paused, her own eyes filling. Beatrice felt as if teeth were tearing at her.

"I says to him that we were all sorry," Nelly resumed. "And he says to me—that way he does, you know, sorter smiling—'I'd have been glad to see a little girl of hers running around here, Nelly,' he says, 'because Mrs. Challoner would have loved it so much. She's very motherly,' he says. 'But the only thing I care about is that she gets well,' he says," Nelly finished, wiping her eyes.

She looked at her mistress, but Beatrice's young face was adamant.

"I'll get my coat; I won't be three minutes," the maid said hastily.

"Hurry, then," Beatrice said, sitting down. She waited, in a fever of impatience, her eyes on the clock, until Nelly had had time to get well out of hearing. She had felt vacillation, irresolution, a few minutes ago, leaving the bright, warm, orderly dressing-room, hearing the fresh, soft autumn rain pattering on the porch outside.

But she was determined now. To stay would be to soften, to feel herself breaking, yielding. She would not do that. Quietly, noiselessly, she slipped from the room, went swiftly down the broad central stairway, opened the front door, and let herself out. The street car was two blocks away, down the hill. She started toward it gallantly, carrying her suit case lightly and easily. But before she reached it a cruising taxi came around the corner, and Beatrice hailed it.

"There's a New York train from the North Central that makes up here and pulls out about four o'clock," she said breathlessly to the driver. "Can you make it?"

"What time have you now, lady?"

"Nineteen minutes to four."

"Oh, sure, we'll make it easy," the man assured her.

Beatrice settled back in the smelly cab, which was odorous of wet leather and tobacco smoke and warm rubber. A sudden peace descended upon her spirit; she felt confident and exhilarated and adequate.

She crossed the station with a springing step, a tall, slender figure in a fur coat, with a beige hat pressed down over red hair. Her gloved fingers handled change and tickets easily. Car Twenty, Compartment D. "Thank you."

THE room was made up—it seemed an absolute haven of peace. The bed was neat, smooth, quietly lighted; there were hooks for her coat and gown, a paper envelope for her hat, and a hard, firm, heavy door to shut her away into a zone of quietude and comfort.

The mood of confidence, of exultation, lasted until she got into bed. She had flung a new magazine into her suit case, and she turned its pages slowly, studying advertisements of dogs—of boarding schools. Occasionally, after the train had started, with hardly more than a sigh, she snapped up the tense little curtain, and looked out at flying factory lights and streaks that were small towns.

Beautiful houses in this magazine. A California Spanish house, with balconies and patio and iron grills. If everything had been different, she and Hugh might have lived in such a house next year. She had sometimes dreamed of such a year, and that they would take Nelly with them—just in case.

"Nelly, there is no question about it! Mr. Challoner wants me to see some good doctor in Santa Barbara—

"This boy's a Californian, aren't you, Anthony? We named him for my father. My father was Dr. Anthony St. John, you know. Yes, we were in California when he joined us."

Happy, silly dreams! The dreams of a child, or a fool. No, not quite that. They had been neither children nor fools, she and Hugh, when they had bent over the plans for the Kreutzmann Memorial, up there in the sitting-room, while the soft spring winds blew scents of earth and lilacs and new, milky grass in through the open windows, and the dream college had raised itself, arch by arch, tree-shadowed tile roof, and creamy-walled cloister. Not quite fools then!

Well, that was over. And it was all Hugh's fault. She hoped—with a little firm setting of her young mouth—that Hugh was satisfied!

"Love!" she said aloud scornfully. "That's not love. That's just—I don't know what!"

But she had lost her serenity, her sense of security and triumph. She was suddenly very much frightened by what she was doing. This was a crazy thing to do, certainly, to rush away from the situation, as if she had been afraid of it. No matter; it was done.

Hugh's mother had always been most kind to her, and his sisters too. A wretched way to repay them, to run away, with a wild idea that in some way she could make a living in New York—she could write, she could sell something.

Terror shook her. The events of the evening seemed already ages past, as if the waters of life had closed over them. Grown up, indeed! She had nothing in common with that red-headed girl who had put on the blue velvet gown for the Lambert dinner dance.

Beatrice looked about the neat, serviceable little room, with its racks and mirrors and switches. There was a constant racket and jar about her.

The train reached a country town, lights flashed in at the crack under her window shade, and a crossroads bell set up a mad ding-dangle.

She would be in Hoboken, the porter had said, at 7:25 and arrive in New York about twenty minutes later. A terrible city to be alone in. A city like a machine.

Beatrice's heart began to hammer in fright. She could not look backward; it was inconceivable either that Hugh should overlook this escapade or that she should stoop to ask him to. But what lay ahead?

She could not even remember now what all the trouble and uproar had been about. Hugh and Bert and Aileen, in that stuffy, horrid little room, and voices—

"Yes, but why didn't I just explain to Hugh? Tell him what Bert and I have been up to? I would have spoiled the surprise, but, then, everything is spoiled, anyway. Anything—anything would have been better than this!"

Perhaps this was exactly what Aileen had hoped would happen, she reflected. Perhaps Aileen had hoped that she would run away, blacken her own name, and do her best to besmirch the Challoners' good name. Just the one thing that they would find insufferable, the unforgivable sin. Publicity and gossip and scandal, and connected with Bert too.

Suddenly the full horror of the situation swept over her, and Beatrice sat up in bed, cupping her chin in her palms, breathing hard, staring into space.

"Why, I can't do this! I can't do this! What am I doing? Everyone'll know in the morning; Hugh'll telephone his mother—and then they'll all know! I must be crazy! Why, if I was Aileen's friend, if I was playing her game, I couldn't do it any better than this!"

She rang for the porter. He presented a sleepy head at her door.

"PORTER, I've had to change my plans. Is there any way I can get back to North Underhill tonight?"

"To No'th Und'hill *tonight?* No, ma'am—there ain't," said the porter earnestly. "It's most five now, and you goin' to be in Hoboken by half past seven."

"I see." She knew all about morning trains from New York. People were always coming up on the flyer, at nine, and getting into town about noon. Noon! Noon tomorrow seemed æons away.

But there was no going back.

(To be concluded next week)

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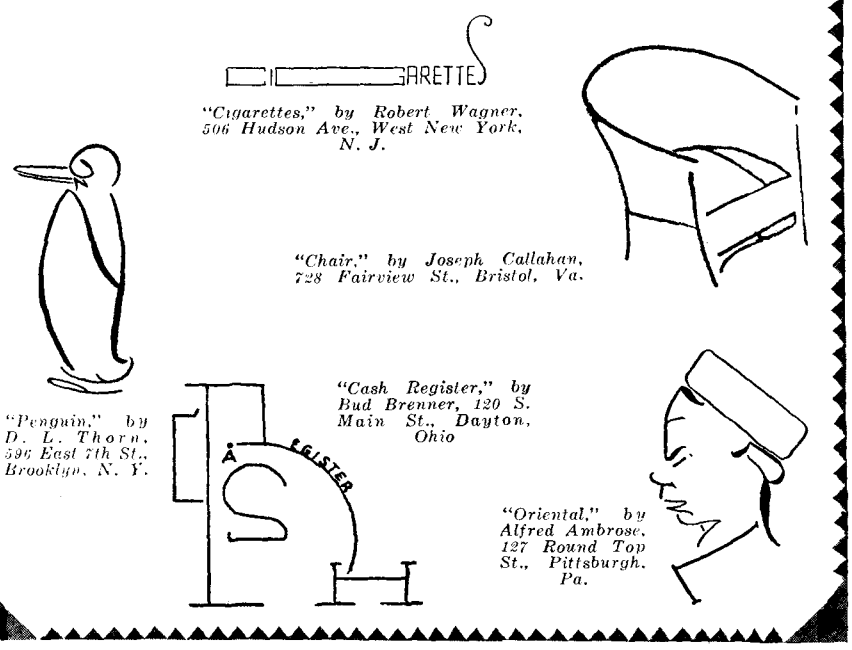
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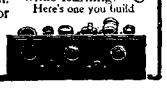

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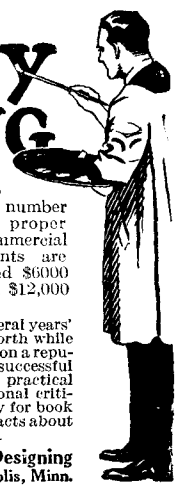

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Giant Killer

Continued from page 19

brightly in the sun; over the music sounded the thunderous rumble of war chariots.

Joab walked up and down behind the ridge where his men stood in line, waiting the trumpeted order to form squares. Six battalion squares there would be, in checkerboard formation; and Joab himself had the old veterans of the outlaw days, the Mighty Men, as shock troops in reserve. They deserved the name, now that they had proved themselves in the war with Abner; vacancies in their ranks had been filled by promotion from the line till they were a picked corps, Mighty Men indeed. . . . But they were all good men, a good army—and today was their test. Unless they held today, Israel was done for; even Saul's disastrous defeat would be nothing to this catastrophe. . . . Joab's eyes wandered to the low slopes northward of the valley; somewhere in the trees David should be lying with the Israelite volunteers. David and Abishai. Joab missed Abishai. It would be the first time in years they had not been within touch of each other in a battle. But the King needed Abishai . . . . They all needed each other today.

NOW the Philistines had thrown forward a line of infantry skirmishers; they had caught the glint of sunlight on arms beyond the ridge. Joab told off a few archers to deal with the skirmishers, but before they started shooting he gave them one last exhortation.

"Watch for the giant! The moment you see him start shooting at him—before he gets within reach. Shoot at his throat—between helmet and breastplate. . . . And you spearmen— If he does break a square, remember he's human; he can be killed. Strike at his thighs, above his shin guards, and bring him down. I'll give a double handful of gold myself to the man who kills him, and the King will not forget. . . . Now, then, boys! They're coming! Fight like devils—for yourselves and your wives and children! . . . For Yahweh and David!"

The Philistines were coming forward now in close-packed columns; cavalry and chariots were still in reserve till they saw how formidable this opposition might be. But they halted after the archers had turned the head of each column into a tangled pile of dead and wounded. This was no skirmish; this was a battle. They opened out; their archers too began to volley. And gradually the Hebrew arrow flights thinned and died away.

Joab had ordered that; the bulk of his troops were still out of sight, and the Philistines would think their archery preparation had shaken them. Now the chariots—and it was part of Joab's plan that the chariots must come now. For he had had men working all night, just below the crest of the ridge—digging pits where pits could be concealed by a brush screen, planting sharp stakes, strewing entanglements of linked thorn bushes cunningly, that they might seem to be growing of their own accord. Ready for the chariots! And now they came. Two long blasts on the ram's-horn trumpets, and the Hebrew squares formed on the ridge, just behind the pits and entanglements. They waited—

Through the gaps that opened in the Philistine infantry the chariots rolled forward with a terrible rumbling—two leaping horses dragging an iron car that could drive through any infantry line, an armored archer beside the driver, shooting as he came! Only trained men, Joab reflected with grim pride, could have stood those arrow flights from the oncoming chariots; only hardened soldiers could have borne up calmly before that increasing thunderous rumble as the mass of chariots drove along the valley. Behind the cloud of dust they raised Joab could see sunlight glinting on the lances of the cavalry, who followed to take care of what the chariots missed. On they came, rumbling wheels and pounding hoofs—

Now the archers volleyed from inside the Hebrew squares, patiently, methodically, shooting at the horses. A score of chariots crashed in tangled wreckage; the teams behind swerved wildly, driving around them, wheels locked with wheels! Horses collided, interfered, went down. The valley was strewn with wrecks, but still they came on.

Up the slope, now—a gentle slope, but it slowed their impetus, delayed them, under those incessant arrow volleys. Now they had reached the pits; horses plunged out of sight; armored men pitched head first out of their sinking chariots. Elsewhere horses reared back from the thorn-bush entanglements; they drove on sharp stakes and kicked, screaming. And always the arrows volleyed from inside the squares.

A few chariots got through; one drove headlong through the triple ranks of spearmen. But a dozen spears were in the horses' bellies; the men were dragged down and butchered. No chariot passed the second line of squares; and Joab, leaning on his spear, smiled savagely. The whole slope was strewn with wrecked chariots, dead horses, dying men—and into the tangle the cavalry was plunging, too late to check itself; the massed force of the Philistine assault was insuring its ruin.

. . . But behind the cavalry came the infantry, sweeping down on both flanks of Joab's smaller force. . . . And just what happened in the next half hour Joab could never clearly recall. He must have been superhumanly alert while it was happening, his mind working at lightning speed, but afterward it was all a blur—dust and swinging swords and thrusting spears, masses of men swaying back and forth, and a terrific din of shouting men, blaring trumpets, steel clashing on bronze, war cries and groans and curses. There was work for the shock troops now; three times they came to the rescue of a tottering square; one was broken before they reached it, its survivors streaming away in disorder before Joab's furious roarings rallied them, sent them back to support the Mighty Men. . . . And at last the din diminished; the dust clouds thinned, men leaned gasping on their spears among the heaps of dead. The Philistine wave was receding—and from inside the Hebrew squares the archers still volleyed.

Now was the time, before the enemy reformed— A sudden hoarse shouting among the Philistines down the slope, from across the valley a sudden wild yell: "Israel! Yahweh and David!"

THE dust settled, drifted away; down the slope Joab saw the mob of Philistines—infantry and the surviving cavalry hopelessly mingled—trying to form, to turn and meet the swarms of spears that poured from the slope by the mulberry grove. Joab's trumpeter blew three short blasts, and the weary spearmen of the squares reformed into wedges; they drove forward down the hill, striking the Philistines on one side as the Israelite volunteers struck them on the other—

And then there was another uproarious mêlée, screaming and shouting, striking and thrusting. But the unbroken wedges bored in steadily, and across the valley where the Philistines might have retired the men of Ephraim and Benjamin were flinging themselves in, taking vengeance for those years when they had endured an army of occupation and watched Philistine soldiers making sport with their wives. The Philistines were breaking, breaking at last, and Yahweh's people had a century of abuse and insult and oppression to avenge. Some of the Philistines gathered in snarling groups and fought till they were cut down, but the bulk of the survivors found a gap at last, between David's left and Joab's right. An outlet to the northeast, away from home—but they went where they could, the wreck of their finest army fleeing frantically across the hills, arms

(*Continued on page 50*)

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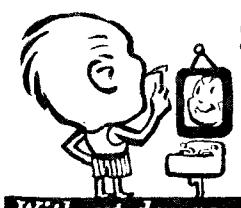

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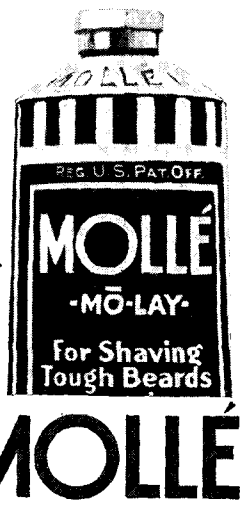

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Giant Killer

Continued from page 49

and armor thrown away; stumbling, panting, frantic men, falling down and getting up and falling once more to be overtaken and butchered by their pursuers. . . . And on the ridge where the regulars had stood and held them Joab leaned on his bloody spear and wept into his beard, hot tears of gratitude to Yahweh. The old oppressors were struck down at last, utterly and finally beaten; Israel was free, free to be great and prosperous! He dashed his hand over his eyes and moved forward, overseeing the pursuit.

It was dusk when he came back to his tent. Half the volunteers were still pursuing the remnant of the Philistines, miles away; the King, someone said, was with them. The volunteers could handle it now; the regulars had earned a rest. And with David to lead them the volunteers would go on till they fell in their tracks.

He halted at his tent door; he had caught a snatch of conversation between two soldiers drifting past.

"What's that?" he said. "The giant?" He remembered now that he had not seen the giant; had not even thought of him, all day. "Dead?" he asked. "Dead, did you say? So the King killed him!"

"We don't know that, sire. But we saw his body at the foot of the slope by the mulberry trees."

Joab knew the King must have killed him; no one else would have dared. Across the years there came to him the memory of sunlight flashing on Goliath's broad-bladed spear, and a boy's stomach turning over in sick terror. . . . "I don't believe I could do it," he reflected. "Even now, I don't believe I could do it."

Through the dusk an armored figure came up to him. Abishai.

"Joab!" His hands clapped down on his brother's shoulders. "Isn't it glorious? Isn't it—" He choked.

"Our God won a great victory today," said Joab.

"Our God and your army," Abishai corrected. "I watched you from the mulberry trees. You must have had a tough time stopping their infantry."

"I suppose you had trouble holding the King and the volunteers till the right moment?"

Abishai took off his helmet, mopped his forehead.

"God, I'm hot! . . . No, it wasn't any trouble to hold back the volunteers—not till they saw you'd stopped the Philistines. The King—well, he takes advice—sometimes. I tell you, Joab, I thought once or twice we were gone. If you and the regulars hadn't held them—"

"But the giant!" said Joab. "The King killed him?" His brother was turning toward his tent.

"Come in—I want to get this armor off. Joab, I never was so tired in my life."

ON THE dirt floor of his tent he flung his helmet; he sat down on his camp bed with a groan of weariness, his tired fingers fumbling with the buckles of his breastplate. "Hottest day I ever saw," he growled.

"But the giant?" Joab insisted. "And the King?"

"The King? Oh, he led the charge down the hill. I was beside him, of course. And this giant stepped out of their front rank when they turned to meet us. Big hairy brute. 'David!' he yells. 'I want David!' So there they were, he and David, between the armies—"

"I see!" said Joab. "Yes—the King stepped forward—"

"I wouldn't say the King stepped forward. The army stepped back. These volunteers—good men in a rush, but that giant could have gone through them, like a knife through cheese. I tell you, Joab, I thought we were gone for a moment there."

He flung off his breastplate, took off his tunic, baring his hairy, heaving chest; he stooped to unbuckle his bronze shin guards.

"Is there any water in that cooler?" He nodded toward an earthen jar. "Hand it here, will you? I'm dry as an oven."

"No water!" said Joab. "Not till you tell me what happened."

"Nothing much to tell," Abishai grunted. "The King's foot slipped—"

"In blood?"

Abishai kicked off his shin guards and stood up.

"Didn't see any blood. He must have stepped on a loose stone. He went down, and tried to roll out of the giant's reach— Give me that water!" He laid hold of the jar, but Joab clung to it.

"Not a drop," he growled, "till you tell me the rest. The King fell down? Then how did he kill the giant?"

"As a matter of fact," said Abishai, "I killed him."

Joab's limp hands fell from the jar; Abishai tilted it and drank while Joab regarded him in dumb amazement. . . . His little brother!

"You?" he gasped at last, "you killed him?"

Abishai set down the jar.

"Well, somebody had to kill him . . . I suppose the cooks are all out looting. Let's see if we can rustle ourselves something to eat."

THAT virtually ended the war, though there was some fighting around Gath, where Achish had rallied the fragments of his armies. But they drove the Philistines inside the walls, and Joab was preparing battering rams for the gate when word came that David and Achish had made peace—peace without annexations or indemnities. Whereupon Joab went to David's tent, pushed aside the sentry, and strode into the royal presence.

"I can give you Gath in a week!" he blazed. "And you make peace!"

"We get Gath," said David, his close-set eyes alight. "That is, we march in, parade through the town—we couldn't deny the army that. But we march in and march out again. No looting or violence, Joab! I'll hold you responsible for that."

"My regulars obey orders," said Joab curtly. "I may have to hang a volunteer or two. But, David, why make peace? And such a peace?"

"I suppose you would have me slaughter Achish before the Lord, burn Gath, and sell the inhabitants as slaves. . . . Man of blood! Man of blood!"

"Then Gath would give us no more trouble," Joab insisted stubbornly.

"Gath will give us no more trouble, anyway. . . . Joab, I give Achish back his life, his throne, his city, that I might take. No, I don't expect gratitude, but Achish is a man of sense. Half the men of Gath have died in this war—Achish's war; he made it, he led it, and the other cities blame him for losing it. I am his only friend; instead of a deadly enemy on our frontier Gath is almost a dependency now. If we burned Gath, the other cities would wonder when their turn would be coming; they'd be our eternal enemies. But if we spare Gath, I think they'll be content to keep out of our way. And the Philistines must restore us the Ark of God. That will insure me the loyalty of Ephraim forever. Good politics, Joab; good politics."

"Perhaps," Joab conceded. "But when we have won a war—"

"There will be other wars," said David. "We have jealous neighbors on the east. With Philistia friendly we shan't have to fight a war on two fronts. We'd hardly be up to that yet."

"True," said Joab. And then—reluctantly: "Sometimes, David, I see farther than you do, but this time you are right and I am wrong. You are thinking like a king."

"Thank you," said David rather curtly. "It would pay you to remember that I *am* a king."

What that meant Joab did not understand till they were besieging Jerusalem. Here was no easy victory in prospect; the Jebusites had had time to lay

Struthers Burt says that Englishmen don't change their underwear after a bath. They might at least wring them out.

The new commandment seems to be: Remember the Sabbath Day, to keep it congested.

According to Sir Jagardis Bose, plants can become intoxicated. Yesterday we distinctly observed a large blade of grass with an edge on.

The proposal to have a national mothers-in-law's day is O. K. in all reports. It is a matter of simple justice to a lady who in all ages has been getting the short end of the stick. Madam, your health! Many happy returns of the year!

When the daughter of the household starts out to express herself it's more than likely that Dad pays the freight.

"What man would renounce a throne because of a woman?" passionately asks Prince Carol of Rumania. Depends on the woman. If she is beautiful and brainless, if she has style, if she is temperamental, if she is homely, voracious, clever, desperate, or if she is weak, clinging, irresponsible, vacillating—then, of course, every man would.

It was so cool at the pessimists' summer home that they all slept under wet blankets.

Anyway, up to November there's no danger of the Ship of State running out of gas.

A traffic sign in Japan reads: "When a passenger of the foot hove in sight, tootle the horn, trumpet to him, melodiously at first. If he still obstacle your passage, tootle him with vigor, and express by word of mouth Hi Hi." Here we express it by "R. I. P."

This clause from the legal code of the state of Washington: "It shall be unlawful for any person to operate a motor vehicle upon highways of this state when such a person has in his or her embrace another person which prevents the free and unhampered operation of the car." But who wants to operate a car under these delightful conditions? We are all looking for a place to park.

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in food for a year; they had an unfailing water supply in the spring of Gihon, with the tunnel through the rock and the shaft for buckets; their walls were strong, and no battering rams could be set up on the steep slopes about the town. From the battlements the people thumbed their noses at David; they called down that the blind and the lame could keep him out of the city.

Thereupon, raging, he wanted to storm the walls; but Joab stubbornly refused. Not even on the north side, by the gate, could men get near enough to set up scaling ladders; there was a trench before the wall; an assault would cost a thousand lives, and was almost sure to fail. They could think of some trick, Joab confidently declared. And the next day men went through the camp, proclaiming that King David had ordered an assault for the day after, and that the man who first broke into the city would be made commander in chief of the army of Israel.

From the door of his tent Joab listened to that in dumb incomprehension; his world had turned upside down. But the cries repeated it all about the camp. Tight-lipped and silent, Joab made his way to the royal tent. He had to be announced this time; there were two new sentries at the door who could not be brushed aside—Philistines. For David was recruiting a bodyguard of Philistines now—picked soldiers from the late enemy, who would have no kinship or sympathy with Judah and Israel. . . . Or with Joab. . . . And when they let Joab in a squad of Philistines stood at attention behind the King's chair, their hands close to their swords.

DAVID looked up, pale, coldly smiling. Not the King; his uncle, almost a brother; his boyhood hero, his oldest friend.

"David," said Joab gravely, "you might have told me—instead of this! If you wanted me to leave your service—"

"But not at all! Whoever spoke of your leaving my service? Not after all these years, Joab!"

"But you have deposed me as commander in chief."

"I cannot recall," David mused, "that I ever appointed a commander in chief. Back in Adullam in the old days you took charge and drilled the men—naturally. You'd been a company officer under Saul; I had commanded a regiment. And after that you rather—took things on yourself, Joab. I appoint my first commander in chief tomorrow!"

"David!" At that flung word the King gripped the edge of the table, the guardsmen moved imperceptibly. "What have I done that you turn me out?"

The King's shrug was sinuous.

"But, my dear Joab, who talks of turning you out? You are still a prince in Judah and Israel; I hope you will still serve me—"

"You take my army away from me—the army that I made; the army that has established your kingdom. Why?"

The King smiled faintly.

"A soldier must obey, Joab! You have never learned that. You obey when it suits you. And you have a reputation to live down—the man of blood! Do you think Israel will follow the man who killed Abner?"

"Israel has followed me in this war."

"Israel followed an idea, Joab. Sometimes I think you almost identify yourself with the idea. That's a mistake," said David, palely smiling. "I embody the idea! I am King of Israel! I am—"

"The Giant Killer," said Joab softly. "A giant killer who slips and falls and rolls away, and leaves the giant to another man."

He stiffened and waited. . . . "If I were a king," he thought, "the man who said that to me would never leave my tent alive." . . . But David only sat and stared at him, his eyes malign and vindictive and worried. Worried.

"I didn't see you going out to fight Goliath," he snapped at last.

"For that matter," Joab reminded him, "I didn't *see* you." He caught himself with a shiver. "David! We are abusing each other like little boys in Bethlehem; let's get this thing done decently if it must be done. You've dismissed me. Good—you are the King. But, David—this is perhaps the last thing I'll ever ask of you. Don't appoint a commander in chief this way! The first man in the city—why, it might be anybody! Give him a helmet full of gold if you like, but don't give him my army! Appoint—well, if I named men, you'd distrust them, but pick a competent officer, a man of experience. Not just some fighting fool who happens to be first on the wall!"

"Would you give orders to the King of Israel?" David blazed. And then, his teeth bared in a grin, "You can't even give orders to a private now."

Joab tried to tell himself that the King was nearer death at this moment than when he rolled at the giant's feet—but that wasn't true. The boy who had led Joab on melon-stealing parties, and helped him recover his self-respect when his mother had spanked him; the lad who had roused all Israel to new hope the day Goliath fell; the youth whom Michal had loved, whose fiery confidence had saved them all at Ziklag—against that man Joab could never lift his hand. . . . And David knew it.

So Joab turned on his heel and walked out across the camp to Abishai's tent. By now the news had gone through the army; he knew hundreds of men must be rejoicing at his fall. But none of them let him see them rejoicing; they made haste to get out of his way; they huddled together and stared after him, silent, incredulous, vaguely apprehensive. For a prince and a great man was fallen this day in Israel.

Abishai had heard the news, of course; and when Joab reported his interview with the King, Abishai unbuckled his sword and threw it down.

"I'm through!" he vowed. "I'm going home to Tirzah and the children. Let him kill his own giants after this—if he can. . . . And you?"

"Where can I go?" Joab asked wearily. "The army is my only home. There's only one way out, Abishai—I must be the first man in Jerusalem!"

"But—" Abishai looked at him blankly. "But he won't let you, Joab! You'll have no command; you're not to be allowed to go with a storming column! Even I—I command the camp guard on the Mount of Olives, a mile from the city—to make sure I won't let you go near the wall! As God lives! He may be king, he may be my uncle, but he's a dirty swine!"

"He is a politician," said Joab. "The same thing, perhaps. . . . Abishai, do you suppose there are twenty men in this army who would risk their lives for me—risk having their throats cut by the enemy, and perhaps risk being hanged even if my plan succeeds? . . . Agile men, who can climb a rope?"

"Twenty?" said Abishai. "You can find two thousand!"

Joab laughed. "Twenty will be enough. And thank God you can't be one of them; you're a married man. Only bachelors in this party. Now, let's see—"

THEY went over names that occurred to them, and presently Abishai went out and talked to the men they had selected, one by one—hard-bitten old-timers, Mighty Men. . . . And in the morning twenty hard old-timers were absent at roll call. An hour after sunrise, when the trumpet blew and David's army swarmed down the narrow neck of land to assault the gate of Jerusalem, they gathered around Joab in the ravine far below the eastern wall—before the dark, rocky cave around the spring.

Far above them spears glittered on the wall; the Jebusites were on guard on every side. But here the slope was steep; the wall was towering; from the ravine assault was visibly hopeless. So the sentries paid no attention to the handful of men who stood silent about the mouth of the cave.

"In we go!" said Joab. "Through the pool, up the shaft, and out through the tunnel. Then to the gate!"

Even among these old-timers there was a startled murmur.

"The pool?" said someone. "The Jebusites say there is a dragon under the earth. He comes up at times and troubles the water."

(*Continued on page 52*)

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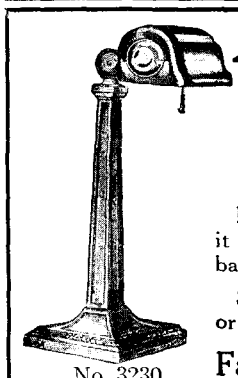

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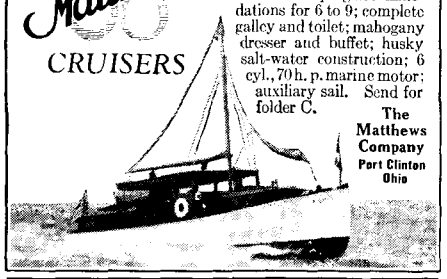

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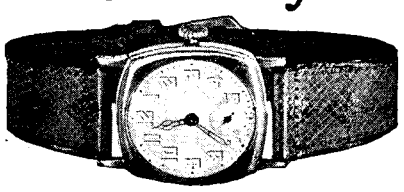

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Giant Killer

Continued from page 51

"Well!" Joab laughed harshly. "Whoever is afraid of dragons can go back now. As for me—"

He stepped in, under the broad rock shelf that screened the cave; into the long pool that stretched far back into the darkness. And, one by one, twenty men followed him.

The water was knee-deep now, but as Joab stumbled forward, splashing, picking his way by the dim light from the entrance, they heard a deep moan underground; with a muttering burble the water rose rapidly, swishing and swirling about their thighs, their waists.

Someone cried, choking, "The Dragon!"

"Be still!" said Joab. "If they hear us— I know Jerusalem; a man brought me down here once, when I was a boy. The water doesn't rise more than shoulder high. As for the dragon—well, if we see him, we can take care of him. Anybody who can stop a Philistine charge—"

There was a murmur of nervous laughter behind him, and as he went on the men followed.

The water was about their shoulders now; more than one man stumbled, had to be picked out of the swirling pool —but the water came no higher, and now a faint light showed before them. Cautiously Joab peered up the perpendicular shaft cut down through the rock. . . . He drew back.

"The bucket's drawn up," he whispered. "And there may be a man by the windlass—so not a word. Here!" Hands working under water, he unbuckled sword belt, corselet, shin guard; he handed them to the next man. "Sling these over your shoulders and bring them up when you climb the rope—if I let it down." He grinned. "And if I don't let it down—why, go back to your units and try to square yourselves with your officers for desertion in the face of the enemy."

"But you can't climb straight up!" somebody whispered.

"It's a rough shaft—the drills and axes have left hand holds, toe holds. I think I can make it. . . . I've got to make it!"

Barefoot, naked but for a loin cloth, with a knife in his teeth, he hoisted himself on a man's shoulders and started the climb up the shaft.

IT WAS terribly, incredibly slow; he had to edge himself up inch by inch, toes and fingers groping, always braced against the walls on both sides; feet and hands, presently, were slippery with blood; a single slip and he would crash down, a battered corpse falling into the pool. But all that he had done since that day he set out from Bethlehem would bring him no profit unless he made it.

Before he had climbed twice his own height he knew he could never make it; the shaft was too wide, even his iron body could not bear the strain. Yet he kept on; and presently something lightly tapped the top of his head. It was the bucket—the bucket that the man at the windlass had drawn part way up and lazily left there.

Joab tugged the rope; it was securely fastened above. He swung all his weight on it. It held! And as he started climbing hand over hand he knew that nothing could stop him now; unless the man at the windlass—

But the man at the windlass had done a hard morning's work bringing up water; and now he was at the mouth of the tunnel far away, listening to the noise of battle, laughing at the fierce hoots of the defenders as they thrust back the assault.

Joab peered cautiously up the tunnel, but no one was in sight or in hearing. Rapidly he let the bucket down—the bucket and the stout rope that would support an armored man.

BEFORE the gate David's army had drawn back, baffled and snarling. The trench about the wall was half filled with their dead, with the useless scaling ladders; the gate stood unshaken, unapproached. On the plateau behind them, just out of arrow shot, the King surveyed his beaten army; and tears of rage, shame and frustration streamed down his cheeks. From the wall the Jebusites thumbed their noses; they cried to him that the blind and the lame could keep him out of Jerusalem.

Then there was a sudden clamor in the city—a fierce shouting that drew near the gate. The men on the walls swung about, staring down in consternation. They leaped down.

Behind the gate rose the clash of arms, a fierce yell, "Joab! Yahweh and Joab!"

A crack opened in the gate; it swung open—slowly, then with increasing momentum. It opened wide, displaying a handful of men who stood holding it against a gathering mob of Jebusites —and with a frenzied howl the army of David flung itself forward into Jerusalem.

BEFORE the captured city—David's city, the capital of Israel—the army was drawn up, massed about an altar where a sacrifice smoked; massed about the King, splendid in his scarlet robe, with a circlet of gold about his helmet. Beside him slaves held a suit of armor —spoils from Gath, steel armor, inlaid with gold; a great helmet crested with a plume of red feathers, a corselet of steel plate, with gold inlay that made a curious pattern.

At the King's nod the slave buckled the armor on Joab, who stood motionless, silent, almost uninterested.

"Joab, son of Zeruiah!" the King's voice rang through the hush. "I appoint you general of the armies of Judah and Israel! What you have earned by long and faithful service you have doubly earned now—the first man in Jerusalem, my nephew, and my oldest friend!"

He laid his hand on Joab's shoulders; he kissed him on both cheeks; he turned to the army.

"God save Joab!" he cried. "Joab, the captain of the host of Israel!"

And as the army roared tumultuous applause the King led Joab away, his arm around his shoulders.

"You didn't understand, did you, old man?" he chuckled. "We had to show them—had to prove that you were the best man in the army! Israel would never have been content—they'd always have said you owed your post to family influences—the nephew of the King! But they can never say that now! You've proved yourself, as I knew you would prove yourself when I issued that proclamation— So now at last you understand!"

"Yes," said Joab, looking into the King's eyes. "Now at last I understand." For he looked through the smile in those eyes, and behind the smile he saw an unquenchable flicker of jealousy and fear. . . . "I understand," he thought; "what he said that day in Hebron was true—I am too hard for him. I am too hard for him, and he is too clever for me; and we need each other. Neither of us can do without the other—and the kingdom needs us both." He held out his hand.

"I am your faithful servant," he said. "My lord the King!"

IN THE King's new palace in Jerusalem a slave announced that the commander in chief sought audience with His Majesty.

Joab was ushered into the King's presence, and found David seated at a table, in high good humor.

"Well, Joab! I hope you can say it quickly; I have an engagement in the harem. With"—he bent over, consulting the memorandum on his table—"with Eglah. Yes, Eglah."

"It's a matter of criminal procedure," said Joab, his eyes blank and expressionless. "I thought it ought to be

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referred to you. . . . The military police have picked up an old soldier in a wine shop down town—a man from Bethlehem. Elhanan, the son of Jair. He's been held as a prisoner of war for years in Philistia; he was wounded and captured in the pursuit the day you killed Goliath. Do you remember him?"

"Never heard of him," said the King. But his eyes no longer met Joab's. "What's he done?"

"He's been telling a story," said Joab tonelessly, "to anyone who will buy him a drink—all the wine-shop loafers. He says he killed Goliath!"

NOW the King's laughter rang out. "Ho, ho, ho, ho! *He* killed Goliath!" But still he did not meet Joab's eyes.

"He tells a very circumstantial story," said Joab. "Better each time, no doubt. He was drunk, and stumbled on Goliath in the dark, just before dawn, and killed him. Then he gave out—drunk and exhausted; and he says you slipped down the hill and cut off Goliath's head."

"Well!" The King looked out of the window, across the hills to the distant cliff wall of Moab. "What do you purpose to do with him?"

"Hang him," said Joab, "for libeling the King."

David shook his head; he laughed softly.

"Man of blood! Man of blood! Is that the way for a grateful government to treat a disabled veteran—an ex-service man who has lost his mind from wounds and hardships in the service of his country? Give him a pension, Joab—a pension that will buy him all the wine he wants. . . . And have him taken care of—outside Jerusalem, on some lonely farm in the hills. Well guarded, so that no enthusiastic patriot may become excited by the poor fellow's ravings and cut him down. . . . Well guarded. . . ." He rose. "Well, I must leave you, Joab. Remember that harshness doesn't pay, man of blood!"

Whistling cheerfully, he sauntered away to keep his appointment with his Number Seven wife. . . . And Joab, who was not a religious man, felt that at last he had been vouchsafed a glimpse of the scheme of the universe—a great, inscrutable Plan to Whose unalterable purpose, in Whose supreme and unchallengeable allotment of rewards and punishments, it made no difference who, in vulgar and negligible fact, happened actually to kill the giants.

(To be continued next week)

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
Thomas H. Beck, Editorial Director
William L. Chenery, Editor
Charles Colebaugh, Managing Editor

Keep the Churches Out of Politics

RELIGION is badly mixed up in the present campaign. Not for a half century has our political life been so disturbed.

From two directions the religious issue has crept in. Prohibitionists are dragging the church into the Presidential campaign. The Democratic candidate is a Catholic and for that fact has been opposed.

Religion has no proper place in American politics. The very first amendment to the Constitution forbade Congress to pass any "law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

George Washington and his associates knew that liberty could not last if political issues were confused by religious feeling.

It is wrong to put the churches into politics because both religion and government are made worse thereby.

At the Democratic Convention members of the platform committee vied with each other in trying to interpret the wishes of Bishop James Cannon, Jr., the Anti-Saloon League leader.

Later, Cannon and three other bishops of the Southern Methodist Church gave out a statement in which they said they would not be deterred from opposing Governor Smith by any cry that they are "bringing the church into politics."

Dangerous doctrine that. Many people fear the consequences of electing a Catholic President and yet here we have an avowed attempt by responsible bishops to throw the support of their denomination against one candidate.

Collier's is neither advocating nor opposing any man's candidacy for the Presidency. Between Hoover and Smith we are neutral but the matter of putting the churches into politics is bigger than the candidates or even than the election.

No sensible man or woman wants to see our government controlled by any church.

We don't want an ecclesiastical government at Washington.

The churches have duties important enough in administering to the spiritual needs of their members and in holding aloft high moral standards.

The church of a candidate is nobody's business except his own. Presidents have no religious functions.

Prohibition, moreover, is a political device and not a religious question. Temperance or abstinence as moral problems belong to the churches but prohibition is a governmental policy whose efficacy must be tested on other than ecclesiastical grounds.

Perhaps at some future time prohibition may work. Just now it seems not to prevent a wide distribution of very poor liquor at very high prices. But putting the church into politics won't change the facts. If prohibition is a failure, Bishop Cannon's pronouncements to the contrary won't alter it.

Collier's does not favor the return of the saloon. That blight is happily gone. Neither do we favor the bootlegger. We want to see a rational settlement of the drink problem which prohibition has botched. But you can't have a rational settlement of anything if you permit denominational zeal to put religious animosity to work.

You will get where you want to go much faster if you park your prejudices and let your mind do the work.

The Burdened Sex

NOW that one of the hottest and most uncomfortable summers is retreating, it is time for some sartorial genius to devise a new freedom for men. Contrasted with what the girls wear we are in the dark ages.

Women's clothes are light, cool, comfortable, easy on the eyes, and altogether decent and admirable. Yet only a few years ago feminine garb was even more appallingly unnatural than men's.

While women were casting off layer after layer, and inventing new costumes more beautiful than the grotesque extravagances of two decades ago, men plodded on unchanged and unchanging.

Not in fifty years has there been a radical improvement in men's wear.

A man wears from 6 to 10 pounds of wool, cotton, silk and leather, while his wife, daughter, sister or grandmother may skip along modestly in an outfit which scarcely tips the scales at a pound.

Has the ancient shame at displaying the body passed from women to men?

Or is it because nature dealt less kindly with the stronger sex and he fears to show himself without the concealment of the tailor?

Whatever the explanation, the field is ripe for the smart innovator. Let some man invent an appealing costume no more burdensome than a pair of pajamas, and he will go down in history with Napoleon—or is it Lady Godiva?

So long as men supplied the fashion ideas, women were atrociously bound up. Only when they began to dress to please themselves did sanity reign.

Perhaps if we abdicate utterly and turn over to women the responsibility not only for clothing themselves but for taking care of us as well we may be emancipated from our bondage.

They Also Think

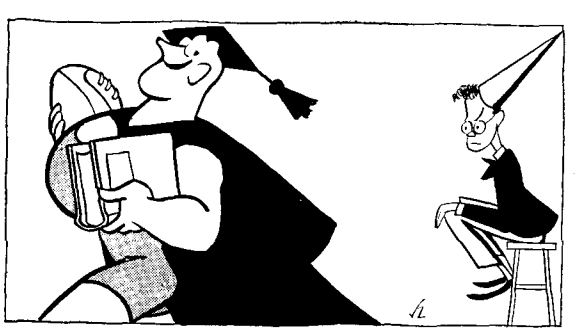
THE amazing popularity of college sports, especially football, has irritated some leaders in higher education to the extent of suggesting that the colleges might as well recruit a crowd of gladiators, stall them under the stadium, and trot them out to delight the primitive instincts of certain old grads and young undergrads.

The registrar at Cornell looked this up. He made a detailed study of the sports and classroom records of the students who entered in 1921.

Wrestlers are generally regarded as bulging-muscled boneheads, but at Cornell University their scholarship grade average was 80.4 as compared with an average scholarship grade for all non-athletes of 70.56.

He found that 112 athletes had a greater intelligence average than 716 non-athletes. Also, a greater proportion obtained degrees, fewer were placed on probation, and while they fell down in easy studies they excelled in hard studies.

The experience of one college proves enough to confirm the impression that the average college athlete is a pretty able man.



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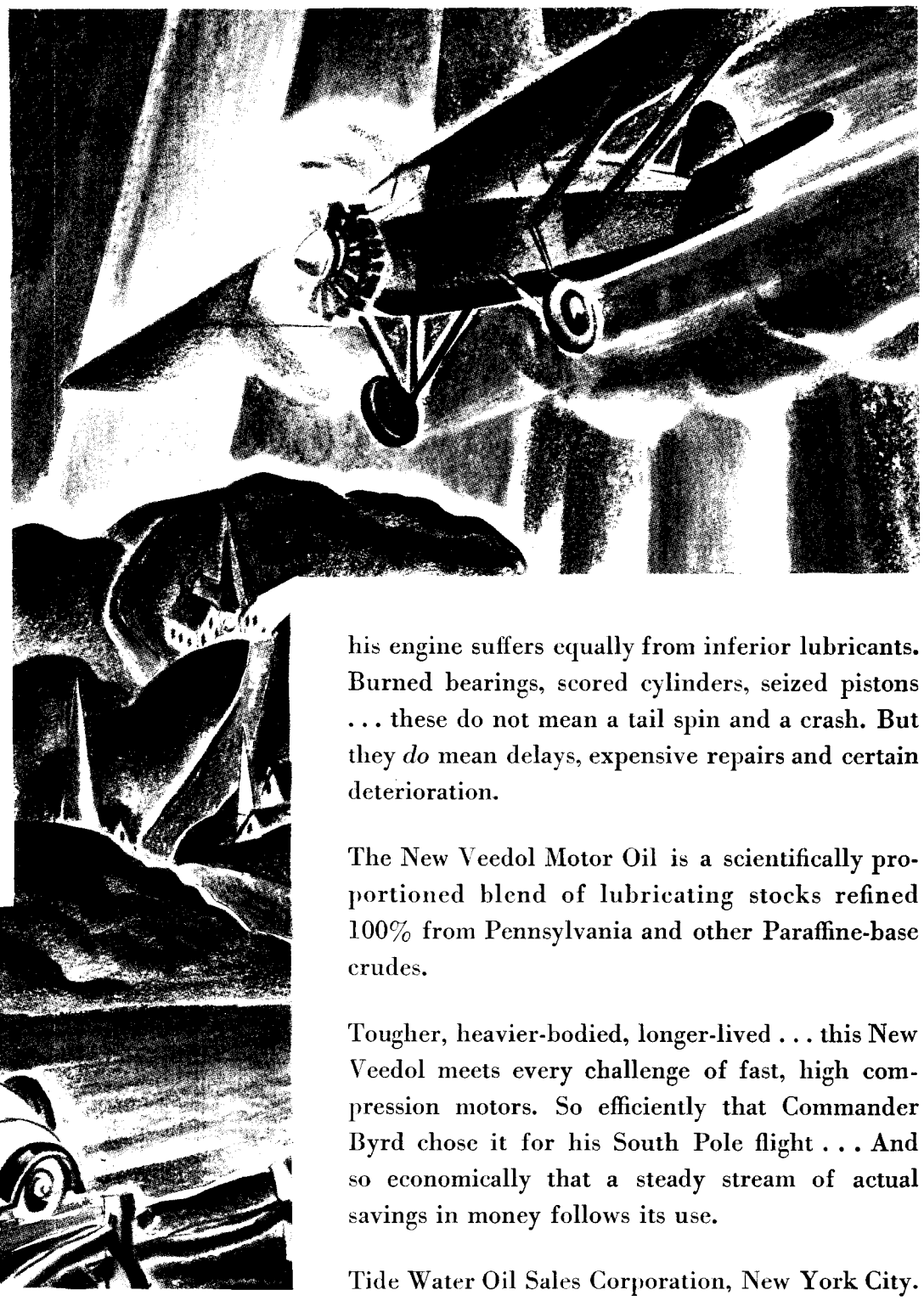
The Old Timers called it

PENNSYLVANIA MOUNTAIN FAT

It's the 100% paraffine base that makes the New VEEDOL TOUGHER . . . LONGER-LIVED . . . SUPER-HEAT RESISTING

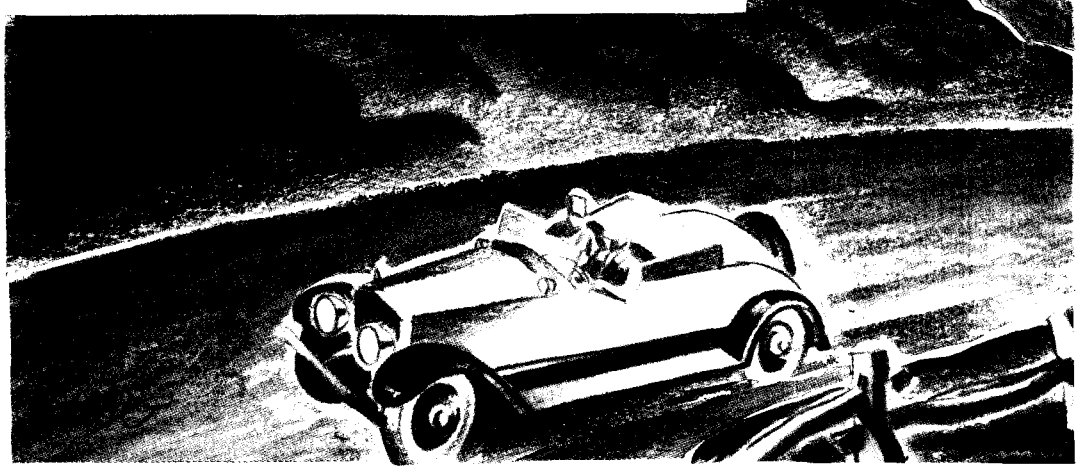


THE first oil well sunk in Pennsylvania produced crude oil rich in a substance long known as "Mountain fat." Chemists knew it to be paraffine—bluish white, waxy, translucent.

But not until the gasoline motor created new and difficult lubrication problems did the unique value of "Pennsylvania Mountain fat" reveal itself.

Now we know that paraffine-base lubricating oil . . . the New Veedol, for example . . . is so remarkably superior to ordinary lubricating oil that practically all airplane pilots insist upon it. Trust an airplane motor to tell the truth . . . quickly!

Motor failure in an airplane spells disaster. The driver of a motor car is in no such danger. But his engine suffers equally from inferior lubricants. Burned bearings, scored cylinders, seized pistons . . . these do not mean a tail spin and a crash. But they *do* mean delays, expensive repairs and certain deterioration.



The New Veedol Motor Oil is a scientifically proportioned blend of lubricating stocks refined 100% from Pennsylvania and other Paraffine-base crudes.

Tougher, heavier-bodied, longer-lived . . . this New Veedol meets every challenge of fast, high compression motors. So efficiently that Commander Byrd chose it for his South Pole flight . . . And so economically that a steady stream of actual savings in money follows its use.

Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation, New York City.

MADE 100% FROM PENNSYLVANIA AND OTHER PARAFFINE-BASE CRUDES. AT THE ORANGE AND BLACK VEEDOL SIGN.

THE *NEW* VEEDOL MOTOR OILS

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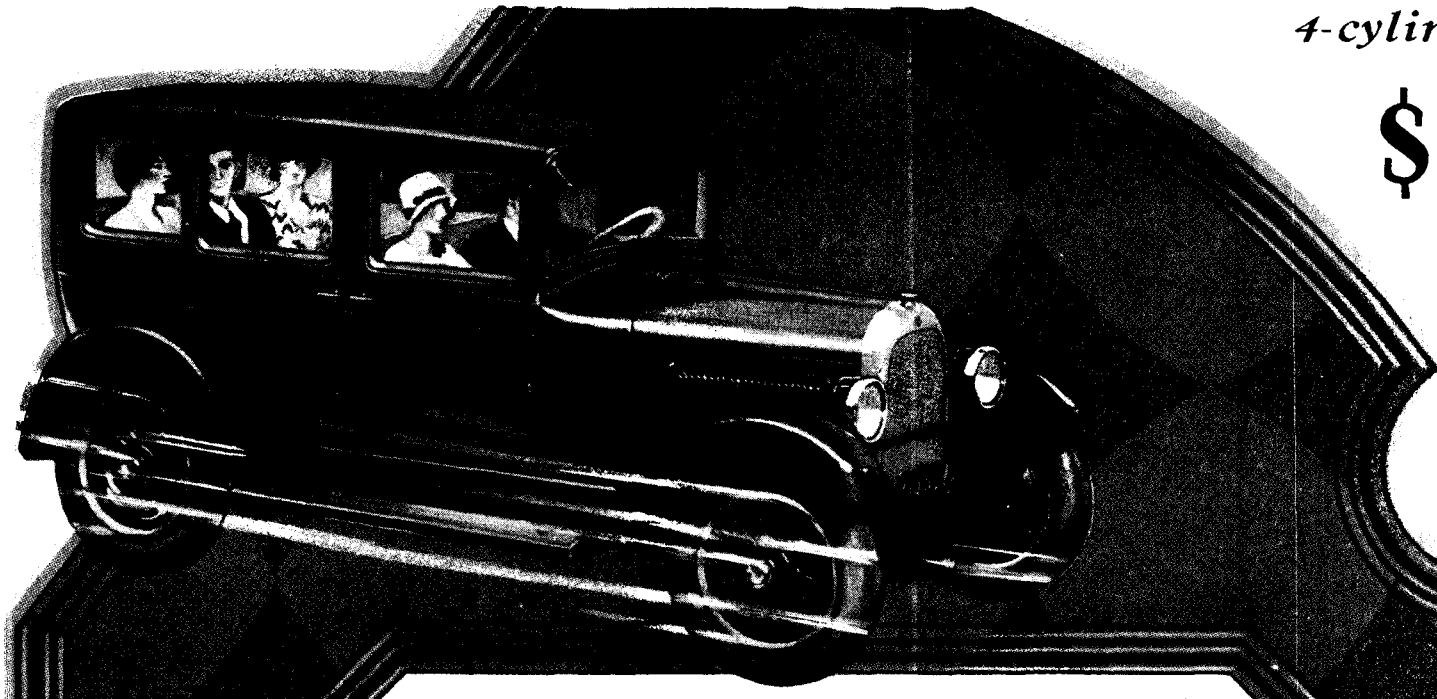
4-cylinder Sedan

$610



LOWEST PRICED 4-DOOR SEDANS

In definite dollar-for-dollar value there are no 4-door enclosed cars on the market comparable to the Whippet Four and Whippet Six Sedans.

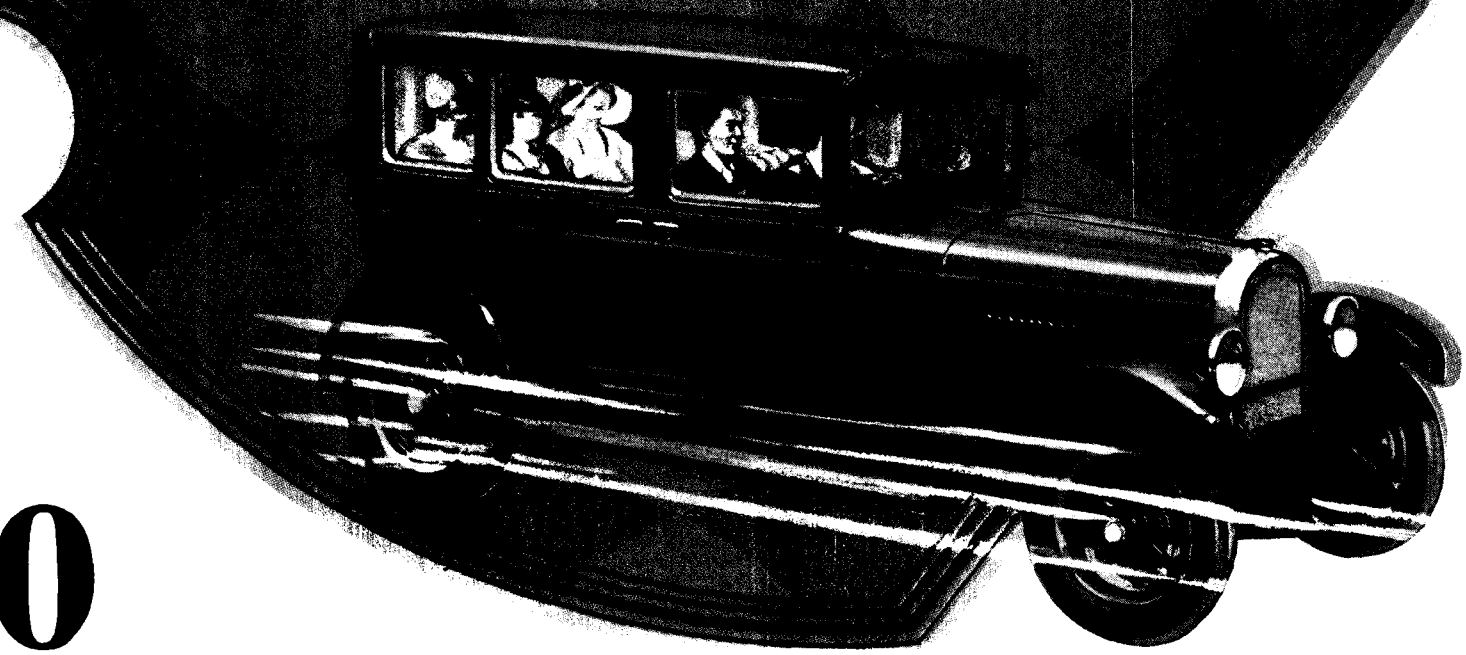
This is true not only because these smart Sedans are the lowest priced in the world, but because they represent the most advanced ideas in automotive engineering, both mechanically and artistically.

The Whippet Four offers such desirable features as full force-feed lubrication, silent timing chain, extra leg room and powerful 4-wheel brakes. The new Whippet Six, in addition to these, provides a 7-bearing crankshaft, invar-strut pistons and many other advantages.

Such notable values are possible only because of the skill and experience gained in the production of more than 2,000,000 motor cars.

Whippet Touring $455; Roadster (with rumble seat) $525; Coupe $535; Cabriolet Coupe $595; Coach $535. Whippet Six Touring $615; Roadster $685; Coupe $695; Coach $695. Prices (f. o. b. Toledo, Ohio) and specifications subject to change without notice. Willys-Overland, Inc., Toledo, Ohio. Willys-Overland Sales Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada

Whippet
FOURS and SIXES



6-cylinder Sedan

$770

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